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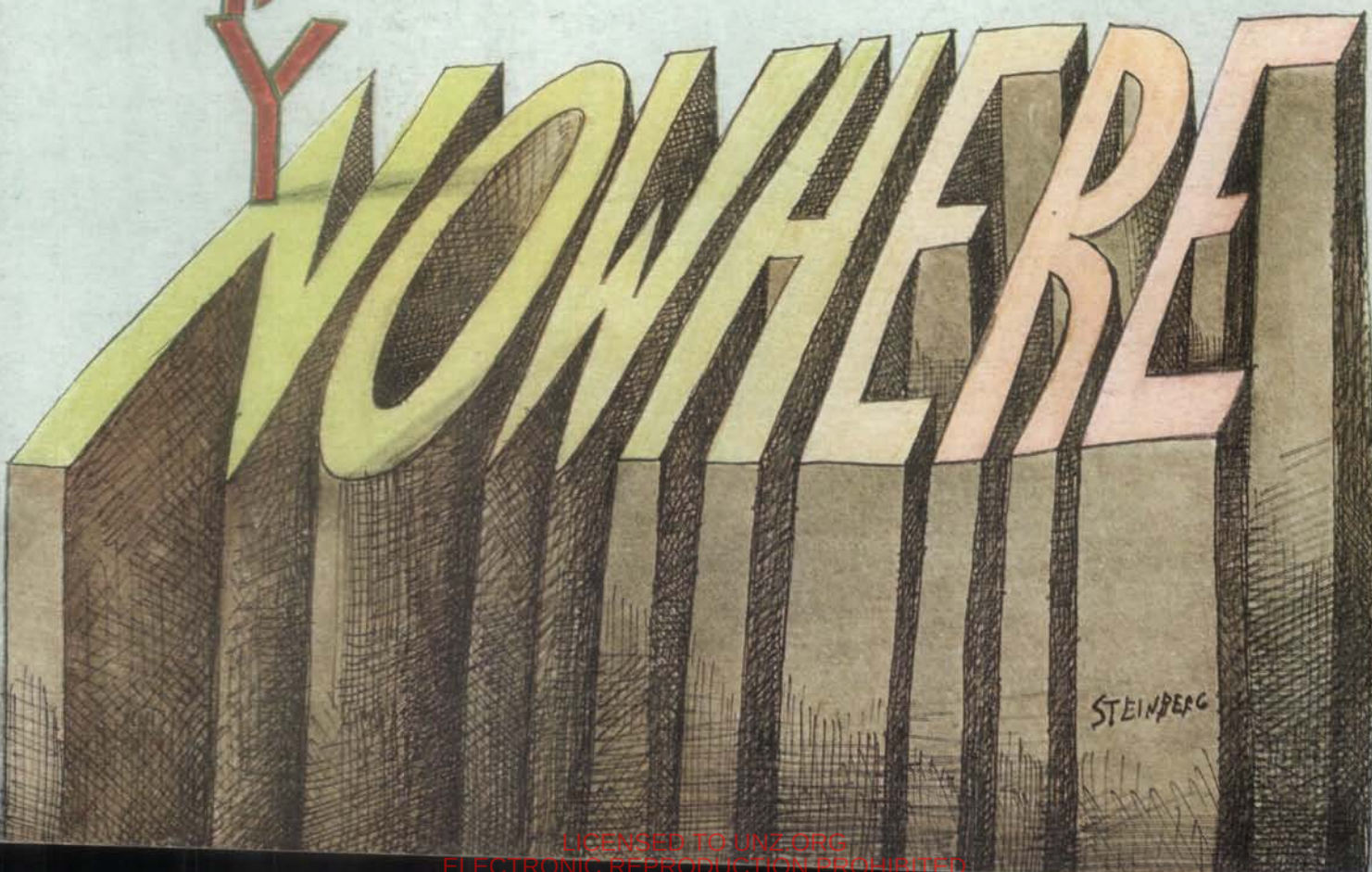
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

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PLAYS

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE—A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with sure-fire jokes and the merest pinch of life. Well acted by Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

CHILD'S PLAY—Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE CHINESE and **DR. FISH**—Two comedies by Murray Schisgal, with Joseph Bova, Charlotte Rae, and Vincent Gardenia. Arthur Storch is the director. Previews through Monday, March 9. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 10. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except March 11, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Thursday, March 12, at 2.)

THE CRIMINALS—A Cuban melodrama by José Triana, in which a young man and his two sisters act out, in ritualistic fashion, hatred, vengeance, and murder. The object of their disaffections is the adult world, and especially their parents. The show is not exactly dull, but it is not exactly gripping, either. Adrian Mitchell is the translator. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

GRIN AND BARE IT! and **POSTCARDS**—A pair of plays, the first adapted by Ken McGuire from a 1929 play by Tom Cushing, and the second a two-character curtain-raiser by James Pridaux. Among the principals are David Christmas and Joleen Fodor. Ronny Graham directed. Previews through Saturday, March 14. Opens officially on Monday, March 16. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

HARVEY—A revival of Mary Chase's old comedy about an invisible rabbit. James Stewart is marvellous as Harvey's close friend. Also in the cast are Helen Hayes, Jesse White, and Henderson Forsythe. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS—Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY—Charles Gordone's rich, complex, and altogether engrossing play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors, who come in a variety of colors, are all good; Nathan George (prop.), Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot are especially good. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PARIS IS OUT!—A smothering momma-and-poppa Jewish comedy, with Molly Picon and Sam

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Levene, who evidently hate idleness. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

PRIVATE LIVES—A very successful revival of Noël Coward's sleight-of-hand comedy about four people, three marriages, and a divorce that refuses to take. With Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, directed by Stephen Porter. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SHEEP ON THE RUNWAY—David Burns, Martin Gabel, and half a dozen other gifted comic actors have a grand time hamming it up in Art Buchwald's farce about international politics in some Eastern Erewhon. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SUMMERTREE—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at

8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 2 and 5.)

THE WHITE HOUSE MURDER CASE—Jules Feiffer's satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ADAPTATION and **NEXT**: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE BOYS IN THE BAND**: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT**: A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS**: Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for June

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DRAWINGS: William Steig, Alan Dunn, Warren Miller, Lee Lorenz, George Booth, Carl Rose, Richard McCallister, Syd Hoff, Charles Saxon, Richard Olden, J. B. Handelsman, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Ed Fisher

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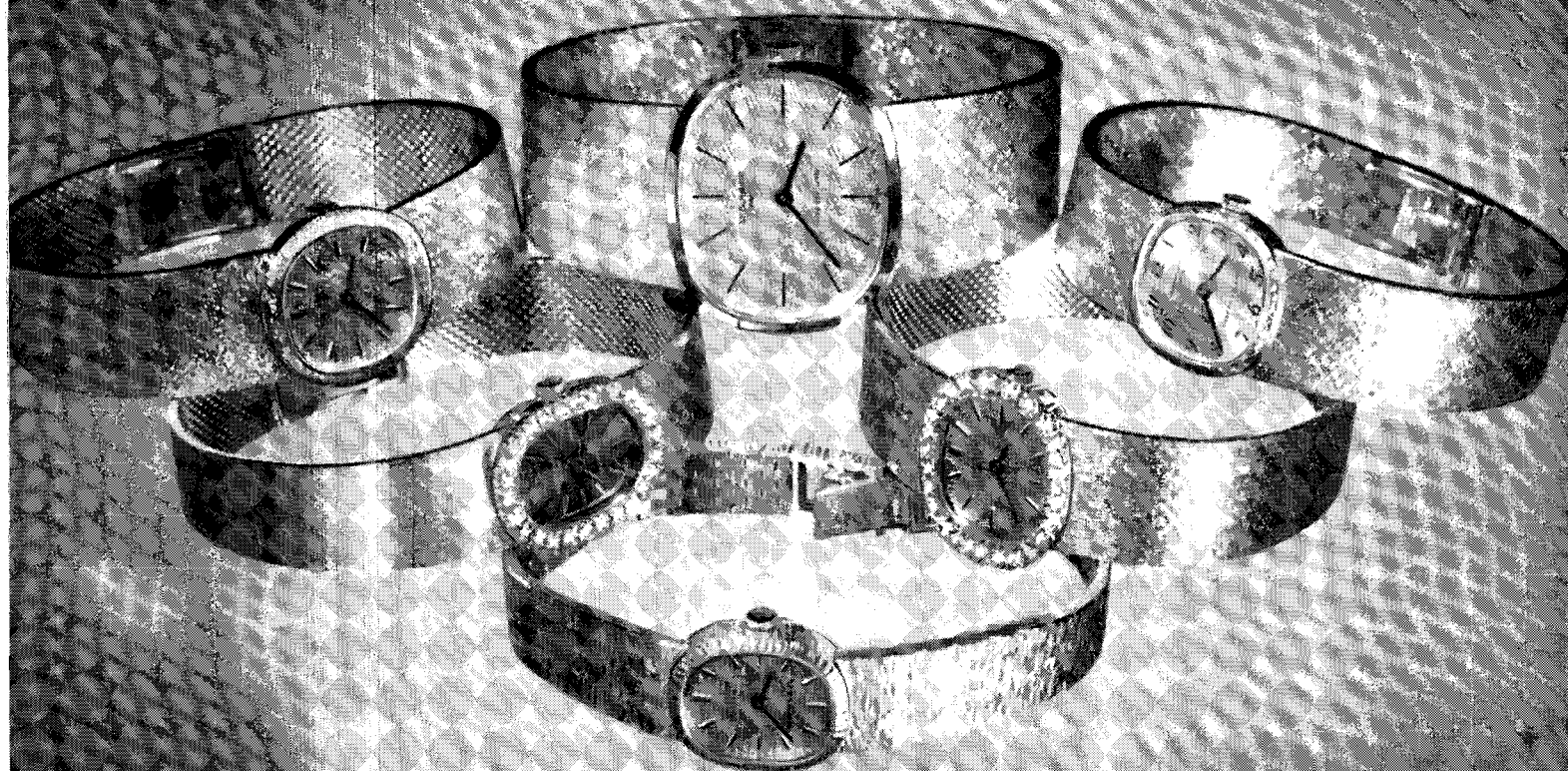
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Allyson, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM:** A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Bob Denver and decorated with girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 14.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

BILLY NO NAME—A musical with lyrics and music by Johnny Brandon and a book by William Wellington Mackey. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

COCO—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. It purports to be about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris and turns out to be about the great Katharine Hepburn of Hartford. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. Mr. Brown and the stunning Jean Pace split most of the songs between them, but they leave a few for their irresistible maestro, entirely named Sivuca, who treats us to engaging samples of Brazilian scat. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

SALVATION—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

SHOW ME WHERE THE GOOD TIMES ARE—A musical suggested by Molière's "The Imaginary Invalid," with a book by Lee Thuna, music by Kenneth Jacobson, and lyrics by Rhoda Roberts. Directed by Morton DaCosta. Preview Wednesday, March 4. Opens officially on Thursday, March 5, at 7:15. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

STOMP—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 La-



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fayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 4.)

THIS WAS BURLESQUE—Miss Ann Corio and her young ladies bump and grind and twirl tassels, but there is no life in the show, in spite of the venerable presence of Steve Mills and a few other comedians, and in spite of appropriately belted-out renditions of some good old songs. (Hudson West, 361 W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

UNFAIR TO GOLIATH—A merry little revue by the Israeli satirist Ephraim Kishon, adapted by Herbert Appleman, who is also responsible for the lyrics. Menachem Zur wrote the music. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —It's not fair to tease you like that, Kinch, is it? he said kindly. God knows you have more spirit than any of them. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Parried again. He fears the lance of my art as I fear that of his. The cold steelpen. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!** —Cracked lookingglass of a servant. Tell that to the oxy chap downstairs and touch him for a guinea. He's stinking with money and thinks you're not a gentleman. His old fellow made his tin by selling jalap to Zulus or some bloody swindle or other. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Somegoro Ichikawa plays the title role; Jack Daboud substitutes for him at the matinee performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays,

at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, March 4, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Solarwind" (première), "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll"... Thursday, March 5, at 8:30: "Olympics," "The Lesson," "Solarwind," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... Friday, March 6, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "Secret Places," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll"... Saturday, March 7, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Lesson," and "The Green Table"... Sunday, March 8, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Lesson," and "The Green Table"... Tuesday, March 10, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Astarte," and "Pineapple Poll"... Wednesday, March 11, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "Solarwind," and "The Clowns"... Thursday and Friday, March 12-13, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Petrouchka" (company première), and "Astarte"... Saturday, March 14, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Solarwind," and "Pineapple Poll"... Sunday, March 14, at 8:30: "Moves," "Petrouchka," and "Viva Vivaldi!" (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8980. Through Sunday, April 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Tim Hardin, one of the most original of young singers, will be onstage from Friday, March 6. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea abound.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Some come to drink and some to dine, and some hang around to hear the music. Bobby Timmons, neatly inventive, will be at the electric piano through Saturday, March 7, with one or another musician helping him out on bass. Dinner is served until one.

CASEY'S, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Subdued jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Zoot Sims quartet plays with vigor, beginning at about nine-thirty. Friday through Sunday, March 6-8, Al Cohn will sit in, and when those two tenors get going on some of their old riffs, the room swings. On Tuesdays, Clark Terry will bring in a seventeen-piece band. Light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Ed-die Locke, and Joe Muranyi. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another paean to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The World's Greatest Jazz Band is defending its championship title with such persuasive arguments as Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, Gus Johnson, Jr., and Kai Winding. Hot—in every sense of the word—on their heels is the foursome run by Dick Hyman and Toots Thielemans, which includes Jack Lesberg and Sol Gubin. The mood is the Good Old Days, of which we could all use a few. Dancing as well. The hours are seven to two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. Dinner.

SLUGS, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the audience knows pretty much where it's at. The McCoy Tyner quintet plays fast and at great length. On Tuesday, March 10, the Philly Joe Jones quintet will come in. Music most nights from nine to four. On Mondays, from nine-thirty. Sun Ra's band will be performing again, this time under the name the Intergalactic Research Arkestra. Research is a tough field.

UNCLE JOHN'S STRAW HAT, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—Jimmy Rushing and his Kansas City Blues Band will do an eight-to-eleven session on Sunday, March 8. Rushing's men: Eddie Durham, Lem Johnson, Emmett Berry, Nat Pierce, Gene Ramey, and Jo Jones. Wednesday through Saturday, a rock group plays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the congenial upstairs rooms, you can drink or dine while listening to the Gary Burton quartet, which on Tuesday, March 10, will be relieved by the Junior Mance trio. On Mondays, these people are off and new talent is auditioned. ... **Downstairs**: Fridays and Saturdays, March 6-7 and 13-14, Herbie Mann's sextet will make some convoluted, involuted, generally interesting music. (Fridays from ten, and Saturdays from nine-thirty.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface and—in the history of jazz—significant establishment. Thelonious Monk's quartet, in top form these days, plays Thursday through Saturday, March 5-7. Other musicians will do a five-to-seven session on Sunday, March 8. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collar greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

AUX PUCES, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the diners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four.

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—Downstairs is a restaurant named

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Sam's. Upstairs, underneath the arches, couples shake, shuffle, or glide—depending on the whims of the *discaire*—from nine to three-thirty every night. The atmosphere is quasi-Moorish.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates attempted to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a little dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of rock records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

ELECTRIC CIRCUS, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Peculiar-shaped cubbyholes and a lethargic kind of carousel—the rest is sound and light. On Sundays, as well as Wednesdays and Thursdays, dancing runs from nine until two. On Fridays and Saturdays, it runs from eight until four. The music is both live and canned. Harlequin rocks through Sunday, March 8, and Tractor starts Wednesday, March 11. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays. No alcohol.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Calmness and an absence of obtrusive gadgetry make for smooth-running evenings. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort. Dancing to records from eleven until three or four. No music Sundays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

LATER AT ACT I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—A discothèque with a view, on the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower. Dancing to music both live and nonlive, Mondays through Fridays from ten to three. Light suppers are served. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

SALVATION TOO, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Suavity prevails, in an ambience of reverberating luxe. People dance to strong records from ten until three or four. The view of the Park is fine. Reservations preclude disappointments.

SHEPHERD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—For evenings when you feel like dancing in a glyptotheca, this one will do as well as any. Sphinxes gleam. The records are as loud as squibs. Three times a night, a six-man group known as the Victorians plays and sings. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

WEDNESDAY'S, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose youthful patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads.

The live sounds of the Elephant's Memory alternate with high-powered records until Monday, March 9, when Jim Ground will move in. Closed Sundays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. Good vibrations, comely people.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The medina never looked better. You see a lot of Americans around now, and fewer of the old native customs, but at that it's superior to Acapulco any day—or night. Billy Reed is the new head man; Lester Lanin's is the new band. The music runs from nine until three. No action on Sundays. ... **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and means of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in mid-week, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. ... **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at three-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve, and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A quick glance, and not a discouraging one, at Las Vegas. Music and song and stuff, but the point of it all is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace. His earthy eruptions take place every night, beginning at nine on Saturdays and a trifle later the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—No one can build a bigger syndrome than Shelley Berman, yet no one can make it more habitable. This legerdmain is performed at ten and twelve during the week, from nine-thirty until one Fridays and Saturdays.

EL AVRAM, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Visiting hours on the Eastern seaboard—but of the Mediterranean, where Israeli lion and Grecian lamb lie down together, and other nations follow suit. The lion (and humorist) is Avram Grobard. The music, which is practically perpetual, is also wily—and winning—Oriental. Home cooking, often Israeli. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays.

UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—“Weigh-In, Way-Out,” the incumbent mixed-triples revue (three boys, three girls), is quite aware of what has gang agley in the world, but only some of the time is it able to express its feelings in the matter wisely and even wittily. The cast is without any sort of guile. At nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

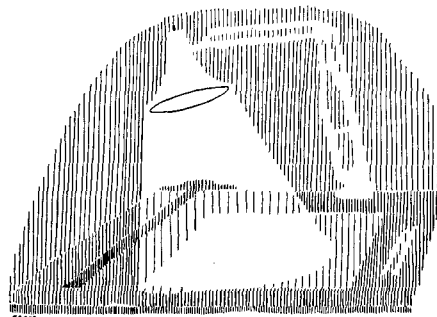
BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, like the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the architecture is beer-hall; the character is *volksenspiel*, loud and clear, from six until one. Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays.

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, at dinner and supper, there is perpetual motion and commotion by Jack Carter, a spokesman who is an acquired taste. No fault can be found with the Lee Evans orchestra. Dinner and supper are the showtimes. Closed Sundays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The arrival onstage of Nati Mistral is in a way a restoration of Spanish royalty, though rare is the queen who could





'If a woman is clever
at concealing little flaws,
it's easier to
forgive her the big ones.'

Charles Revson

The Concealers

Two new cover-up cremes, so blendable (so undetectable!) they conceal discolorations, veiny patches, little facial flaws—even under the most *translucent* of makeups.

Spot Cover for the Face: The first concealing creme in shades to match your makeup. Blends away all imperfect things—from sun spots to scars—without a trace. In 12 shades, to match (but perfectly) 'Ultima' II makeup tints. Each in a tote-able tube.

Creme Concealer: To camouflage under-eye lines, shadows, circles—and erase every trace of a look of fatigue.

'Ultima' II

Created by Charles Revson

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in either voice or bearing aspire to be her equal. When she is at rest, a quintet of flamencans busy themselves. No dark nights. . .

¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Pepe Preiego) and voice (Antonio Maya). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Sandy Baron, a sharpshooter wit who is on target practically all the time, withdraws on Wednesday, March 4, and so does Bobby Vinton, whose songs are apt to leave him breathless. On Thursday, March 5, Don Rickles will take command, and the town's wits, both for-real and self-appointed, will assemble to exchange trade lasts with him. Like his predecessors, he strikes twice, every night of the week. . . ¶ In the lounge, the music and the listeners are sort of home-on-the-range, out at that big ranch in Nevada.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The pleasure is both hers and ours when Anita O'Day's voice takes wing over and around Artie Baker's jazz band. The rear is brought up by Monty Alexander's triad, a thoroughly successful study of applied dynamics. No dancing; closed Sundays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The noble Persian Room is part of night life's heritage, so it can be humored if it chooses to offer up, in the course of dinner and supper, a soprano as over-elaborate as Lainie Kazan. After all, ambience keeps cropping up, as well as the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ**, Dorothy Donegan is doing her slide for life of the party up and down her piano bench as she leads her trio. This activity is solely for eyes and ears (maybe more for the eyes); dancing occurs only when Marty Napoleon's really rollicking trio is in motion. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight; Mondays are dark. . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to ten-thirty, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano, eight to one, except Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Of all the rooftops from which to cry, this could be the best, and from it Astrud Gilberto cries softly, almost always in lyrics hand-made in Brazil. She and the six-man band behind are a marriage made in heaven, which, indeed, is not far away while she sings. On Thursday, March 12, Alberto Rochi, whose tenor is Spanish, will succeed her. The dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Patachou, who sings French and English, but never Franglais, ends her dinner and supper recitals in the Maisonette on Wednesday, March 4. One night later, on comes Gino Tonetti, whose arias have to do with Roman and United States *dolce vita*. Quintero's Latin scholars and Hal Turner's new, and first-rate, band will continue doing all the other honors. Closed Sundays. . . ¶ In **La Boite**, the next-door woodland glade, Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano discourse peacefully from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—You can't take the country out of Eddy Arnold, the old backwoodsman, twanger, and singer, who stops by the Empire Room for revivalist meetings during dinner and supper. He retires on Saturday, March 7. On Monday, March 9, Liberace moves in, and not even Solomon in all his glory was ever arrayed like this pianist. Charles Turecamo's dance band will continue to operate with a certain benevolence; the other dance group is likewise amiable. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Whatever songs Bobby Short decants in this highly educational institution are in the Academy of the Immortals, but there is nothing academic about his performance of

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them. His aides-de-camp (and sometimes de-camp) are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays. . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The set is right out of "Treasure Island," but the crew is calypso, not Long John Silver, and the native rum and edibles are not served on a dead man's chest. No singers Sundays. . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): College reunion, continual, coeducational, and convivial. The bar is straight and narrow; the dining room is as broad as it is long, and frequently filled by the music of a duo, led by Joel Shulman, which is in service every night but Sunday. . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before—Tibor Rakossy for officer of the watch, Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette*, which serves also as her *pied-à-piano*, from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). Someone is almost always at the piano, and the best of this ground swell is Scott Reed, whose voice and mild piano carry on from nine-thirty until three, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti is the name of the cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the Donnybrook fairgrounds. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Feudal life as it always was—knights and their ladies dining at their leisure in the refectory: a bit of jousting in the outer court, or bar. George Cardini and his faithful violin, Herman Arminski and his faithful piano all begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. Everything is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and postprandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . **IPERBOLE**, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's newest concept of Imperial Rome is architecturally Mod on the surface, but the architects in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by Mimmo's Roman voice and guitar, from seven until one every night. . . **THURSDAY'S**, 334 E. 73rd St. (628-8670): One

of those new neighborhood (or *fashionable-neighborhood*) pubs, all dark woodwork and glittery lights and comfort. The inner nourishment is widely varied; the aural nourishment (this in the bar) is the piano of Buddy Barnes—complex but rejoicing—from nine until reveille every night but Sunday. . .

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The well-known pump room and pomp room. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Tony Gorody, who has had the use of the piano in this *grand salon* during the absence of George Feyer, turns the instrument back to its owner on Friday, March 13. The music runs from eight-thirty until half past one. No sound on Sundays. . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Dinner and supper to the tune of Ray Hartley's piano, whose felicities would be hard to top. Six to midnight. Closed Sundays. . . **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . **MCALPIN GRILL**, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, whose piano makes Christmas cheer everlasting, is on duty (after a lifetime at the late Goldie's New York) from five to ten every night but Sunday. . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): *Faubourg* existence, and a well-fed one, in an Old, Old World. The favorite tippie of the musicians, who are led by Elemer Horvath, is Romany Rye. They sound off from seven-thirty until three, night after night. . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): State occasion. Joe Miles is as quiet as a church mouse when he tends piano, which he does from nine until twelve-thirty, except Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ARMAN—The artist's assemblages of paint tubes and other art supplies embedded in plastic; through March 21. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD AVEDESIAN—Bright vertical stripes on huge canvases; starting Saturday, March 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Collages by a well-known New Yorker; through Saturday, March 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Figures in interiors, and still-lives; through Saturday, March 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

LARRY BELL—Color-reflecting wall sculptures of glass by a West Coast artist known for his transparent cubes; through Wednesday, March 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LELAND BELL—Figures and still-lives; through Thursday, March 12. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

BEN BENN—Oil paintings, some recent, by this veteran painter of landscapes and still-lives; through March 20. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

WARREN BRANDT—Still-lives and figures; through March 21. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN BUTTON—Representational paintings, mostly landscapes; starting Saturday, March 7. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

C. K. CHATTERTON—Paintings of the American scene from the first decade of this century to



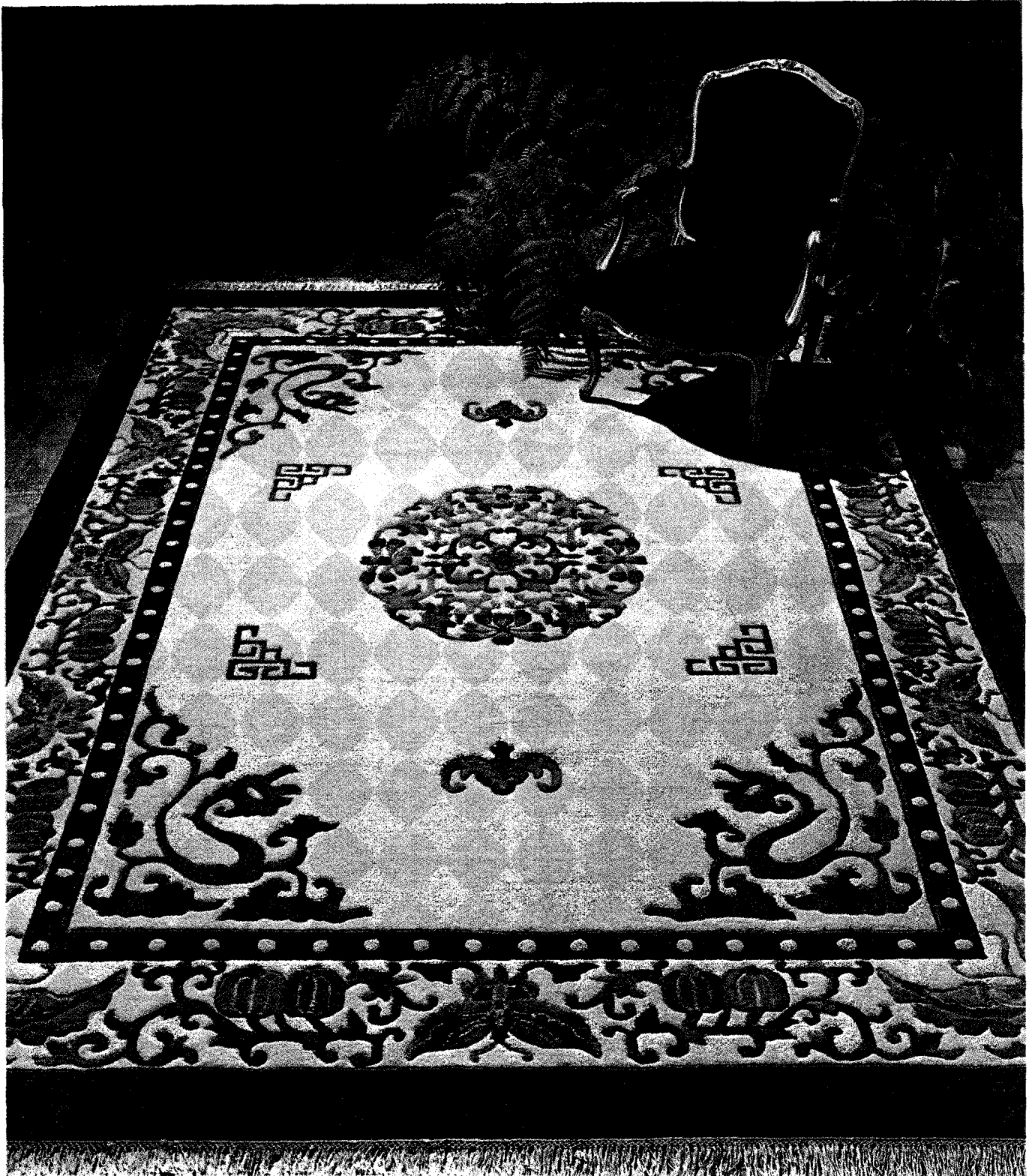


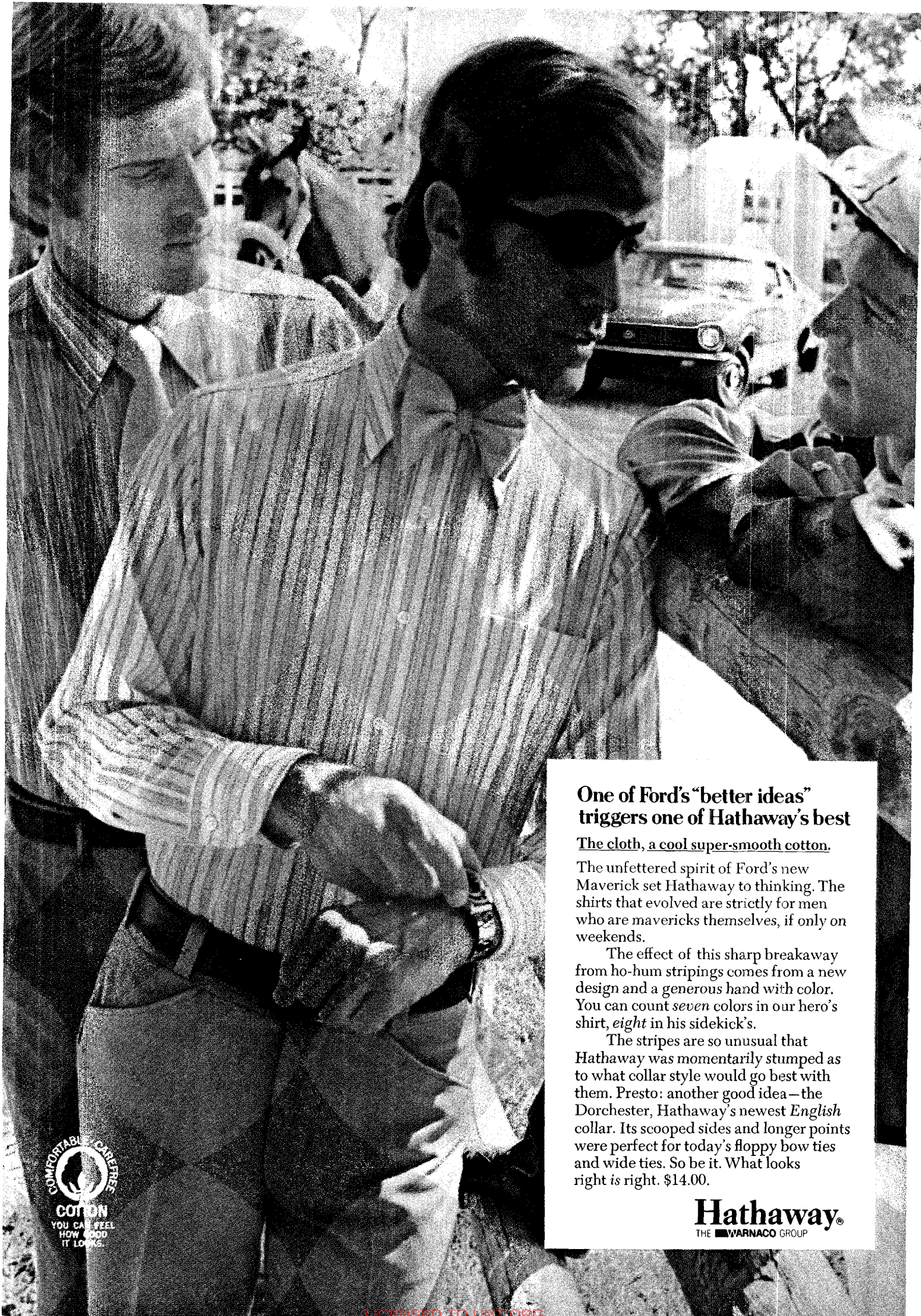
Bengali is a story told in design.
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by just copying our design—
but they don't know the language

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





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The cloth, a cool super-smooth cotton.

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The effect of this sharp breakaway from ho-hum stripings comes from a new design and a generous hand with color. You can count *seven* colors in our hero's shirt, *eight* in his sidekick's.

The stripes are so unusual that Hathaway was momentarily stumped as to what collar style would go best with them. Presto: another good idea—the *Dorchester*, Hathaway's newest *English* collar. Its scooped sides and longer points were perfect for today's floppy bow ties and wide ties. So be it. What looks right is right. \$14.00.

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COMFORTABLE CAREFREE
COTTON
YOU CAN FEEL
HOW GOOD
IT LOOKS.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the present by an artist who studied with Henri and Chase; through March 24. (Chapellier, 22 E. 80th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—Paintings and drawings done between 1965 and 1970, including three mammoth oils; starting Tuesday, March 10. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

GENE DAVIS—Gigantic paintings consisting of vertical stripes; starting Saturday, March 7. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM DINE—A show of oils, watercolors, and drawings that is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney; through March 28. (Sonabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX ERNST AND RENÉ MAGRITTE—Works by these leading Surrealists; through Saturday, March 14. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

FANGOR—Color paintings by a Polish artist who now lives in the United States; through Saturday, March 14. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY FRANK—Twenty pieces by a leading younger sculptor; through Saturday, March 7. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

KLAUS GELDMACHER—Kinetic sculptures with light bulbs and jukebox sounds by a German newcomer to New York; through Saturday, March 7. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ESTHER GENTLE—Bronzes and constructions; through Saturday, March 7. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

PETER HUTCHINSON—Photographs recording the artist's project on a volcano in Mexico; through March 31. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—More of this artist's luminous veils of color; through March 21. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

DANIEL LARUE JOHNSON—Painted wood sculptures marking the reopening of French & Company's contemporary art gallery; through March 31. (980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

RAY JOHNSON—Collages with Pop-type ingredients; through March 21. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

ASGER JORN—Paintings and collages with some figuration, by a member of the Cobra group; through Saturday, March 7. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

EARL KERKAM (1891-1965)—Drawings and watercolors done in Paris in the fifties by an artist known for his self-portraits; starting Tuesday, March 10. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER (1880-1938)—Twenty drawings and watercolors by one of the founders of the German Expressionist school; through Saturday, March 14. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

MORRIS LOUIS (1912-62)—Seven of the artist's characteristic paintings of hands on unsized canvas; through Wednesday, March 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDUARDO MAC ENTYRE—Circular patterns on canvas or Plexiglas by a Latin-American artist; through Saturday, March 7. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

JOHN MANNING—Representational oils and watercolors; starting Saturday, March 7. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MATTA—Paintings and drawings by this Chilean Surrealist, who works in Paris; through Tuesday, March 10. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP MCCracken—Symbolic sculptures, most of them metal; through Saturday, March 14. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

EMIL NOLDE (1867-1956)—A comprehensive collection of etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs; through March 28. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

BART PERRY—Hard-edge paintings; starting Tuesday, March 10. (Capricorn, 11 W. 56th St.)

STEPHEN PORTER AND RICHARD TUTTLE—Geometric wood sculptures by the former and white paper octagons by the latter; through Saturday, March 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

ABRAHAM RATTNER—Fifty watercolors, gouaches, and drawings done in the past forty years by an eminent painter of social themes; through Saturday, March 7. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)... ¶ Thirty-six paintings on the theme

of the hangings in Iraq of persons accused of espionage for Israel; through March 26. (New School, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, 2 to 8.)

GERALD SCARFE—Drawings and sculptures by a leading British caricaturist; through March 21. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID ALFARO SIQUEIROS—The first major New York exhibition in twenty years, covering three decades of work, by this leading Mexican leftist; through April 5. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

ALBERT STADLER—Abstract paintings; through March 26. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

TAKIS—Works that move magnetically with spectator participation; through March 21. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JULIUS TOBIAS—Sculptures in steel, Masonite, or Formica; through Thursday, March 12. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

NEIL WELLIVER—Landscapes and figures; through Thursday, March 12. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AUTOMATION HOUSE**, 49 E. 68th St.: An exhibit of eight monumental, electrically complex environments by as many artists, among them Stephen Antonakos, Boyd McFerrd, Robert Whitman, and Stanley Landsman; through April 12. (Daily, noon to 6.)... **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Beckmann, Dix, Kirchner, and Marcks are a few of the artists represented in a showing of twentieth-century German drawings; through March 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **COMPASS**, 1390 Lexington Ave., at 91st St.: Seventy-five paintings, sculptures, constructions, and graphics by sixteen contemporary artists—Alechinsky, Jorn, Liberman, Ossorio, and von Wiegand (to mention a few); through Friday, March 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)... **FIRST STREET GALLERY**, 305 Bowery, at 1st St.: Figurative paintings by Leland Bell, Georges Kaldis, Matthiasdottir, Pearlstein, Tillim, and others; through Friday, March 13. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **GALLERY OF ISRAELI ART**, 4 E. 54th St.: Oils, sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by leading Israeli artists of different generations; through March 31. (Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Representational paintings by Jan Müller, Milet Andrejevic, and Sidney Tillim; through Friday, March 6.... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Oils, bronzes, marbles, and reliefs by twentieth-century Europeans from Arp to Vlaminck; through Saturday, March 7.... **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings by, among others, Arp, de Kooning, Feininger, Giacometti, Pollock, and Léger; through March 28. (Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—Bronzes by members of the Sculptors Guild, who include Doris Caesar, Robert Cronbach, Vincent Glinsky, and Ruth Vollmer; starting Thursday, March 5. (797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over three hundred items of medieval art, including gems, manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, sculptures, and works in enamel, metal, and ivory, done between 1180 and 1220, the period when the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, and Notre Dame, and the first palace of the Louvre were built. The exhibition, which represents the emergence of the Gothic style, comprises borrowings from fourteen countries, including the United States. Through May 10. Except on Mondays, admission is \$1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Fifty etchings done by Joan Miró between 1965 and 1968; starting Monday, March 9.... ¶ Photographs by Eugène Atget (1850-1927); through March 22. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual \$1.50 will be charged.)

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The Cartier watch. When Louis Cartier designed it in the early 1900's it caused quite a stir. Gentlemen had been accustomed to wearing pocket watches, not "bracelets." But M. Cartier, weary of timepieces that were so easily lost, persisted and designed the first bracelet watch for men. He made it with deployant buckle: a feature which allows the watch to be slipped on and off, but stay securely on the wrist when fastened. He also gave it a distinctive face and a sapphire crown on the winding wheel. No detail has changed in almost 50 years. Men have insisted on it. Measuring 1 3/8 inches long and 3/4 inch wide, it is \$650.



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Jocelyn Trott is a most conservative family man. But put him in front of his orchestra at our hotel and you see another kind of man. He does have a ball.

This funny mixture of flamboyance and propriety is true of our whole hotel.

For example: Although there is everything to do here, no one will make you do it. We love wild tropical colors in dress, but we are fussy that you wear a coat and tie at dinner. We accept no children under twelve, but serve no scotch under eight. We'll tempt you with a local dish but suggest a Haut Brion '59 to go with it.

We have a waiter who quotes Shakespeare, a sailing sloop captain who tells wild voodoo tales (some of which are even true), and a funny little bartender whose drinks you had better take seriously. What we are at this hotel is a wonderful mixture, tastefully stirred.

As a guest once said only half in joke: "I am so totally overwhelmed by it all, that I feel like an insignificant millionaire."

Would that not be a lovely way to feel, mon? **MONTEGO BEACH**

In an authentic Jamaican mansion you would expect to find authentic Jamaican food. Like Dip-and-Fall-Back. Isn't it fine, mon, that this authentic Jamaican mansion has been made into a gracious 32-room hotel. **CORAL CLIFF**

At this Bay Roc if you can think of it, mon, it will probably be here.

You will find a sauna and a masseur or masseuse to put your body at ease.

You will find an ocean so close that in the morning you will freshen yourself in it instead of the shower. With a beach that stretches for 1700 feet, so you will have your privacy. A private beach where Skippy will teach you to scuba and laugh. And Green, at his beach bar, will make you his insane Roc-a-Bay Rum.

There are magnificent rooms that overlook the Caribbean and beach-side villas that are so beautiful we call them a name: like Love Beauty Truth.

There are international dishes our head chef Kenneth will cook for you that he certainly did not learn at his mother's knee. Like Duck Bigarade and Poached Fillet of Dolphin Veronique. (And some he most certainly did learn at her knee. Like Stamp-and-Go and saltfish with ackee.)

And you will find children here, mon. Because children we love, so they are welcome and will get our happiest smiles. **BAY ROC**

You will learn to live at this hotel, mon.

You will wear a coat in the dining room only if that is what you want. You will ride a beach buggy or a water scooter or join the big water-skiing party. Or take a walk through our orchard and pick a Jamaican thrill right off a tree — a paw paw, a naseberry, an ugli, even a breadfruit.

At night, you will play tennis under the lights. We'll send your drinks right to the courts, mon. Then a fast shower, a quick swim in the pool, a change, and you are ready for dancing and to let us entertain you.

With Calypso and limbo and ska and beach parties and fire dancing and magicians and singers and wild games like our native version of spin-the-bottle: Spin-Mon-Spin. Wow, it is some crazy game. After that, if you are up to it, how about a night on the town at one of the local discs.

Mon, you will have a bang-up time at this hotel. **CHATHAM**

This hotel is elegant, mon.

It is the place for fine people to enjoy the best things in life. It is not for you who would sit around the pool all day, although you can if you like. Rather, since it is in the heart of everything, it is for you who would experience everything. And then return to this impeccable oasis and relax in our Pub over a lovely English tea. Or something a touch stronger. **CARLYLE BEACH**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, collages, sculptures, prints, drawings, photographs, and stage designs by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946), designer in many mediums, who was affiliated with the Bauhaus; through April 19. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, drawings, and prints of the Pop artist Jim Dine; through April 19. A good complement to this exhibit is his show at the Sonnabend Gallery, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. ... ¶ Seventy-six paintings by twenty-two artists who present different phases of representational painting today, among them Jack Beal, Howard Kanovitz, Gabriel Laderman, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, and Sidney Tillim; through March 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred paintings and twenty-seven graphics constituting the first major retrospective of the work of Milton Avery (1893-1965), a vital influence in mid-century American painting; through March 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings by Shahn, Dehn, Bouché, and Duchamp; also works submitted for Institute awards by twenty-five American painters and sculptors. Through April 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM OF DESIGN, Third Ave. at 7th St.—Drawings by forty artists, including Rosenquist, de Kooning, Johns, Lindner, Steinberg, and Glarner; starting Tuesday, March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A survey of more than three hundred and fifty towers in the form of skyscrapers, water tanks, drilling rigs, NASA rocket gantries, signs, tombs, and crows' nests, presented through architectural models, photographs, plans, and slides; through March 31. ... ¶ Eighty-five master drawings done in Sicily and Naples from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth century; through March 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibit devoted to German, Austrian, and Swiss printing from 1918 to the present; through April 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 20 E. 36th St.—"Old Master Drawings from Chatsworth," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty-one works from the Duke of Devonshire's collection, with emphasis on Mannerist and baroque artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; through Saturday, March 14. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Fifty major pre-Columbian objects from the Metropolitan Museum—they include stone carvings, a gold breast plate, a pendant, animals, ceramics, and textiles; through May 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through April 19. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, March 4: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Marion

Lippert, Reri Grist, Rosalind Elias, Mildred Miller, Otto Edelmann, and John Alexander. ... ¶ Thursday evening, March 5: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Ion Buzea, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Raymond Gibbs. ... ¶ Friday evening, March 6: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Carlo Bergonzi, and Cesare Siepi. ... ¶ Saturday matinee, March 7: "Madame Butterfly," with Martina Arroyo, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, Theodor Uppman, and Paul Franke. ... ¶ Saturday evening, March 7: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Mildred Miller, Walter Berry, George Shirley, and Rudolf Knoll. ... ¶ Monday evening, March 9: "La Fanciulla del West," with Dorothy Kirsten, Ion Buzea, Anselmo Colzani, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Raymond Gibbs. ... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 10: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Carlo Bergonzi, and Cesare Siepi. ... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 11: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Marion Lippert, Cornell MacNeil, George Shirley, and John Macurdy. ... ¶ Thursday evening, March 12: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Evelyn Lear, James King, Walter Berry, and Theodor Uppman. ... ¶ Friday evening, March 13: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Helen Vanni, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Mildred Miller, Otto Edelmann, John Alexander, and Morley Meredith. ... ¶ Saturday matinee, March 14: "La Fanciulla del West," with Renata Tebaldi, Sándor Kónya, John Macurdy, and Raymond Gibbs. ... ¶ Saturday evening, March 14: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Carlo Bergonzi, and Cesare Siepi. (Evenings at 8. Matinees at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, March 4, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Lois Crane, Anne Elgar, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. ... ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 8:15: "The Turn of the Screw," with Maralin Niska, Ellen Faull, Lois Crane, and Robert Puleo. ... ¶ Friday, March 6, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Milena Dal Piva, Jerome LoMonaco, Dominic Cossa, and Gary Glaze. ... ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 2:15: "Faust," with Carol Neblett, Kay Creed, Nicholas DiVirgilio, and Malcolm Smith. ... ¶ Saturday, March 7, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Anne Elgar, Mary Cross Lueders, Giorgio Lamberti, and Louis Quilico. ... ¶ Sunday, March 8, at 1:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Richard Mundt. ... ¶ Sunday, March 8, at 7:15: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Carol Neblett, Jerome LoMonaco, and Dominic Cossa. ... ¶ Tuesday, March 10, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Anne Elgar, Mary Cross Lueders, Jerome LoMonaco, and Louis Quilico. ... ¶ Wednesday, March 11, at 8:15: "The Turn of the Screw," with Maralin Niska, Judith Anthony, Kenneth Riegel, and Robert Puleo. ... ¶ Thursday, March 12, at 8:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Nicholas DiVirgilio, and Norman Treigle. ... ¶ Friday, March 13, at 8:15: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Janet Winburn, Michele Molese, and Dominic Cossa. ... ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 2:15: "Manon," with Carol Neblett, Richard Mundt, Richard Fredricks, and Ion Piso. ... ¶ Saturday, March 14, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Louise Lebrun, Mary Cross Lueders, Jerome LoMonaco, and Abe Polakoff. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 19.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Claudio Abbado conducting—Thursday, March 5, at 8:30; Friday, March 6, at 2; Saturday, March 7, at 8:30; and Monday, March 9, at 7:30 (all with Jacqueline du Pré, cello); and Thursday, March 12, and Saturday, March 14, at 8:30, and Monday, March 16, at 7:30 (all with Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; Werner Hollweg, tenor; Simon Estes and Raymond Michalski, bass-baritones; Robert Montgomery, narrator; and the Camerata Singers).

BUFFALO PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Lukas Foss conducting, with Gloria Davy, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 11, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Frederic Waldman directing, with Judith Raskin,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

soprano; Nicolai Gedda and George Shirley, tenors; Malcolm Smith, bass; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 5, at 8:30.)

MASTER VIRTUOSI OF NEW YORK—Gene Forrell conducting, with Sidney Fell, clarinet. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 6, at 8:30.)

YALE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC CONCERTS—The second in a series of three concerts, this one performed by the school's Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Gustav Meier. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 2:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY—Hans Werner Henze conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 3, and Monday, March 9, at 8:30.)

CLARION CONCERT—Newell Jenkins conducting, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano, and Gerardo Levy, flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 10, at 8:30.)

MANNES CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, March 11, at 8:30. No tickets necessary. . . . Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center, Thursday, March 12, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Philippe Entremont, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 14-15, at 8:30. All seats for the Saturday concert have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau directing Haydn's "The Creation," with Maria Ferriero, soprano; William Brown, tenor; Robert Patterson, bass-baritone; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Brian Priestman directing the final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 4, at 8:30.)

AUGSBURG COLLEGE CHOIR—Leland B. Sateren directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 8:30.)

UNIVERSITY CHORALE OF BOSTON COLLEGE—C. Alexander Peloquin directing, with Gilbert Price, baritone; Berj Zamkochian, organ; Olga Stone, piano; the Boston Symphony; and the Boston Ballet Company. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

JULIAN BREAM—Guitarist and lutanist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 5, at 8:30.)

JUDITH ALSTADTER—Piano, in a program of music by Gabriel Fauré. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 6, at 8:30.)

ELAINE SHAFFER AND GEORGE MALCOLM—A recital of Bach sonatas for flute and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 6, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

BIRGIT NILSSON—Soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 7, at 8:30.)

JORGE MOREL—Classic guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 7, at 8:30.)

ANDRÉ WATTS—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, March 8, at 3.)

NEVA PILGRIM—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 9, at 8:30.)

GEORGE MALCOLM—Harpsichord. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, March 9, and Monday, March 16, at 8:40.)

ARTURO BENEDETTI MICHELANGELI—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, March 11, at 8:30.)

HUNGARIAN QUARTET—The fourth in a series of five programs (by different quartets) presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 11, at 8:40.)

MUSICA ANTIGUA DE CHILE—An ensemble of eleven singers and instrumentalists in a program of medieval to Renaissance Spanish music and music from the colonial period of

Latin America. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 12, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—An all-Schubert program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 13, at 8:30.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—The Festival Winds. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougall St. Friday, March 13, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

WAYRLY CONSORT—The last in a series of recitals, this one with Ronald Roseman, alto shawm. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY JAZZ FESTIVAL—Wednesday, March 4, at 11:30: Clark Terry quartet. . . .

¶ Wednesday, March 4, at 2: Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at noon: Ruby Braff, Kenny Dorham, George Coleman, Larry Ridley, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 5, at 2:30: Chico Hamilton sextet. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Admission is free.)

NEIL YOUNG AND CRAZY HORSE, STEVE MILLER BLUES BAND, AND MILES DAVIS QUINTET—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, March 6-7, at 8 and 11:30.

HERBIE HANCOCK'S SEXTET—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 6, at 8:30.

THE CLANCY BROTHERS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 7, at 8:30.

JOHN MAYALL, WITH DUSTER BENNETT; B.B. KING; AND TAJ MAHAL—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, at 8 and 11:30.

IRISH ROVERS AND TOMMY MAKEM—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 13, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 14, at 2 and 8:30.

AL HIRT—A festival of New Orleans music, with jazz bands from Preservation Hall and marching brass bands. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 6, at 7:30: Knicks vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 8, at 1:55: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 10, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Seattle.

BOXING—Emile Griffith vs. Carlos Mark, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 11. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, March 4, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 8, at 8:35: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh.

KARATE—All-American Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 8, at 4.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Tuesday, March 10, through Saturday, May 23. The Swift, Tuesday, March 10, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 14. . . . **BOWIE, Md.**: Daily at 1:05; through Saturday, March 7.

TRACK MEET—I.C.A.A.A. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 7 at 7:45.)

TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Wednesday, March 4, at 8. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.) . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8, from Thursday, March 5, through Monday, May 25.

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "The Barber of Seville," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 14, at 2:30.)

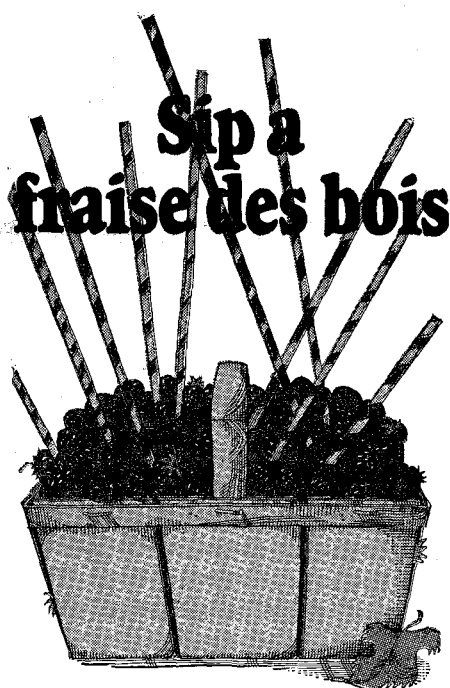
STAGE SHOWS—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-



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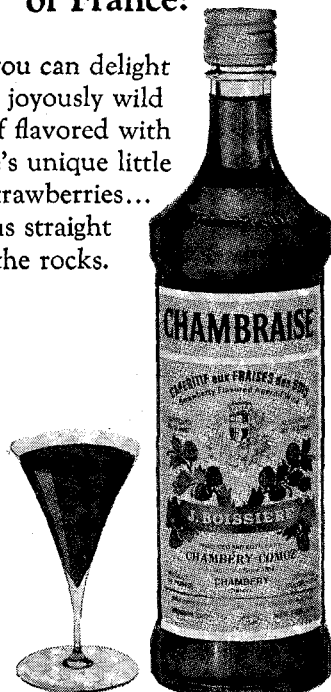
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.)
... **B. GAY PUPPETS:** "Johann and the Black Sheep" and "The Golden Melon." (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, March 7, at 2:30. Admission is free.) ... **NANCY COLE PUPPETS:** "Puss in Boots." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, March 7, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.) ... **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown." Saturday, March 7. ...
... **"The Golden Tambourine,"** Sunday, March 8, and Saturday, March 14. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Afternoons at 2:30.) ... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." Saturdays and Sundays at 1. ... **"Heidi,"** Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) ... **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "The Blue Planet." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 8, at 2. Children under five not admitted.) ... **MERI MINI PLAYERS:** "The Princess and the Pea." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 3:30.) ... **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY FOUNDATION:** "Mother Goose Go-Go." Wednesday, March 11. ... **"Young Tom Edison,"** Thursday, March 12. ... **"The Circus,"** Friday, March 13. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10.) ... **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Aurora, the Sleeping Beauty." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 2.) ... **STORY TIME DANCE THEATRE:** "Fables Borrowed, Fables New—Tales That Tell a Thing or Two." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, March 7, at 2:30.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Eclipse Chase: Yucatán to Nantucket." Starting Tuesday, March 10, there will be a new show, "New Challenge of the Planets." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... **Hour-long** tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Aijaz Ahmad reading from the works of Mirza Ghalib, in Urdu, with English translations read by Adrienne Rich. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 80th St. Tuesday, March 10, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

LECTURE—James Johnson Sweeney presenting the last in a series of lectures under the over-all title of "Contemporaries and Predecessors." (Cooper Union's Engineering and Science Building, 51 Astor Pl. Thursday, March 5, at 3. Admission is free.)

FRENCH AUBUSSON TAPESTRIES TODAY—Examples by Mathieu Matégot, Jean-Pierre Courroy, and Antoine Triboulet; starting Saturday, March 7. (French General Consulate, 934 Fifth Ave., at 74th St. Weekdays, 10 to 4:30.)

PARK AVENUE ANTIQUES FAIR—Vestiges of the good old days, displayed by a hundred dealers from a dozen states and England. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Saturday through Friday, March 7-13, from 1 to 10:30, and Saturday, March 14, from 1 to 5.)

INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW—The first rite of spring, with elaborate garden settings, flowering plants, thousands of cut flowers, and so on. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday and Sunday, March 7-8, from 1 to 9; Monday through Saturday, March 9-14,

from 11 to 9; and Sunday, March 15, from 1 to 7.)

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN—An almost total (ninety-six per cent) solar eclipse will be visible here, weather permitting, on Saturday, March 7, from 12:25 P.M. to 2:54 P.M. Norfolk, Va., and Nantucket Island are the nearest localities where the whole awesome show can be seen.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, March 4, at 8: Twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Larry Rivers, Louise Nevelson, and Calder; from the collection of the late Harris B. Steinberg. ... **Thursday, March 5, at 2:** Nineteenth-century works of art, belonging to W. Forbes Morgan IV and others. ... **Friday, March 6, at 2, and Saturday, March 7, at 10:15 and 2:** Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English, French, and other furniture and decorations; the property of Bergdorf Goodman. ... **Thursday, March 12, at 10:15 and 2:** Pre-Columbian and ethnographical art, from several collectors. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 7.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Seven programs in a series of films by Hal Roach: March 5 at 2, "Bohemian Girl" (1936), "Mixed Nuts" (1934), and "High Gear" (1931); March 6 at 2 and 5:30, "Our Relations" (1936) and "Busy Bodies" (1933); March 7 at 3 and 5:30, "General Spanky" (1936) and "Brats" (1930); March 8 at 2 and 5:30, "Babes in Toyland" (1934) and "Their First Mistake" (1932); March 9 at 2:30, 5:30, and 8, "Four Parts" (1934), "Twice Two" (1933), "Nature in the Wrong" (1933), and "Come Clean" (1931); March 10 at 2, "Way Out West" (1937); March 12 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "Topper" (1937). ... **March 4 at 2 and 5:30:** "Major Barbara" (1941), with Wendy Hiller and Rex Harrison. ... **March 5 at 5:30:** "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969), with Paul Newman and Robert Redford. ... **March 5 at 8:** "The Making of Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969). ... **March 7 at 11:30:** "Nanook of the North" (1922), directed by Robert Flaherty. ... **March 10 at 5:30:** "The Plastic Dome of Norma Jean" (1967), directed by Juleen Compton. ... **March 11 at 2 and 5:30:** "Mädchen in Uniform" (1931), in German, directed by Leontine Sagan. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through March 8: "The Last Trick of Mr. Edgar," "Black, White, and Red," and seven other short films. ... **Starting March 11:** To be announced. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) ... **SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 80th St.—Six short silent films by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy. (Sundays at 2. For information about tickets, call EN 9-5110.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—First league games here—Yankees vs. Boston, at Yankee Stadium, April 7 and 9. ... **Mets vs. Pittsburgh**, April 14 and 16.

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: March 18 and 21.

BOXING—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden, March 20.)

GOLF—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 9-12.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on March 15, 22, 25, and 29, and April 5.

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 4.) ... **Middleburg Hunt Race Association.** (Middleburg, Va. April 11.) ... **My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point.** (Monkton, Md. April 11.)

RACING—At Aintree, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, April 4.

TROTting—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: April 2-Nov. 14.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA**, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 18.... **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 23.... **Washington National Symphony**, March 15, 27, and 29.... **Lorin Hollander**, piano, March 15.... **Philadelphia Orchestra**, March 17 and April 7.... **Gary Graffman**, piano, March 18.... **Philippe Entremont**, piano, March 22.... **Little Orchestra Society**, March 24.... **Opera Composers Festival**, March 31.... **Boston Symphony**, April 1 and 3.... **Zino Francescatti**, violin, April 5.... **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): **Opera Composers Festival**, March 15.... **Hartford Symphony**, March 17.... **American Opera Society**, March 19 and 26.... **Oratorio Society of New York**, March 20.... **Baltimore Symphony**, March 21.... **American Symphony**, March 22-23.... **Musica Aeterna Orchestra**, March 28.... **Rotterdam Philharmonic**, April 3.... **Boston Symphony**, April 4.... **Sviatoslav Richter**, piano, April 5.... **ALICE TULLY HALL**, Lincoln Center (362-1911): **Rita Streich**, soprano, March 15.... **Julian Bream**, guitarist and lutanist, March 19.... **Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center**, March 20-21 and April 3-4.... **William Warfield**, bass-baritone, March 22.... **Opera Orchestra of New York**, March 22.... **Joseph Fuchs**, violin, March 25.... **Little Orchestra Society**, April 5.... **Clarion Concert**, April 7.... **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): **Municipal Concerts Orchestra**, March 20.... **Bruce Hungerford**, piano, March 22.... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): **Philippe Entremont**, piano, and the **Festival Winds**, March 24.... **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (535-5350): **Misha Dichter**, piano, March 21.... **Sviatoslav Richter**, piano, April 7.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Operation Sidewinder," by Sam Shepard, will be the third in this season's series of four plays by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center.... **A musical**, "Purlie," taken from Ossie Davis's play "Purlie Victorious," Gary Geld did the music; Peter Udell turned out the lyrics; the book is jointly by Mr. Davis, Philip Rose, and Mr. Udell; and the cast includes Cleavon Little, Melba Moore, and John Heffernan.... **A play** with songs entitled "Blood Red Roses," for which John Lewin wrote the book and lyrics and Michael Valenti the music, Jeanne Carson, Philip Bruns, and Jess Richards figure in the cast.... **A musical** about the Marx Brothers, "Minnie's Boys," starring Shelley Winters. The book is the work of Arthur Marx and Robert Fisher, Larry Grossman composed the score, and Hal Hackady is the lyricist.... **"Look to the Lilies,"** a musical based on William Barrett's novella "Lilies of the Field" and the film of the same name, Shirley Booth and Al Freeman, Jr., head the cast; Leonard Spigelgass is responsible for the book, Jule Styne the music, and Sammy Cahn the lyrics.... **Lauren Bacall** in "Applause," a musical version of the film "All About Eve" (from an original story by Mary Orr), Betty Comden and Adolph Green provided the book, Charles Strouse the music, and Lee Adams the lyrics.... **The Abbey Theatre** production of Brendan Behan's "Borstal Boy" (dramatized by Frank McMahon), with Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes.... **An operetta**, "San Francisco's Burning," by Helen and Pat Adam (book and lyrics) and Al Carmines (music), presented by the Judson Poets' Theatre.... **A three-week engagement** by French pantomimist Marcel Marceau, at the City Center.... **"Cry for Us All,"** a musical adaptation of William Alfred's play "Hogan's Goat," Mitch Leigh is the composer. Mr. Alfred and Albert Marre wrote the libretto, and Mr. Alfred and Phyllis Robinson did the lyrics. Joan Diener, Robert Weede, and Steve Arlen have the leading roles.

OTHER DATES—St. Patrick's Day is Tuesday, March 17.... **British Antiques Fair**, at the Royal Manhattan Hotel, March 18-22.... **The first day of spring** is March 20.... **The Circus**, at Madison Square Garden, March 24-May 10.... **Easter Sunday** is March 29.... **International Automobile Show**, at the Coliseum, April 4-12.... **Federal**, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1969 and estimates for 1970 are due Wednesday, April 15.



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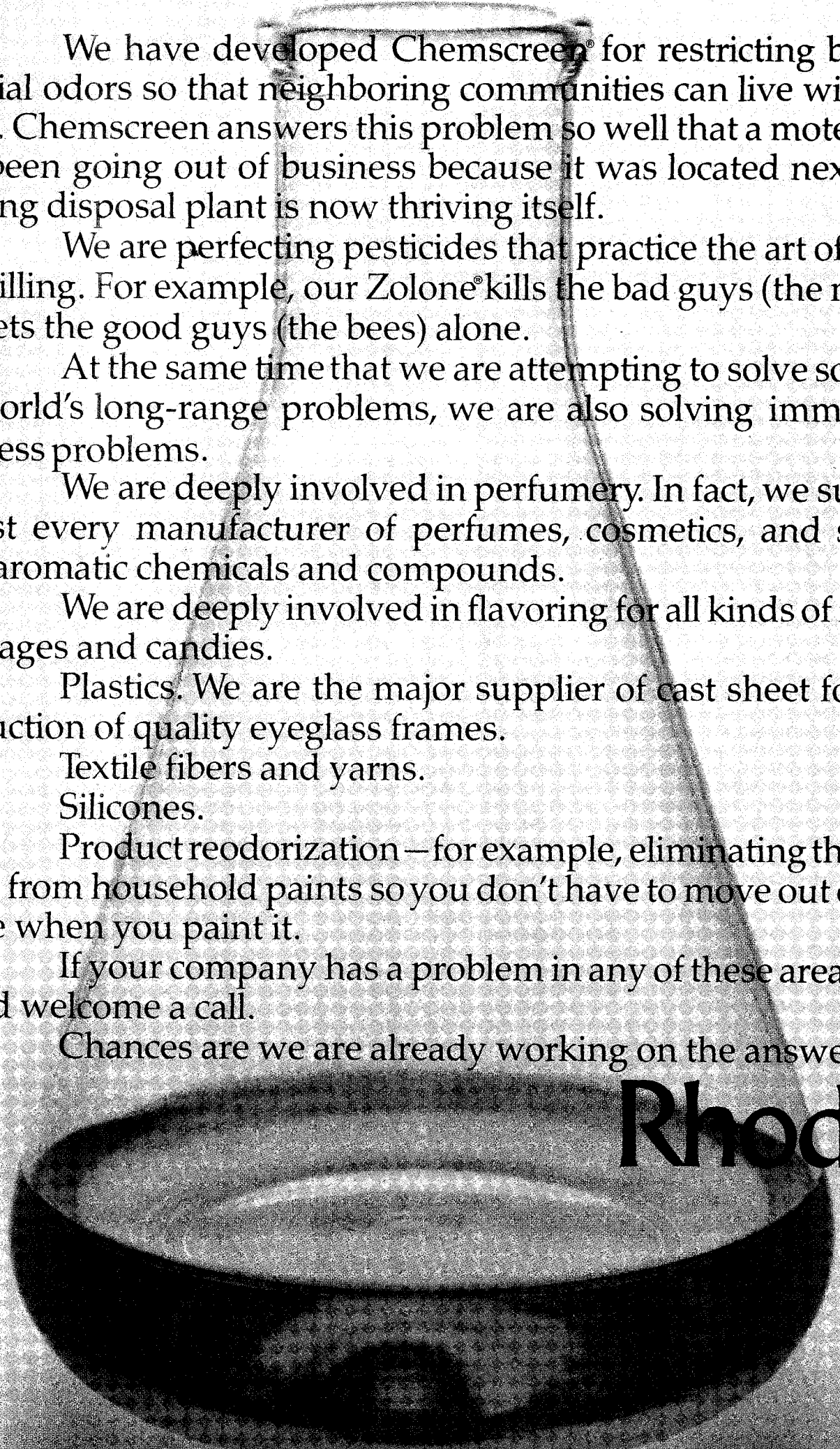
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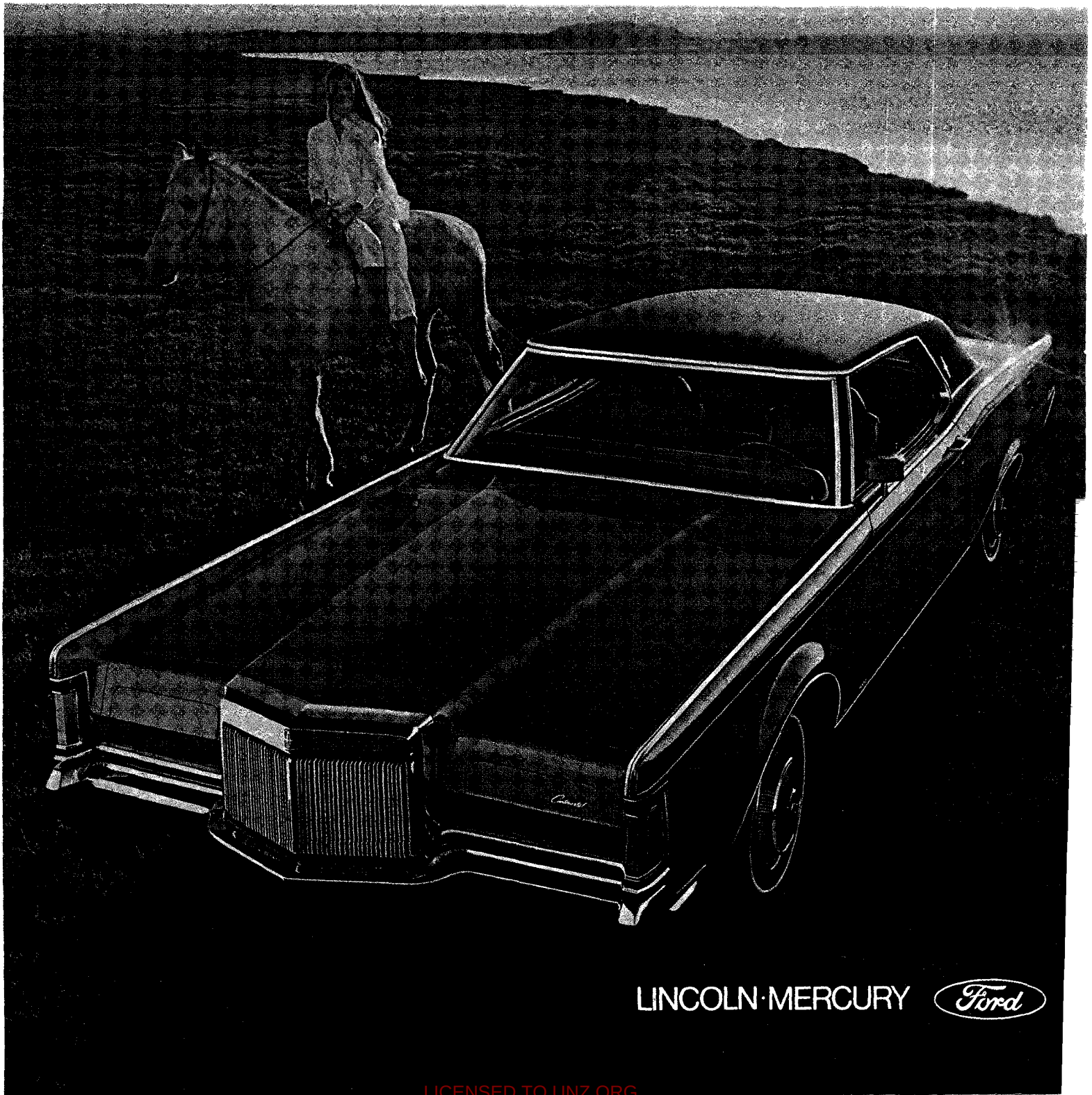
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ALICE'S RESTAURANT—Arthur Penn's extension of Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacre." Made with attractive simplicity and with great affection for the hippies' humor. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363. . . . Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 10.)

ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS—Richard Burton as a mild Henry VIII, who lets himself be pushed around by Anne Boleyn (Genevieve Bujold). Well written, well acted, but rather wan. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

AU HASARD, BALTHAZAR—Robert Bresson's oblique account of the life and suffering of a donkey and the life and suffering of the people who mistreat him. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 4.)

THE BALCONY (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy. With Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 6-7.)

BECKET (1964)—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in an adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 10.)

BELLE DE JOUR (1967)—Buñuel's color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through March 5.)

THE BIBLE (1966)—John Huston's agnostic version of the stories of Genesis. A sprawling, flawed epic, but with some breathtaking conceptions and moments of beauty. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600; through March 10.)

BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE—Dyan Cannon (who has the smallest nose since Jane Wyman) and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage in this lively, deft comedy by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. With Natalie Wood and Robert Culp. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID—This Western turns out to be one of those buddy-buddy chaffing, bantering jobs, but at least the buddies are Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Directed by George Roy Hill. With Katharine Ross. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

THE DAMNED—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323.)

DUET FOR CANNIBALS—Two couples and the games they play, which would be more entertaining if we could figure out the rules, or discover if there is anything at stake. The actors have so little to do they seem to be stranded on the screen. Written and directed by Susan Sontag. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 5-8.)

DUTCHMAN (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about the white girl maniac and her Negro victim. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 12.)

THE ENTERTAINER (1960)—Laurence Olivier at the top of his bent as a second-rate English music-hall performer who is one of the great characters of modern drama. From John Osborne's play, directed by Tony Richardson. With Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 10-11.)

FALSTAFF (1967)—Orson Welles plays Sir John and stages a battle sequence that rivals the battles of Eisenstein and Kurosawa. One of Welles' best films, though damaged by technical problems resulting from lack of funds. With John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, Margaret Rutherford, and Jeanne Moreau. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 4.)

LA FEMME INFIDÈLE—Claude Chabrol demonstrates how to make a civilized thriller; he serves up the sensuality and adultery with the elegance of a master. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 10.)

FUNNY GIRL—The triumphant debut of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

GIGI (1958)—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe. Costumes by Cecil Beaton. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 8-9.)

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS—More pleasant than might have been expected, though inflated and unduly prolonged. Peter O'Toole gives a romantic performance of great distinction, and Petula Clark, as his wife, has a fine glow.

The director, Herbert Ross, tries his best to conquer the Leslie Bricusse score. Really, it's immoral to write such bad music. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

HELLO, DOLLY!—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

JOHN AND MARY—Clever and dexterous, but a perfect little nothing of a romance. When Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow are in bed together, you just naturally assume they're playing with Teddy bears. Directed by Peter Yates. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through March 9.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 5-11.)

THE LEFT HANDED GUN (1958)—Arthur Penn's first film, adapted from a television play by Gore Vidal, has some of the violent, legendary, nostalgic qualities of his later "Bonnie and Clyde." A young, great-looking Paul Newman plays Billy the Kid as an ignorant boy in the sex-starved Old West. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

THE LION IN WINTER—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 10.)

LORD LOVE A DUCK (1966)—George Axelrod's malicious and funny survey of present-day teen-aging. With Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting March 12.)

LOVING—George Segal gives the performance of his career as a commercial artist who doesn't like his life. An intelligent—often funny—movie, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

A MAN ESCAPED (1956)—Robert Bresson tells the story of a wartime prisoner's ascetic, single-minded dedication to escape. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 5-11.)

M*A*S*H—The best American war comedy since sound came in. With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

MIDNIGHT COWBOY—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman give fine performances as the cowboy and his seely pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040.)

THE MILKY WAY—A genial guided tour of heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

THE MOLLY MAGUIRES—A handsome production, with an unconvincing script about violence in the Pennsylvania coal mines in the eighteenth-seventies. Fine performances by Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar. Directed by Martin Ritt. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320.)

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Britt Ekland, and Elliott Gould. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting March 12.)

OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR—This musical lampoon of the First World War is meant to stir your sentiments, evoke nostalgia, and make you react to the obscenity of battles and bloodshed, and apparently it does do all that for some people. With John Mills, Maggie Smith, Sir

Laurence, Sir Michael, Sir John, Sir Ralph, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 750-4630. . . . Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through March 10.)

PATTON—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don't just want to have their prejudices greased. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

PICKPOCKET (1958)—Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 5-11.)

PIERROT LE FOU (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through March 5.)

POPI (1969)—Alan Arkin as a Puerto Rican father teaching his young sons how to pass as orphans and Cuban refugees. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 11.)

SHAME (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 5-11.)

THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (1966)—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderesses and Yves Montand is the detective. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

THE STERILE CUCKOO—A good script (by Alvin Sargent) gives Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton the kind of witty, lyrical roles that actors sell their souls for. Directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through March 12, tentative.)

STOLEN KISSES (1968)—A modern comedy-romance in an improvisatory style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363. . . . Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 10.)

A TASTE OF HONEY (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's sad, delightful play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. With Rita Tushingham. Directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 10-11.)

TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE—Ideology on horseback. Abraham Polonsky's indictment of American racism, set in a Western framework, features Robert Blake as Willie, the hunted Indian, and Robert Redford as Coop, the sheriff. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; through March 7. . . . Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting March 11.)

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?—Jane Fonda is first-rate as Gloria, the hard, funny, knowing girl who expects nothing and gets it, in Sydney Pollack's heavy-handed but effective version of Horace McCoy's thirties novel. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

TROPIC OF CANCER—A trivial but entertaining sex comedy derived from the Henry Miller classic. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

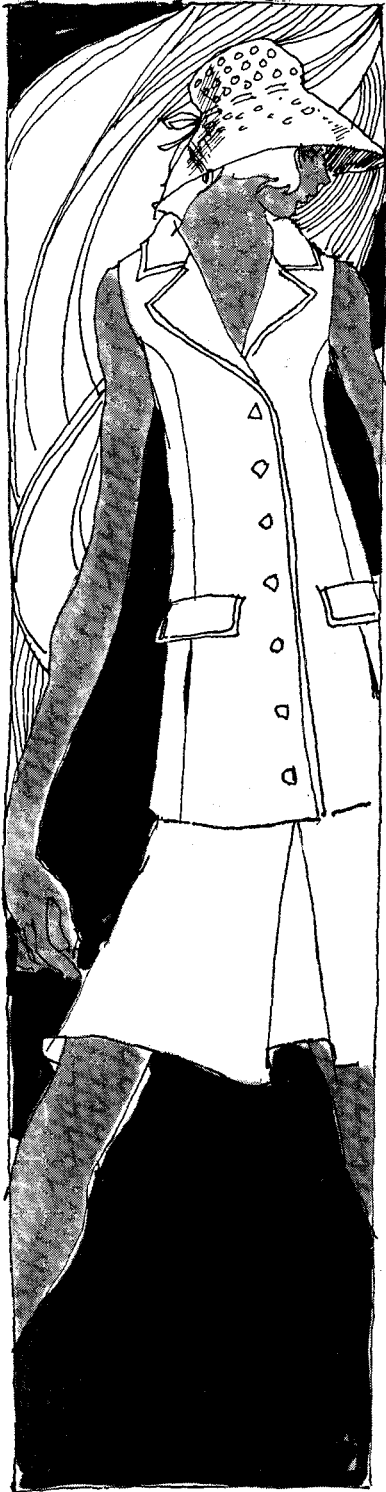
WEEKEND (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; March 5-8.)

THE WILD BUNCH—A fine Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913, with a violent gutter poetry and social bite that would have pleased Brecht. Good performances by William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and especially by Robert Ryan. (Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th, CO 5-1355; through March 9.)

Z—A political thriller with a purpose. "Z" demonstrates how Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

ZABRISKIE POINT—Michelangelo Antonioni doesn't have the temperament to deal with the current American scene, and his attempt results in an awkward and obtuse movie—a disaster. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 10: **OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.**
From March 11: **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.**

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
ALICE'S RESTAURANT; and **STOLEN KISSES** (in French).

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 10: "Lonesome Cowboys" (1969), an Andy Warhol film; and "That Cold Day in the Park" (1969), Sandy Dennis.
From March 11: "Medium Cool," Robert Forster; and "Isabel" (1968), Genevieve Bujold.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 10: **THE LION IN WINTER**; and **BECKET**.
From March 11: "Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"The Happy Ending," Jean Simmons, John Forsythe.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 7: **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE.**
From March 8: "Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through March 9: **JOHN AND MARY**.
From March 10: "The Lawyer," Barry Newman.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French); and **THE LEFT HANDED GUN**.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
ZABRISKIE POINT.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through March 5: "Mumsy, Nanny, Sonny, & Girly," Ursula Howells.
From March 6: "The Mercenary," Franco Nero, Jack Palance.

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.

CINE MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"End of the Road," Stacy Keach.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE MILKY WAY (in French).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Kremlin Letter," Bibi Andersson, Richard Boone.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Without a Stitch" (in Danish).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Only Game in Town," Elizabeth Taylor, Warren Beatty.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
FUNNY GIRL.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
LOVING.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?," an Allen Funt film.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
March 4: Theatre closed.
March 5-8: **DUET FOR CANNIBALS** (in Swedish); and **WEEKEND** (in French).
March 9-11: Theatre closed.
From March 12: To be announced.

WAVELY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 10: **LA FEMME INFIDÈLE** (in French).
From March 11: "The Honeymoon Killers," Shirley Stoler.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Me" (in French).

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 4: "Haxan" (1922), a film on witchcraft through the ages; and "Wild Horses of Fire" (1964, in Ukrainian; formerly called "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors").
March 5-11: **KING OF HEARTS** (in French and English); and **SHAME** (in Swedish).
From March 12: **THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINISKY'S**; and **LORD LOVE A DUCK**.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 10: "Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.
From March 11: "Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
Through March 10: "Topaz," Frederick Stafford.
From March 11: "Skulduggery," Burt Reynolds, Susan Clark.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
Through March 9: **THE WILD BUNCH**.
From March 10: "The Lawyer," Barry Newman.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
March 4: "...tick...tick...tick..." Jim Brown, George Kennedy.
From March 5: "Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 10: **THE BIBLE**.
From March 11: "The Sound of Music" (1965), Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Me" (in French).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
THE DAMNED.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LOVING.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through March 10: "Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.
From March 11: "Fellini Satyricon" (in Italian). (Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinees Mondays through Fridays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through March 12 (tentative): **THE STERILE CUCKOO**.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
TROPIC OF CANCER.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 4: **AU HASARD, BALTHAZAR** (in French); and **FALSTAFF**.
March 5-11: **A MAN ESCAPED and PICKPOCKET** (both in French).
From March 12: "Mouchette" (in French).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 10: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT**; and **STOLEN KISSES** (in French).
From March 11: **POPI**; and "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium" (1969), Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 5: **BELLE DE JOUR and PIERROT LE FOU** (both in French).
March 6-7: **THE BALCONY**; and "The Cool World" (1964), Hampton Clanton.
March 8-9: **GIGI**; and "The Battle of the Sexes" (1960), Peter Sellers, Robert Morley.
March 10-11: **A TASTE OF HONEY**; and **THE ENTERTAINER**.
March 12: **DUTCHMAN**; and "One Potato, Two Potato" (1964), Barbara Barrie, Bernie Hamilton.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 10: **OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR**.
From March 11: **TELL THEM WILLIE BOY IS HERE**.



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS a number of observers have pointed out, many developments in the conspiracy trial of the Chicago Seven, including the Justice Department's decision to invoke a law against crossing state lines with intent to incite a riot, and the apparently prejudicial handling of the defense case by the judge, have had a damaging effect on the rule of law in the nation. (The defendants' decision to use the court as a theatre for political struggle has also been unfortunate, and has raised questions for judges which have yet to be satisfactorily answered, but the danger to the law at the hands of defendants who do not respect the law is almost inherently less than the danger at the hands of attorney generals, judges, and policemen who do not respect the law. It is important to remember, when the effects of bad conduct by the judge are weighed against the effects of bad conduct by the defendants, that the trial could not possibly have resulted in the defendants' putting the judge in jail.) But in the precedents set by the Chicago trial there are still graver dangers—dangers that are not strictly legal—for the trial not only resulted in a new injustice but also compounded an old one. During the Democratic Convention, almost the entire national press and all the networks were in agreement that what was happening on the streets of Chicago was what *Time* called "sanctioned mayhem" and what the Walker Commission called a "police riot." The Chicago Police Department claimed that it had been greatly provoked by violence on the part of the demonstrators, but the fact that about twenty newsmen were assaulted by policemen on the first night of the rioting suggests that this was far from being the full story. (No one has yet claimed that any member of the press assaulted any policeman.) Later, a federal grand jury handed down sixteen indictments in connection with the Convention rioting. Eight were brought against po-

licemen and eight were brought against demonstrators, as though to suggest that there had been equal amounts of violence on both sides. Before five of the Chicago Seven (the eighth indicted demonstrator was removed from the court for contempt) were convicted and sentenced, other courts had acquitted seven of the eight policemen (the trial of one policeman has not been completed), so the final result seemed an astounding reversal of justice. The principal rioters, who were the police, went free, and the principal victims of brutality in the riot, who were the demonstrators, were punished. Among the lessons that a policeman might learn from this trial is that he can get the organizers of a demonstration thrown in jail by beating up the demonstrators. Among the lessons that an organizer of a demonstration might learn is that even if he behaves himself at a demonstration he may end up being tried and imprisoned if the police don't behave themselves. It is interesting to reflect that there almost surely would not have been a trial in Chicago if the police had not rioted.

No one in government, of course, was able either to predict or to plan or to control the long train of events that led to the trial, but, with exceptions (and Attorney General Clark was a conspicuous exception), people in positions of authority—in the Chicago Police Department, at the Chicago City Hall, in the federal courts in Chicago, and in two Administrations in Washington—behaved as though they were acting together to protect the interests of a state that had little interest in the rights of its citizens. Also, by the time of the Convention the F.B.I. and the police were employing an army of undercover men, paid informants, and detectives who could be relied on to support the government's interpretation of events and provide it with rationalizations for further action. It was these men who supplied the overwhelming preponderance of the significant testimony for

the prosecution at the Chicago trial. In short, the government identified the defendants as criminals by attacking them itself. And by prosecuting the Seven and obtaining convictions against five of them, the government rationalized and justified one piece of repression by committing another.

Once the government had become mired in these acts of repression, it soon learned that its second natural enemy, after the demonstrators themselves, was a free press. It appears that on the streets in Chicago the police singled out newsmen as particularly frequent targets for assault. Later, Mayor Daley challenged the objectivity of the news coverage, and, incidentally, provided an uncannily accurate preview of the wider campaigns that are being waged against the press by the present Administration as part of its attempt to suppress dissent.

Perhaps one reason Americans have found it difficult to identify and combat these trends is that Americans have always tended to associate threats against democracy with fanatical leaders of dynamic, highly organized movements that act outside the established institutions and are eager to sweep them aside in a crusade for the domination of society. The rhetoric of American politicians and the

American press is filled with warnings against the "extremes of both sides," and people have tended to measure the safety of democracy by the weakness of movements on the far right and left. This has perhaps made people slow to recognize the diffuse, unorganized, unplanned threat that gathered at the dead center of our nation's political life at the time of the Democratic Convention—a threat that had grown behind a screen of rationalizations from bureaucracies and rhetoric from nerveless, self-deceiving politicians, and then had suddenly burst into public view in a display of shocking brutality. For our part, we remember our feeling of incredulity at the Con-





"Celeste, I admit I'm not fit to breathe the same air."

vention while we watched former Vice-President Humphrey deliver his acceptance speech. His boyish face was flushed with pleasure as he emerged into the spotlights, and his eyes seemed to shine with the good intentions he is famous for. Near the beginning of his speech, he quoted at length from St. Francis of Assisi. He went on to say, "Majority rule has prevailed, but minority rights are preserved." And he ended by declaring, "With the help of that vast, unfrightened, dedicated, faithful majority of Americans, I say to this great Convention tonight, and to this great nation of ours, I am ready to lead our country!" For a moment, it was almost impossible for us to believe that we had seen what we had seen during the past few days—the police savagely beating demonstrators on the streets, a Convention delegate being taken off to prison by Convention security guards, Dan Rather, of C.B.S., being punched and knocked to the floor by security guards on the Convention floor, and delegates pledged to Eugene McCarthy shouting into microphones that had just gone dead at a signal from the Convention chairman. We were forced to conclude that in America, if repression came, political leaders might still be quoting St. Francis of Assisi at you when the police began beating on your door.

WBAI

ABOUT an hour after the jury returned its verdict in the Chicago trial, we turned on our radio to WBAI-FM. As usual, we were not disappointed. WBAI was treating the

verdict as an event of importance, in much the same way that the television networks treat a lunar extravaganza; it cancelled its regular programs (which that evening would have included an interview with Charles Morgan, Jr., the Southern regional director of the American Civil Liberties Union; a movie review by Andrew Sarris; a speech by James Baldwin; and a regular weekly report on the women's-liberation movement) and substituted eight hours of news bulletins and comment on the verdict, the latter including interviews with Noam Chomsky, Allen Ginsberg, Representative Benjamin S. Rosenthal, Jimmy Breslin, and Paul O'Dwyer; man-in-the-street interviews; and tape-recorded talks by the defendants themselves.

WBAI, which is one of four listener-supported stations operated by the Pacifica Foundation (the others are KPFFK, in Los Angeles; KPFA, in Berkeley, California; and, beginning this week, KPFT, in Houston), is celebrating its tenth anniversary this month. The other day, we dropped in on the station's cramped studios, on the third floor of a brownstone on East Thirty-ninth Street, to wish everyone a happy birthday and to chat with Frank Millspaugh, the general manager, and Larry Josephson, who conducts an early-morning talk show.

"What was the reaction to your special coverage of the Chicago verdict?" we asked.

"We got a few complaints," said Mr. Millspaugh, who was wearing dark glasses, and who looks younger than his age, which is thirty-three.

"Mostly, they were from people who missed our usual afternoon concert. There were some ideological objections, too, and a few people called just to say, 'Enough is enough already.' But most of the calls we got were favorable. I think people expected that if they turned to the station that day they'd hear something about the trial."

Mr. Millspaugh went on to tell us that he would soon be leaving WBAI, after nearly four years of service, to write a book on the peace movement. "I'm proudest of the fact that we've lowered our average listener age by about fifteen years," he said. "We've kept our older listeners while adding lots of younger ones. We now have around twenty thousand subscribers—people who send in money and get our program guide—and at least five times that many regular listeners. I'll still be around some of the time after I leave. I'd like to keep writing those letters to the F.C.C.—the ones you have to write when somebody complains about a program. I've become a master of that particular literary genre."

"Frank used to be a theological student, you know," said Mr. Josephson, whose morning program is a kind of daily crank call to the people of New York. "Some of his letters to the F.C.C. have been masterworks of Thomistic scholarship."

"Tillichian. But let it pass," said Mr. Millspaugh.

We asked if WBAI was worried about the future of its broadcasting license under the present Administration, and Mr. Millspaugh said, "The next time our license comes up for renewal, in 1972, we'll be facing a conservative Republican—and probably hostile—majority on the F.C.C. for the first time. Last spring, the vote in our favor was five to two, and, even at that, we didn't get word of our renewal until September—about four months later than the other stations."

"We're under attack by people in the F.C.C. and the Senate right now," Mr. Josephson said. "This time, the handle is obscenity. We have no desire to cuss and swear on the air, but the use of so-called objectionable words has become absolutely central to a certain kind of dissent. If political polarization continues to get worse, as it probably will, the time will come when we will broadcast something that will be deeply offensive to a lot of people. If it does come to a court test, though, I'm optimistic. All the Pacifica stations have tremendous public support in their communities, and one of the most sacrosanct principles of the F.C.C. is that a

station must reflect the community it serves. We do that, God knows."

Zoological Meeting

THE annual meeting of the New York Zoological Society, which for some time had been held at the Waldorf, moved this year to Philharmonic Hall, whose twenty-eight-hundred-seat auditorium it filled twice—once in the late afternoon, largely with children, and then in the evening, largely with grownups. We chose the younger group, and, on our way in, toured the special live exhibits of Zoo and Aquarium animals on the grand promenade of the Hall in the company of a noisy throng of tots and teen-agers.

"It's alive! It's breathing!" one of the latter said of a rhinoceros iguana, which very nearly required a stethoscope to demonstrate this fact.

"Ducks! Duckies! Duckywuckies!" a much smaller person said of two Laysan teals, natives of an island in the Hawaiian archipelago who are now denizens of the Bronx.

"They look worried," said a mother, and, peering at the ducks' label, we perceived the reason: they are almost extinct.

The biggest exhibit crush was attracted by a lion cub, cuddled in the arms of a young woman, who was backed by a uniformed Society keeper. The cub drew, as we paused, an "Isn't that the cutest face?," a "Poor little thing. He's scared to death," and, from a father, a grumpy "Probably doped."

We inspected some king snakes, a European ferret, an Eastern screech owl, and several walking catfish (in person and in a film), and then we entered the hall. There, a mother deposited a small boy in the seat in front of us, said "Don't move," and disappeared. She returned in time for the dimming of the lights and a welcoming speech by John Pierrepont, the Society's treasurer. After paying a tribute to its late president, Fairfield Osborn, and to its recently opened World of Darkness, the house of nocturnal animals, he heralded the World of Birds, a three-million-dollar gift of Mrs. DeWitt Wallace, which is currently under construction. "This great building is now emerging like a gigantic medieval fortress—a sort of

Carcassonne," Mr. Pierrepont said. "There is a wide ramp leading up to it which will take you from the ground level to the very treetops. It will enable us to display hundreds of species from varied climates. This will be one of the wonders of all the zoo worlds."

The treasurer outlined other wonders, among them the Crocodile Cloud Burst ("You see the prehistoric creatures sunning themselves when suddenly it clouds over, a distant thunder is heard—a flash of lightning and then a tropical downpour. The crocodiles slide into the water, the rain stops, the sun comes back, and there you are") and the projected World of Tropical Asia, a thirty-acre tract by the Bronx River, which, furnished with a plain and a simulated jungle, will accommodate elephants, tigers, rhinos, and other exotic animals. Their home away from home is being financed in part by five million dollars from the Vincent Astor Foundation, whose president, Mrs. Astor, is a new Zoological trustee. Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Wallace are the first of their sex to gain this eminence (among thirty-four men). Beast's best friend is the lady trustee.

Mr. Pierrepont, who put his organization on record as favoring the

killer whale and the narwhal and opposing the sale of alligator skins and the skins of the jungle cats, was followed by several excellent short films of narwhals (elusive), tropical fiddler crabs (flirtatious), African flamingos (gorgeous), and Zoo and Aquarium sights (Old Home Week). A special presentation of "The Songs of Humpback Whales" was then presented—not so much songs, really, as grunts and groans and whistles.

"Be quiet! Be quiet!" a tiny girl behind us kept saying to the whales until her mother carried her out.

On our way out, we heard a lady on the promenade say to her escort, "I was darn near killed by an eagle at one of these meetings a few years ago. It was one of those trained eagles. It flew straight at me, with its talons outstretched, and I ducked under my seat just in time. A year or two later, I saw this bird, or one like it, performing at another meeting, and a man next to me said, 'That eagle killed a woman a while back.'"

Health

WE went to have a talk with some members of the Comédie-Française troupe while they were here for



"You would be wasting your time with me. My mind is totally controlled by what the news media feed it."

their latest brief visit—their fourth since 1955. We had also talked with them during their first, in 1955, and their third, in 1966. Inevitably, in the course of fifteen years, some members of the troupe have died, some have retired, and some who were children when we first met them are now experienced actors. One of this last group is Françoise Seigner, the daughter of Louis Seigner, whom we had seen and admired in *“Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme”* in 1955. She has just finished making a film with François Truffaut. Sitting in Mlle. Seigner’s dressing room in the City Center, we spoke with her and two actors—Georges Chamarat and Jacques Charon. All three were appearing in *“Le Malade Imaginaire,”* *“Les Femmes Savantes,”* and *“Dom Juan.”* After we had expressed our admiration for them in their various roles, M. Charon looked at his colleagues and us, and said, “What shall we talk about?”

“Everything,” we said.

“*Ah, non. Alors, non,*” he replied. “That’s really too dangerous. Anything is better than everything.”

“How true,” said M. Chamarat.

“Then let’s talk about anything,” we said.

“*Ah, non. Ça, non. Mais vraiment non,*” said M. Charon. “Anything just doesn’t exist. It always ends in being something.”

“I want to say something about the weather in New York,” Mlle. Seigner said. “For us, the weather is neither good nor bad. It’s just Anglo-Saxon weather.”

“All right,” we said. “What do you think a modern version of the ‘Malade Imaginaire’ would be?”

“A man who suffers from imaginary health,” said M. Chamarat. “The situation does exist, and it is indeed dramatic. Many large companies offer free psychiatric treatment to their new employees, the idea being that the company must be their second family. If they accept treatment, they admit they are sick, but if they don’t they are rejected as too sick, because they dare affirm that they are in good health. Things were much simpler in the days of Molière: patients were imaginary, so were diseases, so were doctors, and so were cures when the disease was real, but health was health, and everybody knew that. For all his painful gallstones, Montaigne travelled on horseback and in shaky carriages on stony roads all over Europe, eating as no healthy person could eat today without dropping dead after a week, so one wonders whether our modern notion of health is not more dangerous than all

the diseases that had neither a name nor a cure in those days. The fittest did survive, while today they can’t even be singled out from the millions of nervous and physical wrecks that crowd them out of existence, often killing them with motorcars.”

“What do you think of nudity on the stage?” we asked.

“What nudity?” asked M. Charon.

“Internal nudity has always been practiced on the stage,” M. Chamarat said. “It is the most difficult thing to attain. Superficial nudity can be easily attained by just undressing. It shouldn’t be kept up for very long, because it’s habit-forming. It dresses you up. A French Cabinet Minister said recently that in the past it was normal for a young woman to undress in order to become an actress, and today it is normal for actresses to undress in order to become women.”

“Right,” said M. Charon.

“Let’s see, which Cabinet Minister was it who said that?” said M. Chamarat.

M. Charon looked at him with big eyes, then grabbed him by the shoulders and said pleadingly, “*Voyons, mon petit Georges,* you are not trying to remember the name of a Cabinet Minister, are you?”

“Why not?” M. Chamarat asked.

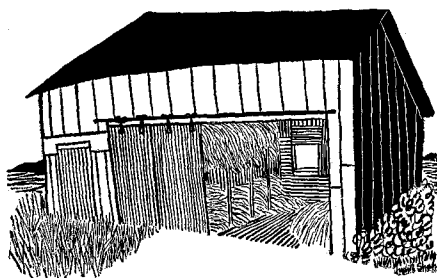
“That isn’t done. Please stop. You may succeed in remembering it, and then where will you be?” said M. Charon.

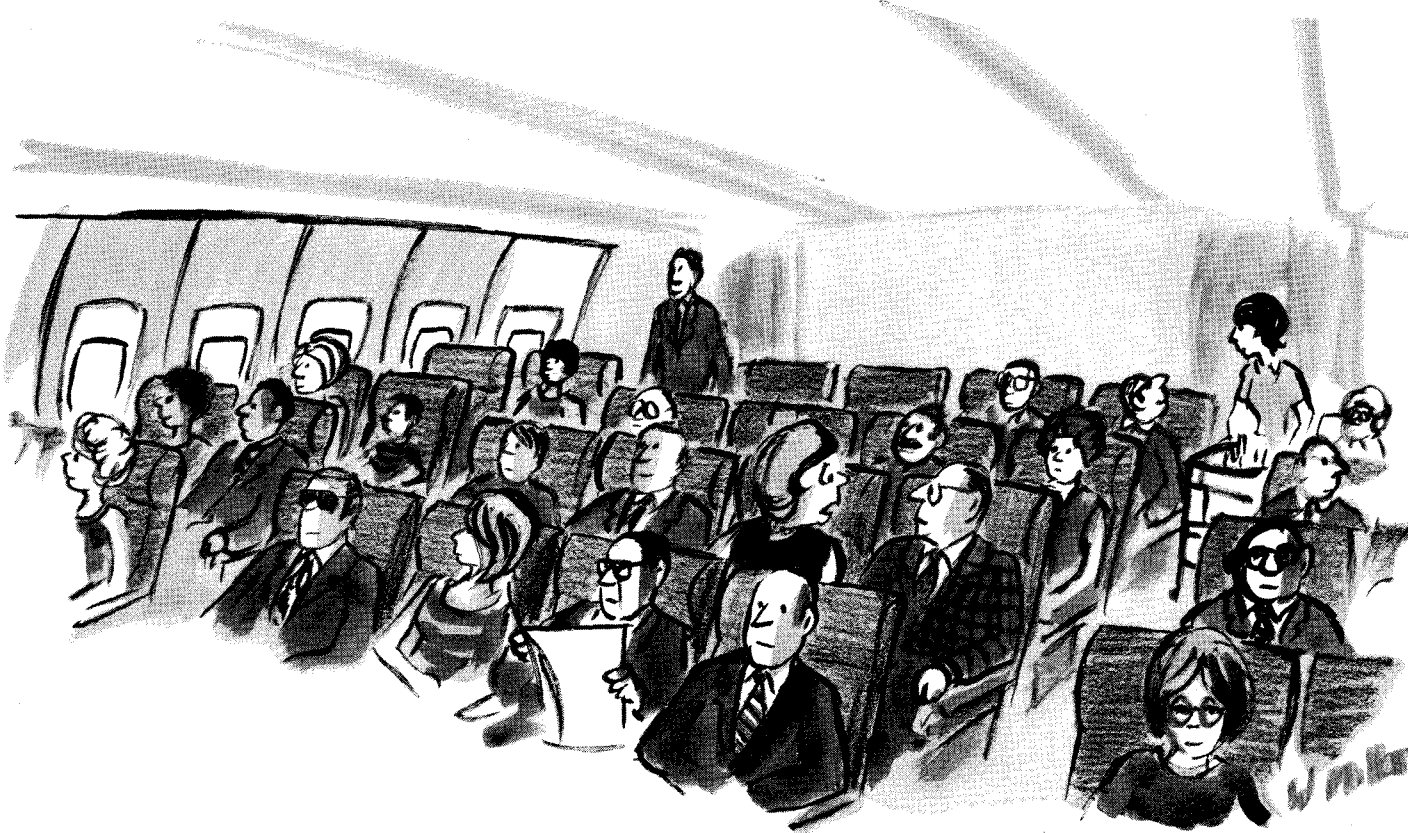
The Washington Fast

EVERY day for the next seven weeks, in Washington, a group of men and women will be seen walking at a stately pace along the stretch of sidewalk on Pennsylvania Avenue that adjoins the White House gates, carrying large scarlet-and-black banners that say “Fast for Peace.” This most tranquil, and longest, demonstration of the year—it began on Ash Wednesday, February 11th, and will last through Passover, April 27th—is sponsored jointly by Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam and the Fellowship of Reconciliation, two organizations that are dedicated to

working for peace in Vietnam. After the Lenten-Passover Fast Action, as the project is called, was well under way, we went down to Washington to have a talk with the people who were fasting in front of the White House that day. It was a sunny but very brisk morning. The protesters—about a dozen men and women, many of them muffled in scarves and fur hats for their promenade, which would last six hours—occasionally sought comfort from thermoses of orange juice and tea. They looked cold but determined and serene. We spotted an old acquaintance walking with the group—the Reverend Richard Fernandez, the director of Clergy and Laymen Concerned and one of the organizers of the fast project. Mr. Fernandez immediately denied rumors that he had pledged himself to fast for the whole seventy-five days of the Lenten-Passover action and would have himself brought to Pennsylvania Avenue in a wheelchair during the latter weeks. “I’m going to fast as long as I can, and that could be anything from fifteen to forty days,” he said cheerfully. “I’m sure we could all do it longer if we could maintain a sedentary position. But our legal permit does not allow for any sitting down on the pavement, so we have to keep on walking in circles for six hours a day, and you use up an awful lot of body heat in this cold. The hunger pangs go away after two days. After that, you just feel delightfully light-headed and you need an awful lot of sleep at night. My only problem is that I’m smoking, for the first time in my life.” And Mr. Fernandez, who was attired in a thin black raincoat, stamped out a cigarette, looking angry with himself.

We asked him how Clergy and Laymen Concerned was going about the problem of getting daily attendance on Pennsylvania Avenue, and he said that people from all over the country were signing up for specific days by phoning the national Clergy and Laymen Concerned office, in New York, or its temporary headquarters, which are at the African Methodist Episcopal Church, on M Street. “We’re trying to avoid the situation of getting three hundred persons one day and only five the next,” he explained. “People are being very nice about pledging themselves to come on the days they’re most needed. Different groups have begun to organize themselves for the project—for instance, Women Strike for Peace have promised to send several of their members down every Tuesday—and there will be considerably more people com-





"I just can't help it! I don't think God ever intended us to fly nine across."

ing down in March, when it warms up a bit. They're coming from great distances. We had two men from Canada yesterday. There are several busloads coming from Cincinnati on Palm Sunday. We had seventy-five people with us on Ash Wednesday, and we may have a few hundred on Good Friday." Turning from cheerful to serious, Mr. Fernandez added, "This kind of experience leads to a great deal of internal dialogue. I suppose the most important realization it's given me is that all sin and error are not in the White House, that a good part of them are in the peace movement itself."

The protesters walking with Mr. Fernandez had extremely varied experiences of fasting and equally varied endurance plans. Jeffrey Potter, who runs an earth-moving business in Tyringham, Massachusetts, was ending his third day of fasting. He informed us that it was the first voluntary fast he had ever undertaken, but that he had once been forced to fast for five days in Burma during the Second World War, when his unit was isolated by the Japanese. David Jenks, an aspiring young actor from New York, was another marcher who had been fasting for three days; he had come to Washington not only to protest the war but also because he looked forward to losing weight "for photo-

genic reasons." The Reverend John Harmon, an Episcopal priest from Boston, had fasted for five days during a civil-rights sit-in in a North Carolina church in 1964; he said he was determined to fast as long as he could during this Lenten season, but, like Mr. Fernandez, he refused to predict how long that would be. "If you set yourself precise goals, you give away your freedom," he explained. Mrs. Romaine Blackburn, a Washington housewife, plans to fast for two days a week in front of the White House until April 27th, and will continue fasting at home in the evenings of those days, sipping orange juice and tea as she watches her husband and children have their evening meal. Philip Young, a student at the Wesleyan Methodist Seminary in Washington, told us that he plans to fast on Pennsylvania Avenue every Wednesday while his wife, a schoolteacher, fasts at her job. The Youngs, like many peace-minded people who are fasting during this Lenten season, plan to send the money they save on food each day of their fast to Clergy and Laymen Concerned, which, in turn, will distribute the money to Caritas, an international Catholic relief agency that aids the deprived; to the National Welfare Rights Organization; and to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. "We

figure we can send Clergy and Laymen Concerned about three dollars for each day we fast," Mr. Young said. "We wish it could be more, but we don't have much to live on." One of the most enthusiastic peace workers to march up and down the sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue that cold morning was Sharon Rose, a slim, dark-haired twenty-seven-year-old graduate of Queens College, who works for an organization called Jews for Urban Justice, and who feels so strongly about the Lenten-Passover Fast Project that she is determined to fast as long as her health permits. "This is the way we're going to end the war," she said, with an air of great determination. "By a reawakened activism. By performing many more such unusual actions all over the country, which will force more people to think about the war and realize its evils."

Washingtonians have grown accustomed to large and noisy demonstrations in the past decade, and antagonism to this quiet walk in front of the White House has been minimal. The marchers reported only one incident of heckling since Ash Wednesday. A well-dressed man went up to one of the protesters, a woman who had one leg in a plaster cast, and said, "I hope you break your other leg." She smiled peacefully and hobbled on.

SENTENCE

OR a long sentence moving at a certain pace down the page aiming for the bottom—if not the bottom of this page then of some other page—where it can rest, or stop for a moment to think about the questions raised by its own (temporary) existence, which ends when the page is turned, or the sentence falls out of the mind that holds it (temporarily) in some kind of embrace, not necessarily an ardent one, but more perhaps the kind of embrace enjoyed (or endured) by a wife who has just waked up and is on her way to the bathroom in the morning to wash her hair, and is bumped into by her husband, who has been lounging at the breakfast table reading the newspaper and didn't see her coming out of the bedroom but when he bumps into her, or is bumped into by her, raises his hands to embrace her lightly, transiently, because he knows that if he gives her a real embrace so early in the morning, before she has properly shaken the dreams out of her head, and got her duds on, she won't respond, and may even become slightly angry, and say something wounding, and so the husband invests in this embrace not so much physical or emotional pressure as he might, because he doesn't want to waste anything—with this sort of feel-

ing, then, the sentence passes through the mind more or less, and there is another way of describing the situation, too, which is to say that the sentence crawls through the mind like something someone says to you while you're listening very hard to the FM radio, some rock group there, with its thrilling sound, and so, with your attention or the major part of it at least already awarded, there is not much mind-room you can give to the remark, especially considering that you have probably just quarrelled with that person, the maker of the remark, over the radio being too loud, or something like that, and the view you take of the remark is that you'd really rather not hear it, but if you have to hear it, you want to listen to it for the smallest possible length of time, and during a commercial, because immediately after the commercial they're going to play a new rock song by your favorite group, a cut that has never been aired before, and you want to hear it and respond to it in a new way, a way that accords with whatever you're feeling at the moment, or might feel if the threat of new experience could be (temporarily) overbalanced by the promise of possible positive benefits, or what the mind construes to be such, remembering that these are often, really, disguised defeats (not that such

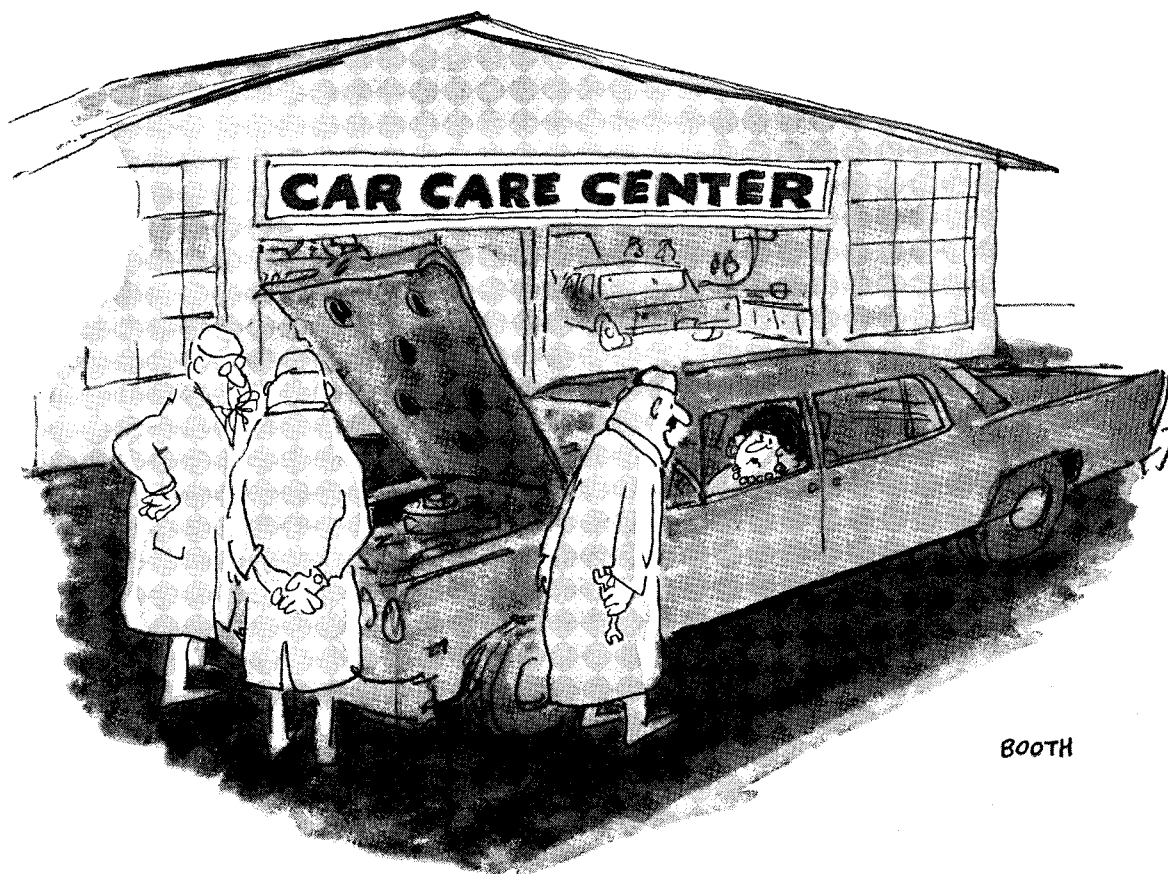
defeats are not, at times, good for your character, teaching you that it is not by success alone that one surmounts life, but that setbacks, too, contribute to that roughening of the personality that, by providing a textured surface to place against that of life, enables you to leave slight traces, or smudges, on the face of human history—your mark), and, after all, benefit-seeking always has something of the smell of raw vanity about it, as if you wished to decorate your own brow with laurel, or wear your medals to a cookout, when the invitation had said nothing about them, and although the ego is always hungry (we are told), it is well to remember that ongoing success is nearly as meaningless as ongoing lack of success, which can make you sick, and that it is good to leave a few crumbs on the table for the rest of your brethren—not to sweep it all into the little beaded purse of your soul but to allow others, too, part of the gratification—and if you share in this way you will find the clouds smiling on you, and the postman bringing you letters, and bicycles available when you want to rent them, and many other signs, however guarded and limited, of the community's (temporary) approval of you, or at least of its willingness to let you believe (temporarily) that it finds you not so lacking in commendable virtues as it had previously allowed you to think, from its scorn of your merits, as it might be put, or anyway its consistent refusal to recognize your basic humanness and its secret blackball of the project of your remaining alive, made in executive session by its ruling bodies, which, as everyone knows, carry out concealed programs of reward and punishment, under the rose, causing faint alterations of the status quo, behind your back, at various points along the periphery of community life, together with other enterprises not dissimilar in tone, such as producing films that have special qualities, or attributes, such as a film the second half of which is a holy mystery that girls and women are not allowed to see, or writing novels in which the final chapter is a plastic bag filled with water, which you can touch but not drink: in this way, or ways, the underground mental life of the collectivity is botched, or denied, or turned into something else never imagined by the planners, who, returning from the latest seminar in crisis management and being asked what they have learned, say they have learned how to throw up their hands; the sentence meanwhile, although not insensible of these considerations, has a fes-



"Sure I still distrust Nixon. Sure I still dislike Nixon. But somehow the old burning hatred's no longer there."

tering conscience of its own, which persuades it to follow its star, and to move, with all deliberate speed, from one place to another, without losing any of the "riders" it may have picked up just by being there, on the page, and turning this way and that, to see what is over there, under that oddly shaped tree, or over there, reflected in the rain barrel of the imagination, even though it is true that in our young manhood we were taught that short, punchy sentences were best (But what did he mean? Doesn't "punchy" mean punch-drunk? I think he probably intended to say "short, *punching* sentences," meaning sentences that lashed out at you, bloodying your brain if possible, and looking up the word just now I came across the nearby

"punkah," which is a large fan suspended from the ceiling in India, operated by an attendant pulling a rope—that is what I want for my sentence, to keep it cool!), we are mature enough now to stand the shock of learning that much of what we were taught in our youth was wrong, or improperly understood by those who were teaching it, or perhaps shaded a bit, the shading resulting from the personal needs of the teachers, who as human beings had a tendency to introduce some of their heart's blood into their work, and sometimes this may not have been of the first water, this heart's blood, and even if they thought they were moving the "knowledge" out, as the Board of Education had mandated, they could have noticed that their sentences weren't having the knockdown power of the new weapons whose bullets tumble end over end (but it is true that we didn't have these weapons at that time) and they might have taken into account the fundamental dubiousness of their project (but all the intelligently conceived projects have been eaten up already, like the moon and the stars), leaving us, in our best clothes, with only things to do like conducting vigorous wars of attrition against our wives, who have now come



BOOTH

"I'm afraid, Mrs. Easton, a carburetor transplant is necessary."

thoroughly awake, and slipped into their striped bells, and pulled sweaters over their torsos, and adamantly refused to wear any bras under the sweaters, carefully explaining the political significance of this refusal to anyone who will listen, or look, but not touch, because that has nothing to do with it, so they say—leaving us, as it were, with only things to do like floating sheets of Reynolds Wrap around the room, trying to find out how many we can keep in the air at the same time, which at least gives us a sense of participation, as though we were the Buddha, looking down at the silence of your smile, which needs to be investigated, and I think I'll do that right now, while there's still enough light, if you'll sit down over there, in the best chair, and take off all your clothes, and put your feet in that electric toe caddy (which prevents pneumonia) and slip into this permanent-press white hospital gown, to cover your nakedness—why, if you do all that, we'll be ready to begin after I wash my hands, because you pick up an amazing amount of raff in this city, just by walking around, in the open air, and nodding to acquaintances, and speaking to friends, and copulating with lovers, in the ordinary course (and death to our enemies, by the by), but

my God I'm getting a little uptight, just about washing my hands, because I can't find the soap, which somebody has used and not put back in the soap dish, all of which is extremely irritating if you have a beautiful patient sitting in the examining room, naked inside her gown, and peering at her moles in the mirror, with her immense brown eyes following your every movement (when they are not watching the moles, expecting them, as in a Disney nature film, to exfoliate) and her immense brown head wondering what you're going to do to her, the pierced places in the head letting that question leak out, while the therapist decides just to wash his hands in plain water, and hang the soap, and does so, and then looks around for a towel, but all the towels have been collected by the towel service, and are not there, so he wipes his hands on his pants, in the back thinking, What must she think of me, and, All this is very unprofessional and at-sea-looking, trying to visualize the contretemps from her point of view, if she has one (But how can she? She is not in the washroom), and then stopping, because it is finally his own point of view that he cares about, and not hers, and with this firmly in mind, and a light, confident step,

such as you might find in the works of Bulwer-Lytton, he enters the space she occupies so prettily and, taking her by the hand, proceeds to tear off the stiff white hospital gown—but no, we cannot have that kind of pornographic *merde* in this majestic and high-minded sentence, which will probably end up in the Library of Congress (that was just something that took place in his consciousness, as he looked at her, and since we know that consciousness is always consciousness of something, she is not entirely without responsibility in the matter)—so, then, taking her by the hand, he falls into the stupendous white purée of her abyss—no, I mean rather that he asks her how long it has been since her last visit, and she says a fortnight, and he shudders, and tells her that with a condition like hers (she is an immensely popular soldier, and her troops win all their battles by pretending to be forests, the enemy discovering, at the last moment, that those trees they have eaten their lunch under have eyes and swords [which reminds me of the performance, in 1845, of Robert-Houdin, called “The Fantastic Orange Tree,” wherein Robert-Houdin borrowed a lady’s handkerchief, rubbed it between his hands, and passed it into the center of an egg, after which he passed the egg into the center of a lemon, after which he passed the lemon into the center of an orange, then pressed the orange between his hands, making it smaller and smaller until only a powder remained, whereupon he asked for a small orange tree and sprinkled the powder thereupon, upon which the tree burst into blossom, the blossoms turning into oranges, the oranges turning into butterflies, and the butterflies turning into beautiful young ladies, who then married members of the audience]), a condition damaging to real-time social intercourse of any kind, the best thing the patient can do is to give up, and lay down her arms, and he will lie down in them, and together they will permit themselves a bit of the old slap and tickle, she wearing only her Mr. Christopher medal, on its silver chain, and he (for such is the latitude granted the professional classes) worrying about the sentence, about its thin wires of dramatic tension, which have been omitted, about whether we should write down some natural events occurring in the sky (birds, lightning bolts), and about a possible coup d’état within the sentence, whereby its chief verb would be—but at this moment a messenger rushes into the sentence, bleeding from a hat of thorns he’s wearing, and cries out, “You don’t

GRAND TOUR DE SAIGON

Nguyen Du with its *Cercles—Sportif* and *Hippique*—
Is the magnet of this city’s horsey clique—
Frenchmen and Americans of muscle and chic.

Here is Ben Rach Dang, with its river and its boats,
Where a three-times-bombed-out restaurant still floats
And the eye of elegance is never shut.

On Tu Do you can photograph flowers in tiers
Or buy the goods of the black-marketeers
Spread out in sight of Our Lady of tears.

On Trin Minh The, Souville, we give a ride to spades
Who are high on grass and on girls of darker shades—
The *souvenirs* of French African renegades.

Take Tran Hung Dao in the Cho Lon direction
To where the Chinese and Cong make their connections
And it’s pay-as-you-go for police protection.

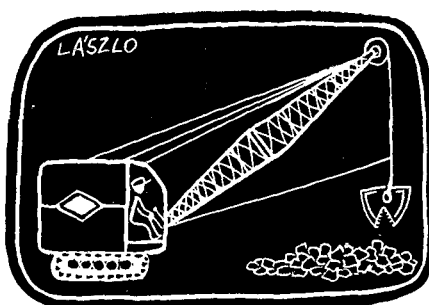
Cong Ly connects *Port d’Aviation* to the city’s heart
Of flowers and hotels. For tourists it is the start.
Soldier, perhaps you will see it when you depart.

—HERBERT KROHN

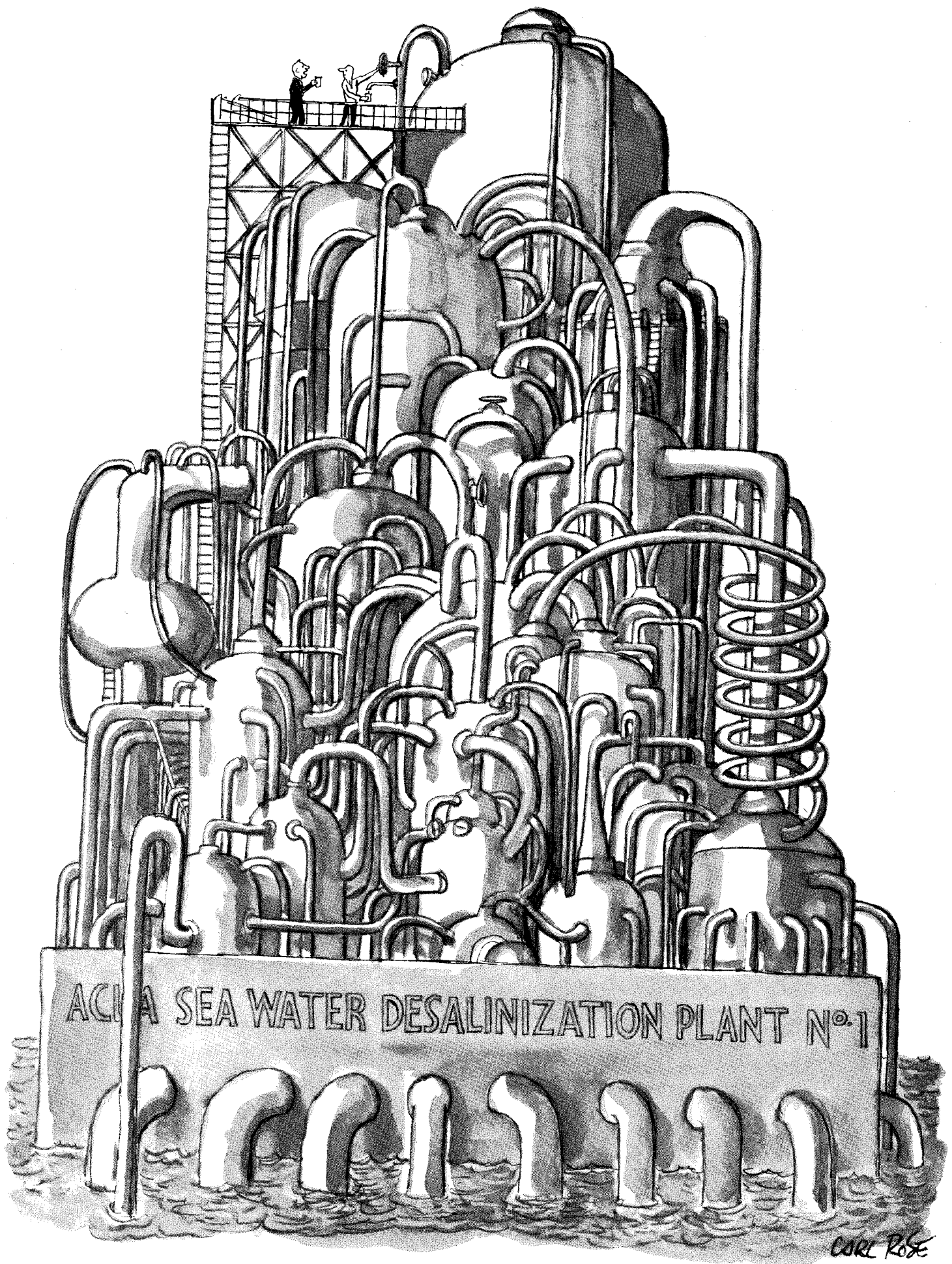
know what you’re doing! Stop making this sentence, and begin instead to make Moholy-Nagy cocktails, for those are what we really need, on the frontiers of bad behavior,” and then he falls to the floor, and a trapdoor opens under him, and he falls through that, into a damp pit where a blue narwhal waits, its horn poised (but maybe the weight of the messenger, falling from such a height, will break off the horn)—thus, considering everything carefully, in the sweet light of the ceremonial axes, in the run-mad skimble-skamble of information sickness, we must make a determination as to whether we should proceed (at the risk of falling deeper into error) or go back, in the latter case enjoying the pathos of eradication, in the former case reading an erotic advertisement which begins, *How to Make Your Mouth a Blowtorch of Excitement* (but wouldn’t that overstrain our mouthwashes?), attempting, during the pause, while our burned mouths are being smeared with fat, to imagine a better sentence, worthier, more meaningful, like those in

the Declaration of Independence, or a bank statement showing that you have seven thousand more than you thought you had—a statement summing up the unreasonable demands that you make on life, and one that also asks the question, If you can imagine these demands, why are they not routinely met, tall fool, but of course it was not that query that this infected sentence has set out to answer (and *hello* to our girlfriend, Rosetta Stone, who has stuck by us through thin and thin) but some other inquisition that we shall someday discover the nature of, and here comes Ludwig, the expert on sentence construction we have borrowed from the Bauhaus, who will—“*Guten Tag, Ludwig!*”—probably find a way to cure the sentence’s diseases, by using the improved ways of thinking developed in Weimar—“I am sorry to inform you that the Bauhaus no longer exists, that all of the great masters who formerly taught there are either retired or dead, and that I myself have been reduced to constructing books on how to pass the examination for police sergeant”—and Ludwig falls through the Tugendhat House into the history of man-made objects; a disappointment, to be sure, but it reminds us that the sentence itself is a man-made object, not the one we wanted of course, but still a construction of man, a structure to be treasured for its weakness, as opposed to the strength of stones, or

—DONALD BARTHELME



"It still tastes salty to me."



DR. BEEBER

IN the Writers' Club in Warsaw, everyone knew the man I'll call Dr. Mark Beeber, a tall, broad-shouldered man with a mass of dark hair graying at the temples. His brown eyes, shining beneath bushy brows, always reminded me of the shrunken cherries in cocktail glasses. In professorial style, he wore a large-brimmed plush hat. He was known as a bohemian, even though he came from a rich Chassidic family. Before the First World War, he studied philosophy in Switzerland. For years, he had been jobless. He lived somewhere in one of the Gentile neighborhoods, in a rented room.

The members of the Writers' Club were amazed that Dr. Beeber managed to get along without earning anything. Some believed that he derived a small income from his father's dissipated estate. (Mendel Beeber, his father, in his old age had married a nineteen-year-old girl, who had then borne him eleven children.) Others said he was a gigolo, supported by old women. Certain members of the Writers' Club knew that he ate at a different house every night, like a yeshiva student; old friends and relatives invited him for dinner, supper, and sometimes to their villas between Warsaw and Otwock. Occasionally, the Writers' Union gave him the opportunity to substitute for some journalist or proof-reader who had gone on vacation.

However he existed, Mark Beeber remained good-natured and full of a lust for life. Poor as he was, he smoked fine cigars. Though his suits were shabby, they were English tweeds. For hours, he would tell stories about Switzerland. He had known everyone personally: Lenin, Kropotkin, Bergson, Kuno Fischer, Wundt, Georg Kaiser—even a number of princes and pretenders to thrones. In Monte Carlo, he had played roulette. During his student years, he drank numerous steins of beer with Prussian Junkers, and he once served as a second for one of them in a duel. He was a hedonist in theory and practice. Writers' Club members doubted that his doctor's title was valid. He had never written a dissertation. But he was familiar with all the German philo-

sophical movements. Although he considered himself an epicurean, he had a high opinion of David Hume, Kant, and Schopenhauer. He gave me two books written by personal friends of his, Professor Messer and Professor Bauch, both Kantians. I noticed that the books were stamped with the name of the university library at Berne.

In spite of his being twenty-odd years older than I, we were friends. I addressed him as "you;" he employed "thou." He called me Tsutsik (Puppy). He would say, "Keep on writing, Tsutsik. I tried it but don't have the patience to sit still. The moment I lift the pen, the telephone rings. I don't like to waste time scribbling. Who needs so many books? If I have to eat, I eat; when I have schnapps, I drink. Females are always available. That commodity isn't scarce."

I knew he was telling the truth. He had a talent for meeting divorcées, widows, spinsters, and just women who were looking for affairs. In the Writers' Club, he was constantly wanted on the telephone. Romantic, talkative women made him impatient. He sought out those who didn't require what he called "a prologue and an epilogue."

My earnings began to increase around that time. I translated Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain" into Yiddish, and several other German

novels for the Yiddish press. Occasionally, I invited Dr. Beeber to lunch. He would order a drink and a dinner of seven courses and eat all the rolls from the basket on the table. Between courses, puffing his cigar, he told innumerable anecdotes. He had travelled extensively, lived in almost all the capitals of Europe. Besides Yiddish, he knew German, Russian, French, and Italian. Hebrew, too. As a boy, he had studied at the yeshiva. He had been a mountain climber for a while, and told me of excursions in the Alps. His stories always came to the same conclusion: everything is vanity, all philosophers are mistaken, all ideals silly and hypocritical. Man is nothing but a sly ape. However, when one can't pay the rent, there's trouble.

As time went on, I found him often in a bad mood. Then he would pour out his problems. He was getting old and had missed everything. He was sick and tired. A doctor had told him there was fat around his heart, had forbidden him to smoke, drink, or eat fatty foods. He had also warned him against too much sex. Dr. Beeber said that what he needed was spiritual rest. But how can a person rest if every dawn repeats the question of how one is to get through the day? More than anything else, he feared old age. What would he do when his hair turned white altogether? Who would take care of him then? And if he became ill, what would happen? He would lie forgotten in a hospital. He had rejected his family, and they had renounced him; he would not recognize his sisters and brothers on the street.

His hair became grayer, his clothes shabbier. Several times I noticed the ties of his long underwear dangling over his shoe tops. He had begun to smoke cheap, stinking cigars. Food spotted his clothing as he ate. His stories and jokes grew repetitious. If he didn't settle down soon, he would fall to pieces. One day, I told him there were matchmakers in Warsaw.

He looked at me mischievously, blowing smoke rings. "Be quiet, Tsutsik. I haven't sunk that low."

FOR a few weeks I had vacationed in a village near the Baltic Sea. On my return, I was informed that Dr. Beeber had married. The



next day Dr. Beeber telephoned me. Never having spoken to him on the telephone before, I scarcely recognized his voice.

"Tsutsik," he said, "I've been looking for you. I took your advice. You're speaking to a respectable Warsaw citizen."

"*Mazel tov!* I heard the good news. You couldn't have done anything wiser."

"It happened overnight. Someone brought us together and things got going. You know, I hate long-drawn-out productions. The Talmud forbids one to talk too much to a woman; this means she's limited to yes or no. My wife is bourgeois but charming, has more formal education than I—finished *Gymnasium*. And she's far from ugly. Deeply in love with me, too. What more can one ask at my age, in my situation? Now I have a home—everything. I can't believe I've been footloose so long. Really, I must have an iron constitution. Wait—Saltsche wants to talk to you. She knows about you. I gave her one of your little stories to read. She adores it. One moment."

I heard a typical Polish-Yiddish accent. "Tsutsik, may I call you Tsutsik? It's a marvellous name. You can call me Saltsche. Mark told me everything. His friends are my friends. We wanted you to attend our wedding, but you were out of town. We're so sorry. I read your sketch. Beautiful! Are you busy this evening?"

"Not especially."

"In that case you must come for supper. Please don't refuse. He's always talking about you. I've heard all your jokes. He believes in your talent. When will you come? Make it early. We have a large apartment, all the conveniences. If you stay late, there's a guest room; you can sleep here. Mark jokes about adopting you. . ."

At six o'clock in the evening, having got a shave and a haircut, I put on my best suit and tie. I bought a bouquet of roses in a flower shop and hired a droshky. The Beebers lived in a neighborhood of Christians and wealthy Jews. I went up to their apartment in an elevator. On a broad mahogany



"At least we can be thankful he hasn't been carried away by the spirit of unrest."

door I found a brass plate with the name "Dr. Mark Beeber." A Gentile maid opened the door. Beeber and his wife came to greet me. Saltsche was a woman in her forties, small, round, dark, with a high bosom and large black eyes—sad and cheerful Jewish eyes, as old as the Jewish exile. She extended her arms as if to embrace me, and told the maid to place the flowers in a vase. A string of pearls enclosed her plump neck, and a diamond glittered on her left hand.

Dr. Beeber wore a fancy smoking jacket and slippers. He looked young; his wrinkles were gone, and so were the bags under his eyes and the gray hair. His cigar was set in an amber holder. His eyes beneath the bushy brows were full of a jovial mockery. "Saltsche, this is Tsutsik," he said.

"May I kiss him?"

"By all means."

I entered a conventionally furnished living room, with rugs, chairs, a chaise longue, candelabra, and pictures. After a while, we went into the dining room. There a huge glass closet was filled with china and silver. Dr. Beeber had found himself a rich wife. Raising one brow, he smiled. "See what's happened to me? I've betrayed poverty."

"Why is it so good to be poor and suffer?" Saltsche said. "A man like Mark should be working on his books, not deteriorating in an attic. When I saw where he lived, I nearly collapsed.

I didn't let him bring along anything from that place except his manuscripts. How can such a brilliant man neglect himself so? Oh, men have no compassion on themselves! He would surely have gone to pieces by now. You, Tsutsik, are still young. But let this be a lesson to you—get married and settle down. Don't follow his example. One can't create on an empty stomach. His life is disciplined at last. He stays in his room until noon. No one may disturb him. I don't even call him to the telephone. Up to this point, his relatives didn't want to hear about him; suddenly all his sisters, brothers, and cousins come around. But they can wait. A real friend is a friend in need, not those who wait until your luck changes. Therefore, Tsutsik—"

"Well, Saltsche, enough. Tell the cook to bring in the tasty dishes she's prepared."

"What? Don't worry. You won't starve."

Saltsche tinkled a glass bell, and a cook in white apron and cap appeared. To have a cook in addition to a maid, one must be rich. What didn't they serve that evening! Lox, fish in sweet-and-sour sauce, sardines, cold cuts, caviar. Dr. Beeber devoured his food with gusto. Indicating an assortment of cheeses, he told me their names and where they were from, then washed down his food with wine.

"She keeps me incarcerated every

day between nine and two," he said. "I've been going through some old manuscripts. Really, I'm amazed. What I wrote so long ago seems incredible to me now. One forgets. The trouble is that I can't remember enough German. And Hebrew is no use to me—it has no philosophic terminology."

"Why don't you write in Yiddish?"

"For whom? For the yeshiva boys? But I'll manage somehow. Actually, I can't believe in anything anymore. I even lack the spark of faith one needs to become a skeptic."

"Don't go looking for excuses," Saltsche intervened. "Keep on writing and everything will turn out all right. Nobodies and ignoramus become great and famous, but a man of his intellect neglects his work. I read German; I understand. Every sentence he writes is profound. He's a genius, absolutely a genius."

"I think you prepared *kreplach*!" Dr. Beeber said.

"Wait. The *kreplach* are on their way. Eat, Tsutsik. Please forgive me for calling you Tsutsik. What flavor that name has! My father, may he rest in peace, used to call my brother by the same name. They're both in another world now." Saltsche wiped away a tear with a lace handkerchief.

FROM the way we spoke that evening, I assumed that I would visit the Beebers frequently. I would eat, sleep, and work there. But weeks, months passed before we met again. Several times Dr. Beeber or Saltsche called me by telephone to ask me to supper, but I happened to be busy or had no desire to eat a heavy meal and stay up late. Dr. Beeber stopped appearing at the Writers' Club. There they began to say that he had turned into a snob.

One day Dr. Beeber phoned me, saying, "Tsutsik, have you forgotten me?"

THE NORTH SEA

I

Ask the North Sea to have a heart.
Few have touched it. It feels nothing.
You will be met by gray-steel bays
Terraced with ice, a frozen spittle
Of spray, and a long monotonous sound
Not quite distinct from silence. For
The naked eye: glacial resorts
Of black and blue, a few bleak windows,
Wicks of the sun on rock, and thin
Birds going over, searching for food.

II

Ask again. What you know you know
Is not what you feel. A sudden concussion
Of ice throws up its treasured bits,
A handful of jewels pressed quite clean.
Miles away, through binoculars,
Moribund waiters hobble across
The awninged porch of a rich hotel.
Far out, where the water is still moving,
We call and deliver, the buoys sing.
But to whom and what they do not say.

III

This place is not in love with you.
That only makes you love it more.
It is as clever as can be,
It can advance and then withdraw.
It is something you cannot know
But want to badly. It has no heart
But needs one desperately. Through you,
It hopes to learn to play its part,
Even perhaps to *be* you—though
Then, of course, it would bore you stiff.

IV

The consolations of alcohol
Or drugs might help to pass the time—
Not that either is available.
Before long, you may sit and stare

At nothing, the flora of this place,
At semblance, the fauna of the world.
Pure science is corrupted by
Pure cold into a literary form
As dangerous as the cancer of
The south. And you begin to dream.

V

You dream the moment's sustenance
Is working against all error, hands
Hand you back your heart all healed.
The set goes dark. You're somewhere else:
You're in the center of a bad idea,
You're in the mind's stupid studio
Filled with inferior art. You're in
That mockup of a powder room
Where skeletons make up. One says,
"Ask the North Sea to have a heart."

VI

You wake. And think there used to be
A railroad here. There must have been.
The tracks are gone. Where did it go,
That train that used to go between
Here—and where? Moscow? Rome?
No one has heard of either place.
No one is here to hear of them.
If you could leave for somewhere else,
Preferably in the Temperate Zone . . .
The sounds of the whistles increase. The bells.

VII

A mirrored dread comes closer, slowly
Dragging its wires across the snow.
It narrows the distance gradually;
It is watching you, yet it is you.
It opens its mouth to speak. Silence.
The mirror begins to melt and bleed.
No music warms the baleful vision,
No voices charm the unbearable.
The desired and dreaded arrive at once,
Their true proportions coming clear.

—HOWARD MOSS

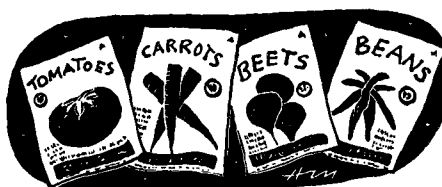
"No, Dr. Beeber, I'll never forget you. How are you?"

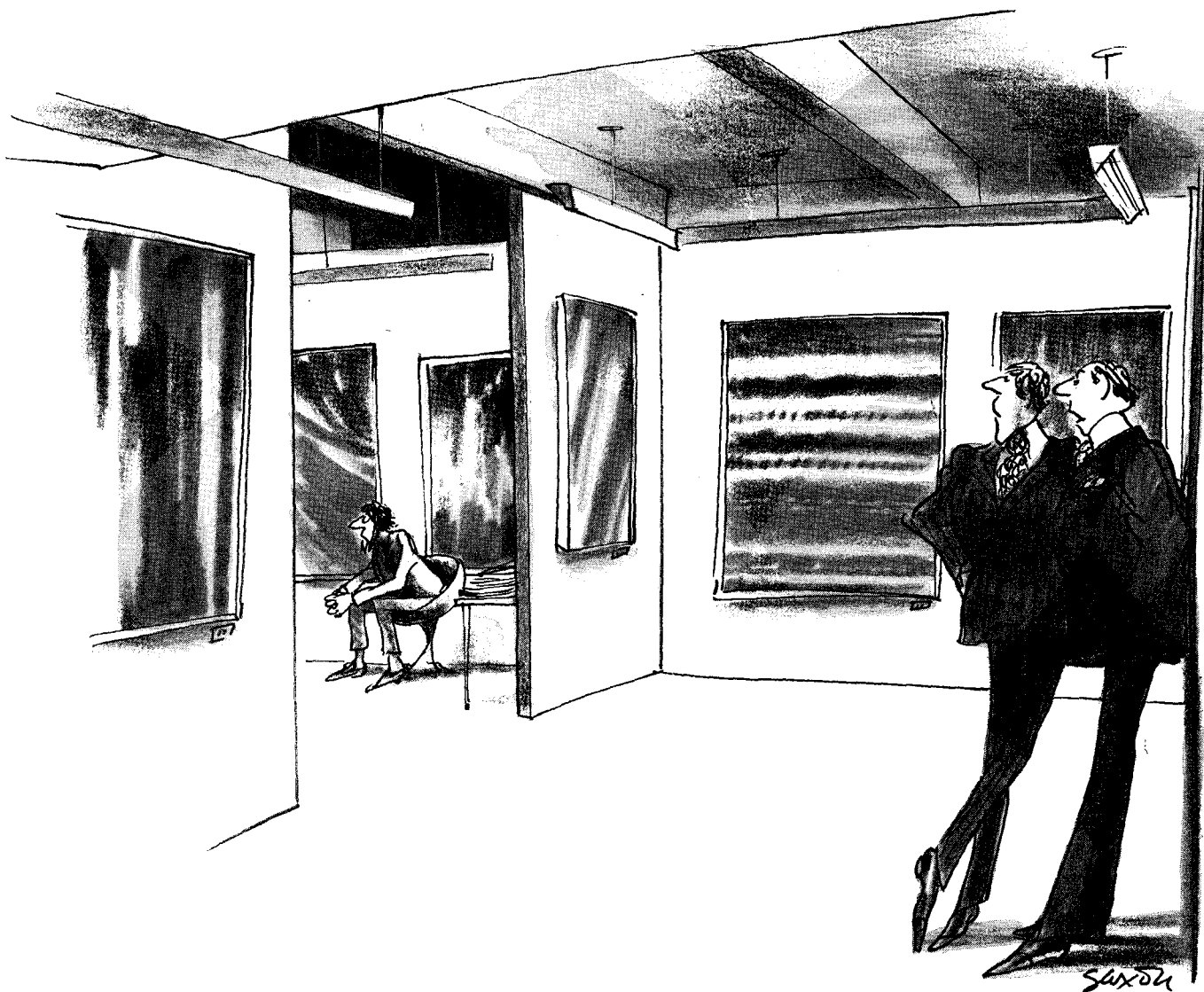
He stammered and sighed. "People envy me," he said. "They think I've come into a great fortune. I hear there's a lot of gossip about me at the Writers' Club. But I'm not happy. Really, I begin to regret the whole business."

"What happened? Aren't you and your wife getting along?"

"We get along too well. But what good does it do me? She's trying to make me into an immortal. Tsutsik,

those illusions are too remote from me. What if I do publish another book? Who's waiting for it? Only today I found an essay I wrote about Schleiermacher. Who cares about Schleiermacher? Until dinnertime she keeps me imprisoned. After dinner, I have to lie down for an hour to digest the food. The cook is an Eighth Wonder. She prepares delicacies that I can't resist. I stuff myself until I'm unable to budge. There's another feast in the evening. After supper, Saltsche wants to go somewhere—the movies, the theatre, the opera. She has innumerable relatives who keep coming here and inviting us to return the visit. My family also rose from the dead. They sit and babble banalities all night. I told you, didn't I, Saltsche was an old





"I hate these one-man shows."

maid—a kosher virgin. Now she wants to make up for lost time. None of this is for me. I long for some kind of adventure. She won't let me answer the phone; she's afraid I'll be robbed of my time for contemplation." Dr. Beeber laughed and grunted at the same time.

"Things will straighten out," I said.

"How? Every day I have to report my progress. She reads every word I write. Already, she's got in touch with a publisher, and God knows what. When a woman begins to run a man's life, he's lost. I'm so enslaved I began a little affair with the maid."

"Be careful."

"Tsutsik, let's get together."

THE winter passed and summer arrived. I went away on vacation once more, this time to Zakopane, in the mountains. I returned in August. When I entered the Writers' Club, somebody said, "Did you hear the latest about Dr. Beeber?"

"What happened?"

"He lost forty thousand zlotys in the casino at Zoppot."

"Forty thousand?"

"All his wife's cash. They had a joint account at the bank. He went to Zoppot and lost everything."

"Where was she?"

"I don't know the details."

I telephoned Dr. Beeber, but nobody answered. As I was walking up Przejazd Street a day or two later, Dr. Beeber approached me: bent, pale, dishevelled, with bags under his eyes. Previously he had not carried a cane; now he had one, and it seemed to me he was limping. Raising his bushy brows, he looked at me balefully, with silent reproach, as if we had had an appointment and I was late.

I said, "Can this be you?"

"Tsutsik, I've been looking for you. Where did you disappear? I'm in a real jam. Did you hear what happened to me?"

"Yes, I heard."

"Well, I must have lost my mind, or the devil knows what. I'm beginning to think I'm *meshuga* altogether. It all happened out of boredom. She dragged me to Zoppot with all my manuscripts, rented a villa, and what-not. Suddenly she had to leave for Warsaw—her brother-in-law had become mortally ill. As a matter of fact, he died. While she was away, I went to the casino just to observe, but it's a quagmire. You put a foot in and begin to sink. She had given me a checkbook, and the bank has a branch in Zoppot. Why go on? I lost everything, to the last zloty."

"Where is Saltsche?"

"She simply threw me out. Her family wanted to put me in the insane asylum."

"They were right."

"Tsutsik, I'm penniless. I don't even have a bed to sleep in. According to the law, she wasn't allowed to throw me out. But who wants to start in with the police? She has a cousin, a lawyer,

and he threatened me with jail. Maybe I can sleep at your place?"

"I only have one bed."

"Could you possibly spare a few zlotys?"

"What's the sense of losing forty thousand zlotys?"

"Forty-three. I don't know. I don't know. I used to think I knew myself, but now I'm convinced that I don't. All of modern psychology is worth no more than a pinch of tobacco. A dybbuk or a demon must have taken possession of me. Now I understand why you write about demons. It's not just folklore; it's true. At least give me ten zlotys."

"I don't have ten zlotys. But

you can sleep overnight in my room."

"How? You're probably going somewhere. Well, fine. I haven't slept in two nights, or eaten, either. Give me at least three zlotys for cigars. I can't go to your room by myself—you'll have to introduce me to your landlady; she might take me for a thief. When things begin to turn out badly, anything can happen."

"Let's go in and have some coffee."

"What? My legs won't carry me any farther. All right. Let's go. I always knew this would be the outcome. It was too good. The whole thing was like a prank of Asmodeus—or who else rules this world? What can I do

now? I used to be skilled at getting along without money, but I've lost that. I don't know how to start in again. If I had the courage, I'd kill myself."

"Perhaps there's a possibility of making peace between you."

"Try. She has a high opinion of you. Actually, the life I was leading almost destroyed me. Who can be with a woman twenty-four hours a day? I was used to being alone. A bachelor can have a dozen mistresses and still remain his own man. Tsutsik, never get married. Run from it as from a fire. Unless you want to procreate."

"I don't."

"Schopenhauer was right. It's all that blind will to prolong the human tragedy. Fortunately, she was too old to conceive. I don't want my loins to produce generations of storekeepers, janitors, coachmen, and harlots. I'd like to enjoy a few more years and then finish. But what can I do now? Perhaps they'll take me into an old people's home? Or I could commit a crime that would put me in prison. But what kind of crime? Unless I set the Belvedere Palace on fire?"

We drank coffee. Dr. Beeber muttered and groaned as he drank. He wiped his forehead with a dirty handkerchief. His suit was filthy. Unwashed, unshaven, he sat there, one eye half closed, the other open wide. His nails were grimy. From his pocket he drew a cigar stub, lit it, and blew out a cloud of stinking smoke.

"What's so great about gambling?"

I asked.

"What? One is completely in the hands of the powers that rule the universe. Whether you believe in it or not, you try to hypnotize the little ball and send it where you please. You wage war with the laws of physics, but they make a mockery of your commands. I had won fifteen hundred zlotys. Suddenly everything began to go wrong. You believe in luck, don't you?"

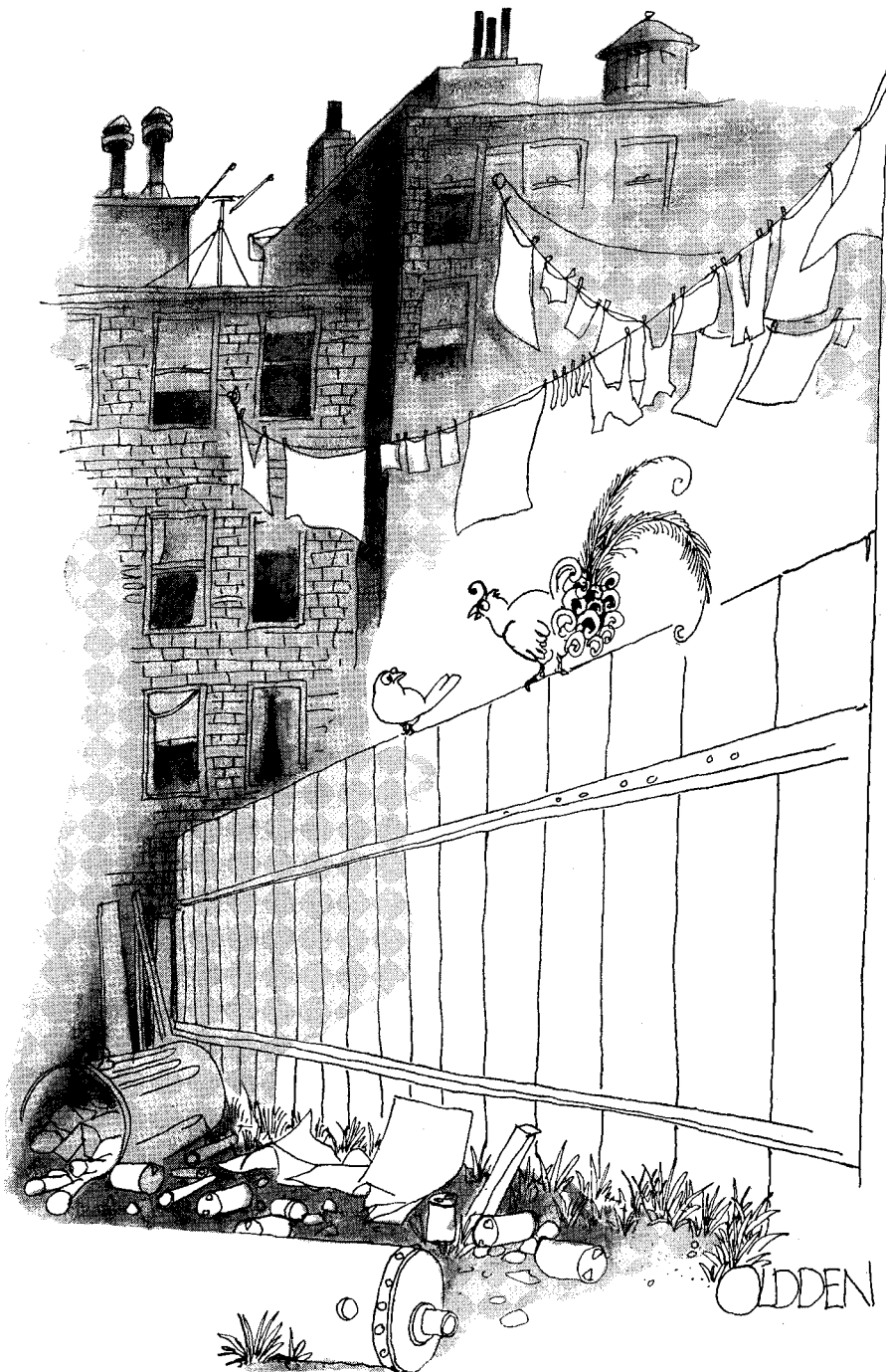
"I believe in all superstitions."

"You're right. Rationalism is the worst disease of the human species. Reason will reverse evolution. *Homo sapiens* will become so clever that he won't know how to breed, to eat, or go to the toilet. He'll even have to learn how to die."

Dr. Beeber laughed and snorted, exposing a mouthful of blackish teeth. "What I'm afraid of really," he said, "is that Saltsche may decide to forgive me."

—ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

(Translated, from the Yiddish, by the author and Elaine Gottlieb.)



"I am a bird of paradise, and, needless to say, I am lost."

* * P R O F I L E S * *

PRINTER

AS president of New York Typographical Union No. 6, Bertram A. Powers, now in his fifth consecutive two-year term of office, is the elected chief of the biggest and most powerful local, or subordinate union, of the country's oldest nationwide trade association. Although a not altogether sympathetic press and radio industry has at times made both him and his union look like upstarts, he is the local's fiftieth president. The body over which he presides is a year older than the *New York Times*. Its first president was Horace Greeley, who founded it, with twenty-eight members, in 1850, as the New-York Printers' Union. (Greeley, then editor of the *New York Tribune*, which he also founded, had started out life as a printer.) Two years later, along with thirteen kindred city groups, it joined the newly formed National Typographical Union, which had started in Cincinnati and now has its headquarters in Colorado Springs. Charters were allocated among the fourteen by lot, and Horace Greeley's creation drew its present number—and, in due course, the sobriquet Big Six. In 1869, when Canada came in, the parent organization became the International Typographical Union, but it is still often called "the National" by its members. The Powers local consists of between ten and eleven thousand printers in the five New York City boroughs and in Westchester and Rockland Counties, over two thousand of whom are retired and draw union pensions. More than ninety per cent of the eighty-six hundred active members work in Manhattan. Thirty-two hundred are employed by newspapers and fifty-four hundred by what the trade officially calls Book and Job and unofficially calls "commercial" shops. Commercial printers set type for books, periodicals, financial and other forms, annual statements, advertisements, pamphlets, and so on.

In its constitution and bylaws, Typographical Union No. 6 lists as its objectives:

To protect, maintain, and advance craft interests.

To establish and uphold fair and equitable rates of wages and just and reasonable working conditions.

To prescribe rules and regulations to govern trade intercourse.

To develop our apprenticeship system in the direction of competency, skill, and the ethics and obligations of unionism.



Bertram A. Powers

To relieve the deserving needy; to provide adequate health, welfare, and pension systems; and to guarantee proper burial of deceased members.

Mr. Powers has faithfully concerned himself with all these matters. He has, indeed, often gone the constitution one better, even to the point of taking moral stands in his local's *Monthly Bulletin*, which he edits. In the December, 1965, issue, he wrote, under the heading "A Word to the Wise":

A few years ago in one of our chapels, a large number of members were absent because of illness on New Year's Eve. [A chapel, according to the Big Webster, is "an association . . . of the workmen . . . in a printing office for dealing with matters or questions affecting their interests."] The firm [that employed them] claimed subterfuge and refused to recognize claims for sick leave and holiday pay. The Union went to arbitration on this case, and the arbitrator sustained the firm. The arbitrator justified his decision on the evidence that the record showed that the number of absent had been absent for the same reason on similar occasions.

Mr. Powers followed this ethical hint with a genial "I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year."

In the field of union obligations, he has not hesitated to spell out a bylaw that reads, "It shall be the duty of each member of this Union to purchase

printing, shoes, hats, clothing, and other products and services bearing the Union Label." Another article in the *Bulletin* is headed "Union Members Are Expected to Buy Union Goods," and it goes on:

Attention, shoppers:

Where you should look for the Union Label:

Shoes—in insole, in front of heel on outer sole, or inside upper on lining.

Neckties—small end.

Gloves—inside upper edge.

And so on.

Mr. Powers is, however, most conspicuously identified with the first of the constitution's objectives. He has, in the heat of battle, not pulled his punches while protecting, maintaining, and advancing the craft interests of his constituents in the face of their Book and Job bosses ("We look to the future while they work hard at moving backward in time," he wrote in the *Bulletin* in 1967, when a new commercial contract was being negotiated. "This Union will not sit idly by while the old contract expires in a gale of employer-produced hot air"), but on the whole he finds the Book and Jobbers easier to deal with than their newspaper opposite numbers. "Newspaper publishers are a special breed," he says. "Out of this world. [The *Bulletin* once headed an account of a Publishers Association election "News from Outer Space."] They are arrogant. They are used to advising the world how to run its business—kings, governors, mayors. They are difficult to negotiate with. They're not practical people. Some of them operate at a loss, for reasons of prestige, power, or personal ambition. Their personal opinions enter in, rather than a concern for what their business requires. Newspaper publishers know very little about their own business. I knew one who had never been in the mechanical department of his paper. He wouldn't know a wet press from a linotype machine. The commercial publisher, on the other hand, is a practical man. We deal with him direct, whereas with newspaper publishers we often have to negotiate with people they hire. Strikes are almost always against newspapers." One reason for this (in addition to generally better union-employer relationships) is that commercial publishers are less able to afford a strike, since a long stoppage would simply send their clients to nearby

cities with non-union shops, such as Boston and Philadelphia.

Despite Mr. Powers' poor opinion of newspaper publishers, he has occasionally done them—or some of them—a good turn. He may well be the greatest godsend to the *New York Times* and the *New York Post* since Adolph S. Ochs and William Cullen Bryant. (Mr. Ochs bought a bankrupt *Times* in 1896 and turned it into a going concern; Mr. Bryant was editor of the *Post* from 1829 until 1879.) In spearheading the hundred-and-fourteen-day 1962-63 strike that resulted in the demise of the *Mirror* and the mortal affliction of the *Herald Tribune*, the *World-Telegram & Sun*, and the *Journal-American*, Powers, it would appear, gave the *Times* and the *Post* (and, to a far lesser extent, the *News*) just what they required—unprecedentedly profitable positions in the morning and afternoon fields, respectively. He has also, on the face of it, put many of his own people out of work, in some cases permanently (the four papers that folded had five thousand union employees, a thousand of them members of Big Six), but he is inclined to pooh-pooh this. He likes to point out that during periods of attrition, or anticipated attrition, fewer apprentices than usual are admitted to the local (the average yearly entry is now down to about fifty, from a pre-1962 one hundred); that the retirement rate is stepped up; and that most of the typographical refugees from papers that bit the dust have found positions elsewhere—either on surviving dailies or in the Book and Job sphere. “We have no real unemployment,” he says. “We’re usually fully employed.” Powers’ definition of full employment has been challenged by his own people. His union is composed of two political parties, the Progressives (liberal) and the Independents (conservative), each of which produces its own paper—the *New York Progressive* and the *Voice*, respectively. Powers is a Progressive, and the *Voice* periodically gives him hell. “Since 1963, President Powers has committed this local to a policy of self-imposed attrition,” it wrote not long ago, and went on:

This negative approach to the changing picture of printing in this city has resulted in the loss of over 1,000 members since that date. In effect, we are suffering the pangs of automation without having any of the positive effects that would have resulted. We have dried up all avenues of bringing in new members to this union under the edicts promulgated by Powers. . . . The president has also instructed the membership committee not to admit any new members, and we have reduced

the number of apprentice indentures since 1963. All these moves have been based upon the presumption that it protects the membership. Experience should tell us that only one thing can result from isolation and that is—death.

THE benefactor of Mr. Arthur O. (Punch) Sulzberger and Mrs. Dorothy Schiff is a tall, lean man—six feet two, a hundred and seventy-five pounds—who will be forty-eight years old next week. He has an intense, penetrating, watchful look; a severe, guarded, defensive air that sometimes relaxes into a kind of tentative affability, punctuated by a fleeting smile; a controlled ruthlessness; a highly developed political sense; an aversion to small talk; a tendency not to waste words (“He’s a shy man, with no



bombast and a minimum of words,” Theodore W. Kheel, the labor arbitrator, who has spent hundreds of hours conversing with Mr. Powers, has said. “He’s extremely intelligent, extremely polite, and extremely stubborn. He will listen as politely as can be. In negotiations, he’ll give a one-sentence complete response. He never repeats himself”; a Celtic wit (Powers is by ancestry three-fourths Irish and one-fourth German); blue eyes and ash-blond hair largely turned white (“Every hair is a discharge case,” he has said. “All reinstated”); a natural elegance (sartorially reflected, typically, in dark suits and striped ties in the winter, and in subdued-check odd coats, dark-blue trousers, and gray moccasins in the summer); an erect carriage; and a pronounced, rather majestic port-side limp. The Powers style, however courteous, is far removed from bonhomie. It does not preclude a certain bluntness. “I’ve never read a word of anything you’ve ever written,” he once greeted a seasoned biographer who had called on him, by appointment. “How do I know you’re not going to assassinate me?” (Powers feels that his reputation—in spite of the fact that it owes much to type set by union printers—leaves something to be desired.) The writer said that Powers didn’t, and this seemed to satisfy him. He talked for three hours, without repeating himself, until his caller, exhausted from taking notes, rose to leave. Powers, who had been sitting in a chair with his left leg stiffly extended, hitched himself to his feet and, still talking (“Looks like he’s taken to drink,” he said of an engraving of Greeley on a wall of his office that depicted the Founder holding his head), showed his visitor to the elevator and

obligingly arranged for another session.

The union president occupies a light corner room in his local’s headquarters, on the seventh floor of a dingy loft building (the original R. H. Macy structure in Manhattan) at Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, where the rent—nineteen thousand dollars—has been raised only once since he took office, in 1961. Powers can be as resolute in resisting a raise as in fighting for one. Harry Jonas, No. 6’s landlord, who runs the Jonas Department Store on the building’s street floor, has periodically *tried* to raise the union’s rent, but its president invariably starts negotiations by saying, “I’m moving,” and the department-store man generally subsidizes. “I think the previous president was paying too much,” Powers has said. Recently, in the face of another Jonas request for a raise, Powers’ “I’m moving” was followed by a decision to do so; next month, the union will occupy new quarters in a building at Thirteenth Street and Broadway. The tenant was more flexible a few years ago, when the Office & Professional Employees Union, to which his clerical staff of twenty-five people belongs, threatened to strike him on the issue of extra pay for holidays that fell on a Saturday. “I said, ‘How could they do this to me when we’re so good to them?’” he recalls, with a fleeting smile. “I said no. But we gave in.”

Powers has a high opinion of the late John F. Kennedy (whose picture is also in his office), despite the fact that on the seventy-sixth day of the celebrated 1962-63 strike (which was called by the Powers union) Kennedy opened a press conference by charging Powers with holding out for extortionate demands and by declaring that the strike had “long since passed the point of public toleration.” “It is clear in the case of the New York newspaper strike,” the President said, “that the local of the International Typographical Union and its president, Bertram Powers, insofar as anyone can understand his position, are attempting to impose a settlement which could shut down several newspapers in New York and throw thousands out of work.” “This was a remarkable statement, for it is hardly customary for the President of the United States to attack a local union leader by name,” Irwin Ross later wrote in an essay entitled “The New York Newspaper Strike and Lockout,” which appeared in a pamphlet issued by the Progressive party. He continued:

Secretary of Labor Wirtz, who would normally have been consulted on such a

matter, was on vacation and did not see the statement. It had been drafted by Pierre Salinger, the President's press secretary, who was convinced that Powers was the primary obstacle to a settlement. Salinger believed that Presidential criticism of Powers would help swing the other unions against him. The incident had the reverse effect, solidifying Powers' position, for it cast him in the role of embattled underdog.

It also had the effect of causing the younger of Powers' two sons—Brian, then thirteen—to say, following the President's remarks on television, "Well, you must be wrong, Daddy." Daddy thinks that the President was poorly advised. His color photograph of Kennedy, which is not inscribed, was not a White House gift. It was given to Powers by a friend, who bought it in a store.

THE Powers limp is the result of an accident suffered in 1936, when Powers was fourteen years old. On his way to a Saturday-afternoon movie in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he was born, he accepted a lift from a friend with a dump truck, jumped on the running board as the truck started up, and fell off. The back wheels of the truck ran over him, fracturing his hip in seven places and breaking a number of other bones in his legs and ankles. He recovered, but three years later, when he was spending a year working in a Civilian Conservation Corps camp in the Maine woods, a nerve injury showed up. He went to the hospital for two operations, and stayed there six months. "My left hip joint was immobilized, and the head of the femur was permanently fused to the pelvis. This was supposed to eliminate pain," he says. "The C.C.C. camp was fun. We were all city kids—two hundred of us. We cleared trees and painted clusters of gypsy-moth eggs, whose larvae were destroying white pine, with creosote. We climbed the trees to get at the eggs. My hip still bothers me. I can't carry too much weight on it. I try to keep my weight

down. I've been up to two hundred pounds. At Massapequa, on the south shore of Long Island, where I live, I do some surf casting and walk a lot on the beach."

At the time of the accident, Powers was living with his maternal grandparents. His mother had died when he was eleven, and his father, a civil servant with Customs and Immigration, lost his job in the Depression. "We went on W.P.A.," the son says. "I had four sisters and a brother. We saw the lights turned out, little food, no medical facilities, no proper dentists. The only dental care available to us was limited to extractions. Fifty cents a pull. My father, who eventually got a Civil Service job in another state, turned us over to his in-laws. My grandfather was a police officer in Cambridge. I went to parochial school there, and then to high school, which I left to go to the C.C.C. camp. I'm not an active Catholic. In my early twenties, when I was working as a linotype operator in New Ham-

ven, I lived in rooming houses run by Yankees. Very nice people. My first contact with Protestants. Where I lived in Cambridge, you'd walk five miles in every direction to find a Jew, a Negro, or a Protestant."

Powers came to the world of printing (and Protestants) as a consequence of his mishap. "The accident got me into all this," he says, referring to his lifework. At seventeen, after his six-month stretch in the hospital, he was sent by the Massachusetts Division of Vocational Rehabilitation to Fitchburg State Teachers College, which offers courses in printing. He trained as a linotype operator on the school paper. "I was pretty much on my own," he says. "I had virtually no connection with my family by this time. My father was living in Maine, and my grandparents were too old to pay much attention to me. State Teachers paid me twelve dollars a week. I paid four dollars a week for my room and five dollars for a weekly meal ticket, which left three dollars for haircuts, shoe repairs, and entertainment. I thought this was a magnificent sum." After a year

at Fitchburg, he became an itinerant printer. Partly because he was restless and partly in order to gain varied experience and better pay, he moved from shop to shop rather rapidly. Short stints in Boston and Bridgeport were followed by five years in New Haven, where, again, he moved from shop to shop. There, in 1944, he joined the union. "You have to have worked for six years in a composing room to be eligible," he says. "I had always wanted to join the union. I had two uncles who were pressmen. One was union, one was non-union. I noted that the union uncle, working on rotation during the Depression, made as much working every other week as the non-union uncle did working full time. The non-union uncle worked for the Harvard University Press."

Powers' first post-Fitchburg job paid him sixteen dollars for a for-



"Hanoi is trying to mess up our timetable, but we'll show them! No force on earth can keep us in Vietnam against our will."

ty-hour week. (A Big Six newspaper linotyper now gets \$184.43 for a thirty-five-hour week of day work, and \$193.06 for thirty-four and a half hours of night work; on the third, or lobster, shift—generally after midnight—he gets \$201.69 for thirty-three and a quarter hours. A Book and Job linotyper gets, in these categories, \$197.08 and \$210.88, for thirty-four and a half hours, and \$214.82, for thirty-one and a quarter hours. Printers

in both branches receive from time-and-a-half to triple pay for overtime; the rate doubles after four hours. When the *Times* keeps its presses open until seven or eight in the morning, to take care of an Andrea Doria sinking or a moon landing, it loses money on the issue.) As a peripatetic printer, Powers went from New Haven back to Boston, and then to Detroit, Chicago, and New York. He began to become active in union politics in 1947, when he was

setting type for the New York newspaper *PM*. He lost his first campaign—for a position on the Big Six eleven-man executive committee—but in 1948 he was elected an alternate delegate, and in 1949, running for a regular post, he won out. In 1951, he became the committee chairman; in 1953, he was elected vice-president of the union and was appointed Book and Job representative to enforce contracts and settle disputes in that branch's shops. He left the composing room the same year to work full time for the local. "I think I'm the longest full-time employee in the history of the union," he says.

The composing room that Powers left was that of the Sorg Printing Company, on South Street, an old-line commercial outfit that specializes in financial work. Powers had gone there in 1951 at \$110.58 a week, plus a fifteen-dollar premium for efficiency, which he always received. "Bert was one of the better linotype operators," Robert L. Sorg, the company's present board chairman, said not long ago. "I can assure you he was a damn good printer. He knew his job. He was a clean operator. In labor negotiations that I've had with him since he left us, I've found him dedicated, knowledgeable, and very businesslike—a stickler for adherence to the contract. He likes to deal with the man who signs the final paycheck. His motives are good. Ours was the last job in the trade that he had. He still holds priority in our chapel." This means that if Mr. Powers lost his job as president of Typographical Union No. 6, which pays him \$502.55 a week, he could go back to Sorg at something like \$225 a week, or, with overtime, up to twenty thousand dollars a year. (Heavy overtime is routine in the commercial branch, where financial prospectuses often have to be printed



"I may not look it, Miss Jansen, but I'm as alienated as any guy in this room."

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overnight, and typesetters can easily double their base salaries. Newspaper printers are less pushed, and generally make less money. "When their children are grown up," Powers has said of the Book and Jobbers, "they often go over to the newspapers, where conditions are easier.") Mr. Powers does not expect to lose his job in the predictable future. Whether the union has made him famous or whether he has made *it* famous (thanks to television, his name became a household word during the 1962-63 strike), his position now imparts an ex-cathedra authority to his house admonitions, however mildly worded ("Charlie, you're on the wrong track," he suggested over the telephone to a union man the other day, and after listening for a few minutes he repeated, "Charlie, you're on the wrong track," in tones that left no doubt that Charlie was on the wrong track), but it has not made him rich. He has a regular expense account of ten dollars a week for lunches and taxis, and in times of stress he puts in for modest extras. These are itemized to the penny in the *Monthly Bulletin*, under "General Fund Disbursements." (The local's General Fund now stands at a good bit over a million dollars.) For example, an entry during the household-word strike, when he frequently had to stay in town overnight, read:

B. Powers, expenses: Jan. 8, Hotel George Washington, \$6.82; Jan. 12, Hotel New Yorker, \$16.21; Jan. 20, Hotel George Washington, \$16.00; dinner (International 1st Vice President and 2 directors of the AFL-CIO), \$31.00; miscellaneous expenses, \$13.00....\$83.03.

"We're cheap," B. Powers says of his union, whose various funds (General, Pension, Defense, Assessment, and so on), now totalling about twenty-five million dollars, are administered and conservatively invested by Lehman Brothers, the Chase Manhattan Bank, and the Amalgamated Bank. "We have low expenses. We don't spend money." He rarely goes above Fourteenth Street for lunch. Mr. Kheel, who is an abandoned gourmet, occasionally gets him as far north as Le Pavillon, of which the arbitrator is a part owner, and Mrs. Schiff, whom Powers regards as less arrogant than most publishers, has had him to lunch at Carlton House, but he does not reciprocate in kind—or, indeed, at all. (He *could* put in for an expense-account treat at such places, but he feels that its listing in the *Bulletin* might raise a good many eyebrows.) For lunch, he generally goes across Sixth Avenue to Smith's Restaurant Bar, an unpretentious resort, or, with fellow



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San Francisco: *The Emporium
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COLORADO:
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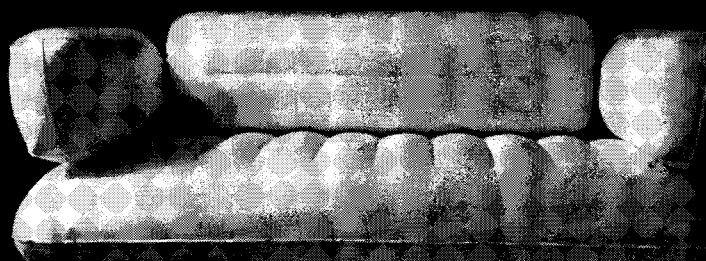
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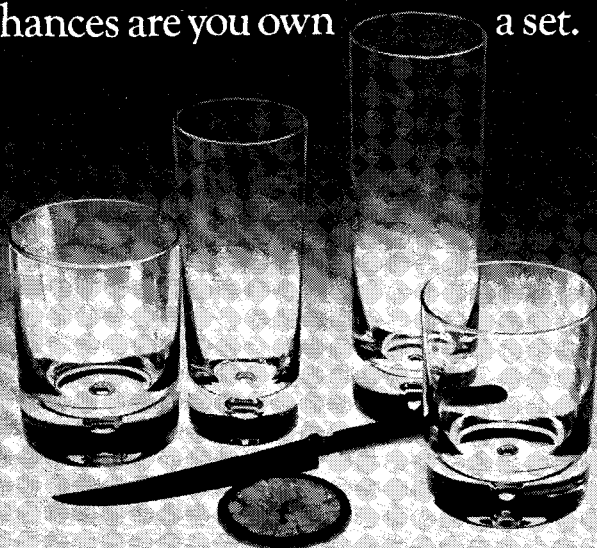
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labor leaders, two blocks west to the Pappas Restaurant, a more costly, first-class eating house, whose seafood he admires. He is a connoisseur of seafood. He likes to cook it. In doing a lobster, he makes a point of cooking its roe under lettuce leaves. ("Does wonders for the flavor.") Most evenings, he dines at home. He commutes from Massapequa on the 8:16 train, and—unless a late conference delays him—goes back on the 6:16, except on Tuesdays, when his wife, Patricia, who is taking a Ph.D. in English literature at New York University, comes in to work on her doctorate. Mrs. Powers, a dark-haired, attractive Irish-born Connecticut girl, whom he met and married when he was working in New Haven, teaches Senior English at the Massapequa High School. She is a graduate of Hofstra University, and she received an M.A. from N.Y.U. a year ago. "Bert has a wonderful wife," a friend has said. "She's a delightful woman. I feel that Patsy is his secret weapon." Powers takes pleasure in being guided by his wife in social matters. "My wife says we ought to ask you for dinner," he said to an acquaintance the other day. On her doctoral days in town, Mrs. Powers and her husband may have supper at Rosetta's Restaurant, a Neapolitan grotto at Thirteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, where they *both* admire the seafood. They like to have a few leisurely drinks first. Until a couple of years ago, they used to come to New York on Saturdays to take a course in Spanish at the New School for Social Research. Powers hopes to travel in Spain and South America, and perhaps spend a year or two in Mexico, after he retires, and he thinks a knowledge of Spanish might come in handy. (He *could* retire, with a pension of two hundred dollars a month, at sixty.) He also thinks it might lead to an improved connection with the local's Puerto Rican members, whose number is increasing. "One-third of the new members we take in nowadays are Negro and Puerto Rican," he says. "We've always had some Negro and Puerto Rican members—the father of Robert O. Lowery, the Fire Commissioner, who is a Negro, is a retired member of our union—but it used to be very few. A dozen years ago, we had two hundred, out of nine thousand working. Now we have over five hundred, mostly in the commercial. Five or six years ago, a group of Negroes came to see me and asked what I was doing about discrimination. I said it was up to the employer. They said, 'What are *you* doing about it?' I re-

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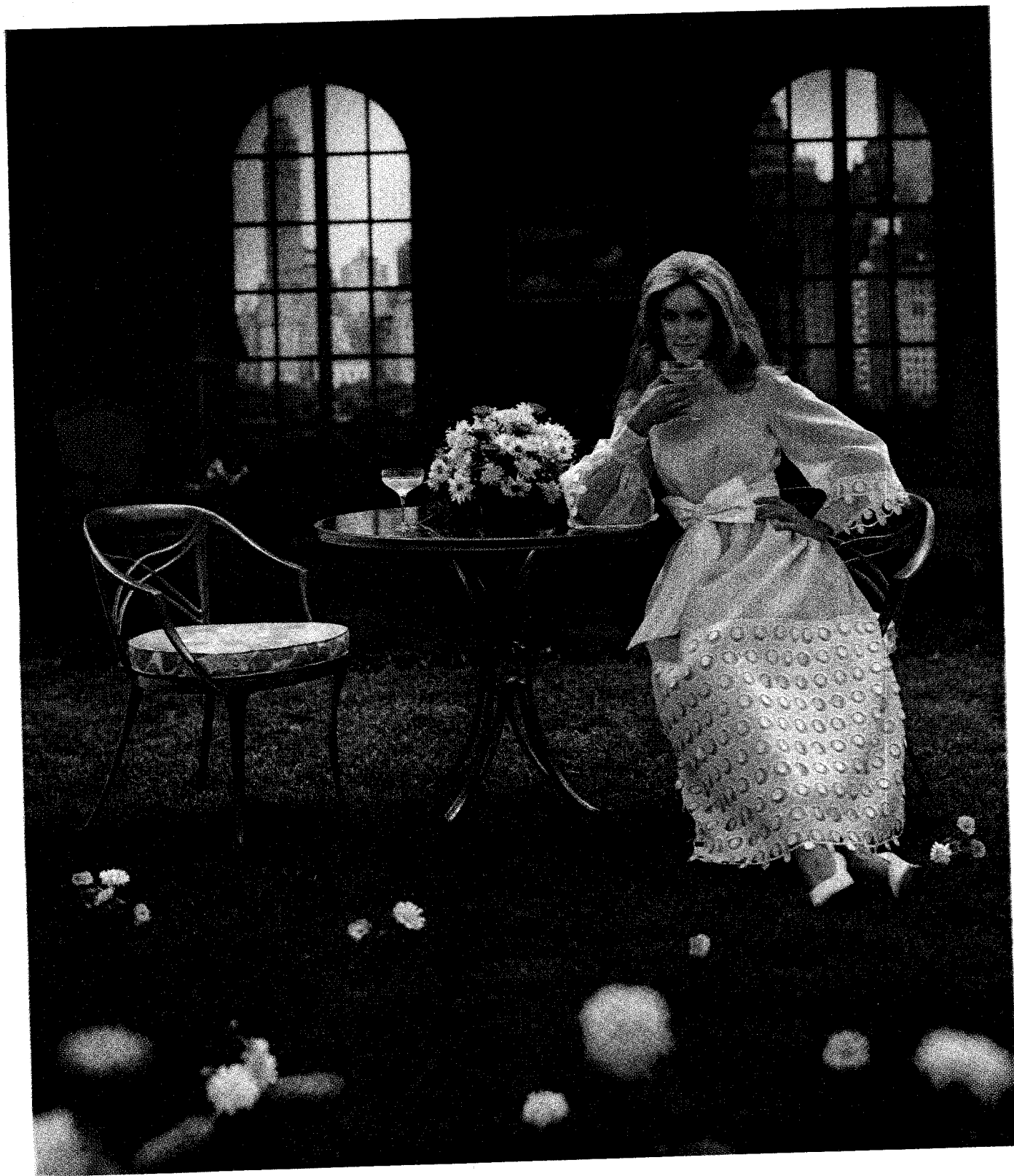
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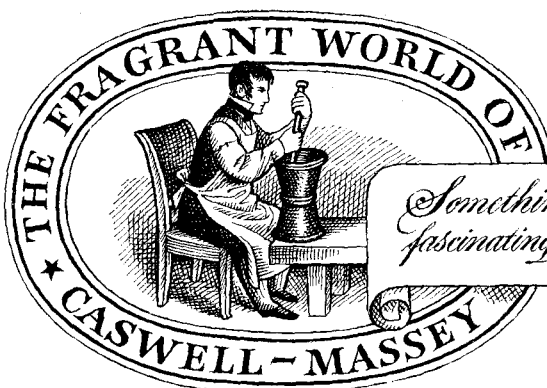
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alized this was a fair question. So we began to do something. There's the problem of motivation, and we've made mistakes, but we now expect good results. We want to see what our results are before we start hollering about them. We are *not* a father-and-son union. Of *course* Negroes are as good printers as anyone else. Most of the ones we've had are from the South."

After their Neapolitan dinners, Mr. and Mrs. Powers sometimes stroll around the city. "We took a walk through Greenwich Village the other night," he said after one such excursion. "Quite a change. I used to know my way around there, but no more. I no longer feel at home there. Hippies and so forth. They're too young for me, and I'm too old for them."

The Powerses have four young people of their own—Kevin, who is twenty-four; Brian, now nineteen; and Moya and Patricia, who are fourteen and twenty-one, respectively. Before moving to Massapequa, thirteen years ago, the family lived in Bayside, in an apartment house called Oakland Gardens. "Bert would expound his views about the union by the hour," a former neighbor recalls. "He was very intense. My husband and I were very conservative and rather anti-labor, but this didn't discourage Bert from talking, or us from listening. I'm a Republican, but he got me to vote for Adlai Stevenson in 1952. The union was everything to Bert. I loved to listen to him. He made me think, politically. Oakland Gardens was full of young couples who saw a lot of one another, but Bert and Patsy didn't mix with them. We saw a lot of them only because our apartments were on the same landing. Bert was a loner. His children were brought up rather *permissively*. The place was a mess, really, but the atmosphere was happy."

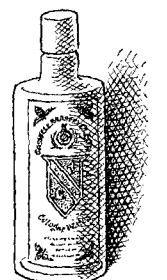
Permissiveness and happiness, apparently, have paid off. Moya is now living at home and attending her mother's school; Patricia is a senior at Southern Connecticut State College; Kevin, a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is married and teaches history at a Long Island high school; Brian, a sophomore at Oneonta College, is an experienced part-time businessman. "He's my son the salesman," Powers says. "Three summers ago, when he was sixteen, he made two thousand dollars selling dictionaries from door to door in Iowa. The next summer, doing the same thing, he made three thousand dollars—in ten weeks. Last summer, he took part of the proceeds



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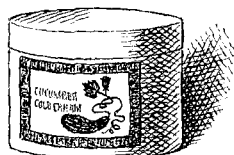


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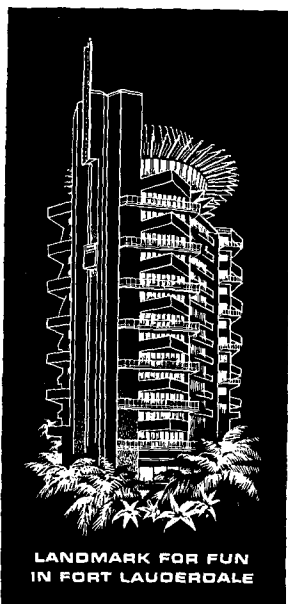
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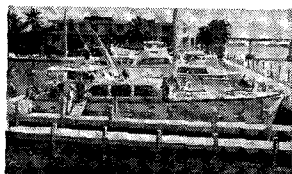
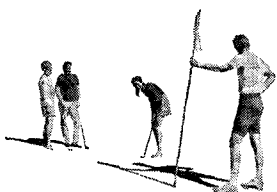
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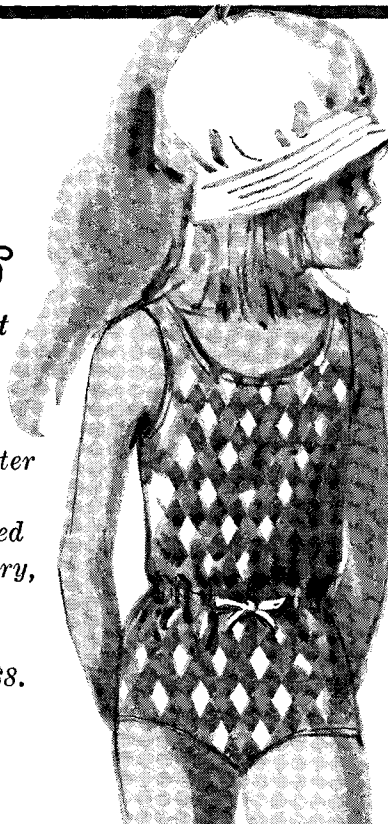
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and went to Europe. I think he'll be a lawyer. He has lots of drive."

The father of this group is a devoted family man. He does not like traveling, conventions, or hotel rooms. He has often been credited by colleagues with an ambition to become president of the parent International Typographical Union, but he disavows this. "It's nothing for a man with a family," he says. "It involves a lot of travelling. I don't want it. I'm quite happy to stay where I am. There's nowhere for me to go."

Powers' I.T.U. disclaimer is taken at its face value by at least two men who have sat, or are sitting, on opposite sides of the bargaining table from him. "I don't think he wants to be president of the international union," Mr. John J. Gaherin, a former president of the Publishers Association who now handles labor relations for major-league baseball players, has said. "He doesn't like to be ratting around in hotel rooms." But Mr. Gaherin added, "I've always suspected that he would like to be Harry Van Arsdale's successor as president of the New York City Central Labor Council. [Powers disclaims this ambition. "Not likely," he says. "Job has no salary."] There's more power there than in the I.T.U. [The Council, an over-all union organization, has a million two hundred thousand members.] And if, for example, the graphic-arts unions were ever amalgamated into one cohesive force, he might want to head them up. But this isn't likely to happen." And Mr. James E. Horne, secretary of the Printers League, which handles Book and Job negotiations with Big Six, has said, "Bert's physical condition makes travel difficult. He is in constant pain. He has considered an operation, but it would mean six months or more in a cast."

Powers' discomfort has recently been alleviated—in his office, at any rate—by a thoughtful loan from Mr. Kheel: a high, five-drawer, teakwood standup desk, which the late John I. Snyder, Jr., president of U. S. Industries, had given the mediator when he was suffering from a hip affliction, now cured by an operation. Powers, who is several inches taller than Kheel, has raised this pulpitlike piece of furniture by putting wooden blocks under it. The door to his office is usually open, and from the corridor outside he looks like a minister about to deliver a sermon. "It's been a great comfort," he says of the desk. "It was given to Ted Kheel by a millionaire. No millionaire has ever given me a present." However, a couple of millionaires have given the I.T.U. a present in which Big Six shares—in 1886,

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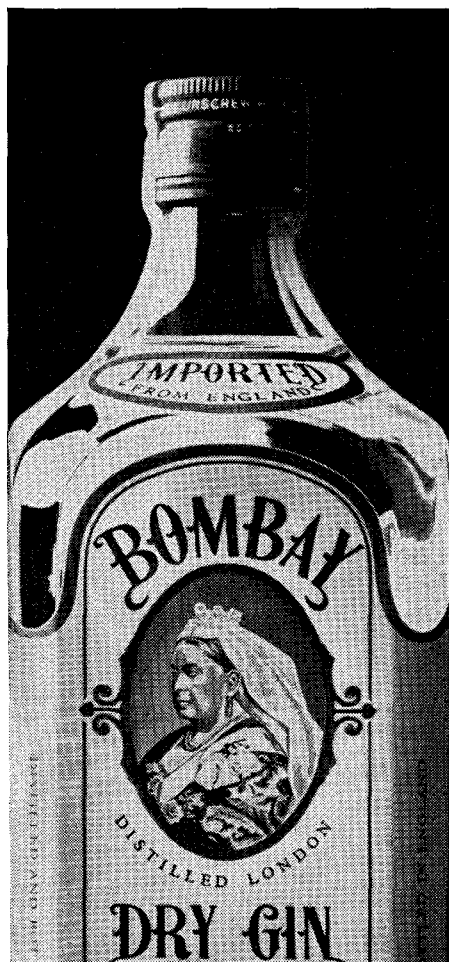
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George W. Childs, owner of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, and Anthony J. Drexel, the banker, made the initial gifts that led to the establishment of the Union Printers' Home, a haven for retired printers in Colorado Springs—and a few millionaires have cultivated Mr. Powers, if not endowed him. He and Mrs. Powers have become friends not only of Mrs. Schiff but of the Punch Sulzbergers, who have had them for dinner, cocktail parties, and a country-club dance. Outside of business hours, Powers is a sociable man. Despite the ritualistic severity of his professional pronouncements ("They haven't done their homework. They haven't learned the lesson," he often says of publishers), he and his wife mingle easily with management higher-ups and their wives, and are not averse to ecumenical dinner parties. These innocent affairs are generally regarded as off the record by their industry participants. Some of Powers' publisher, or publisher-representative, hosts are touchingly anxious to protect him. They do not like to make it known that the Powerses break bread with them. "It might be damaging to Bert vis-à-vis his union members," one of them has said. "The rank and file are suspicious of labor fraternizing with management, even though, in Bert's case, this in no way influences him to sacrifice their interests. If anything, it may help him to get a better deal for them."

Powers himself, however, is not secretive about this aspect of his social life. "I think it's an asset for our membership if I'm able to communicate with management," he says. "One of my associates once taxed me with having had secret talks at social gatherings with the opposition during a period of negotiations. I told him that if I wanted to have a secret talk, all I'd have to do would be to go to a pay telephone."

According to Matthew A. Kelly, who was Mr. Horne's predecessor as secretary of the Printers League, Powers could make twice his presidential salary if he himself went into management—such as becoming head of production in a printing plant. "Bert would never do this," says Mr. Kelly, who was once on the Princeton faculty and since 1966 has been a professor at Cornell University's New York State School of Industrial and Labor Relations. "He thinks it would mean being a turncoat. He's always thinking of his union. I liken him to a bird dog. Once he gets into a bargaining position, he stiffens as he senses weakness. He tries to get all he can. He will push each little item until blood is drawn out of the



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stone. He is a politician rather than a statesman—he may lean more to the character of the late John L. Lewis [president for forty years of the United Mine Workers of America] than to that of the late Philip Murray [president for sixteen years of the United Steelworkers of America].” Powers always held Lewis in high esteem. He has framed and hung at union headquarters a letter that Lewis wrote him at the beginning of the 1962-63 strike. “Dear Brother Powers,” it starts out. “This letter is just to wish you success in your great effort to induce the New York Publishers to give adequate consideration to the members of your Union. I greatly admire the capability you are demonstrating and the leadership you are giving to a cause which is monumental in its propensities.” Powers likes to draw this accolade to the attention of visitors as an example of an unbeatable epistolary style.

Mr. Kelly went on, “Bert is self-centered. He does not see his role in historical perspective. He has had to step on toes to get where he is, and he expects someone to step on *his* toes. When he's on the top, he won't make room for anyone else. Like Lewis, he came to the conclusion that in a political arena good guys don't last—the hatchet succeeds the plaudits. In negotiations, he must be convinced that everything will be of value to his union *and* to him—that is, to the continuance of his position.” During a recent luncheon chat at Le Pavillon with Mr. Powers about the subject of automation, Mr. Kheel asked him, “What problems will this create for you?” “One: Layoffs,” Powers said. “Two: Less money for our welfare and pension funds. Three: How will I get re-elected?” Mr. Kelly again: “In labor relations, bargaining strength invariably rests with the union. The union has the cannon at the bargaining table. The other side has a popgun. [Mr. Powers does not string along with Mr. Kelly on this. “I think things are better than they used to be,” he says. “The balance is restored. The parties are relatively equal. There is collective bargaining. It's a truce. But the publishers would bash our brains out if they could.”] Bert does not use the cannon with restraint—he goes for the extra buck. I suspect that maturity may alter this. [Powers, as we have seen, is almost forty-eight.] Bert has brains and an inquiring, penetrating mind, and he is far more educated than his formal education—or lack of a formal education—might indicate. He has a way of

dissecting a problem. He is still suspicious, but suspicion no longer governs his policy as much as it used to. It seems to me that he has matured in his thinking to the point where he is looking for answers on an *industry*, rather than a *small-plant*, basis. [Mr. Kelly is not alone in this estimate. “I met Bert in 1962,” Mr. Kheel says. “He was very difficult. He's grown. He has a much broader perspective than he used to have. You can get through to him very easily. You may not convince him. He does find it very difficult to get off the dime. You don't go fast with Bert. You never go for the kill.

It's a highly civilized form of combat.”] The answers to technological innovation, such as automation, must come on an industry-wide basis, or the composing room will be bypassed. I respect Bert greatly, and I admire him individually. I dealt with him for thirteen years, and I never had a doubt that agreements reached between us wouldn't be honored in the fullest. He's a tireless worker, assiduous in his homework, and he's a tough taskmaster. He puts in a lot of time, and he expects his lieutenants to do the same. I've never known him to goof off. In periods of caucus, he'll curl up on a table and take a catnap for half an hour. He knows the answers for his people, and unless they're forthcoming he'll not move.”

Mr. Powers, whose economical conversational style sometimes leads him into a kind of verbal shorthand, agrees with Mr. Kelly at least in part. “Nap to shield myself,” he says. “May not nap at all. Pretend to nap. Isolate myself. Your own committee can wear you down with questions. I like negotiation. It's a contest. Physical and mental. A lot at stake. It takes a lot of concentration. Weighing odds. Long hours. You have to go into training. Can't overeat. Can't drink. Watch your sleep. Never miss a chance to rest. Long, long caucuses! Publishers are known for caucuses. They can't make up their minds. Stretches of three hours, four hours, five hours. I don't play cards. Conserve my energies. I can sleep any time. Stretch out on table, cover head with newspaper, doze.”

HOW did the assiduous bird dog get into the higher echelons of caucushood? Let us backtrack. Look into Big Six mechanics. Very well. Typographical Union No. 6's democratic, two-party setup is almost unique. (The only similarly constituted union is the United Federation of Teachers; all the others are either ad-

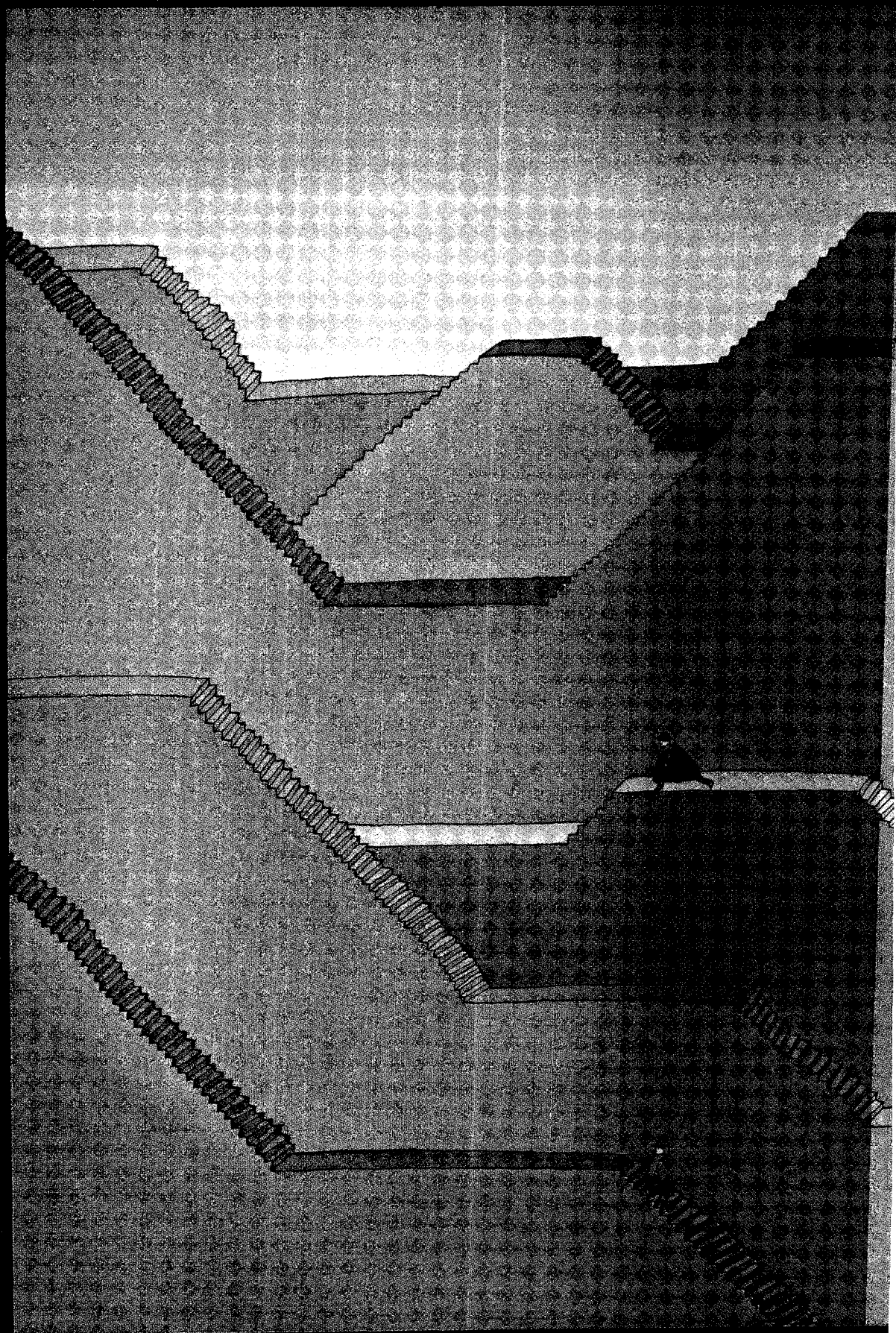
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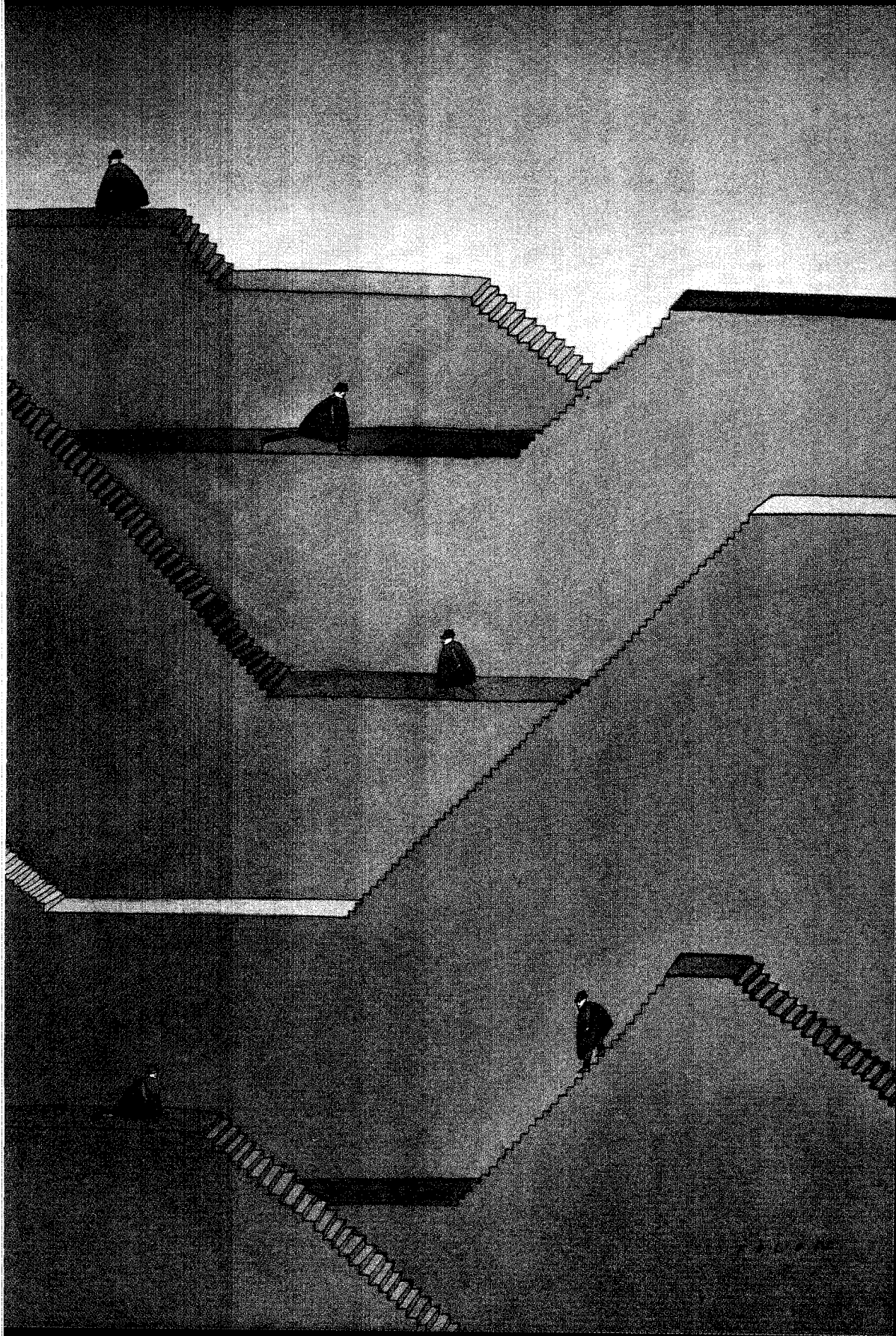


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ministration or anti-administration.) Big Six elections, held for sixteen local offices in May of odd-numbered years, are hotly contested. They are conducted by secret ballot in the local's individual shops—seventeen newspaper plants and around five hundred commercial ones. Voting is preceded by a month of lively campaigning; the polling itself goes on in the chapels for four days. Powers, who has been running for office successfully since 1948, is a conscientious and persuasive campaigner, although he failed to cry his presidential wares in 1965, when he was in London for a conference on automation and full employment, or in 1967, when he was tied up with negotiations with the *News*. His victories have never been narrow. The score in 1961, for his first term of office, was 5,045-3,493; last May, for his fifth term, it was 6,652-1,843. Powers' record longevity in office does not mean that he has no rivals. Possibly the most vocal one is right under his nose in Big Six headquarters, in the person of the union's secretary-treasurer, Thomas W. Kopeck. Mr. Kopeck would like to be president himself, and his ambition has contributed to intermittent displays of fireworks that have brightened up the *Monthly Bulletin's* "President's Column" and "News from the Secretary-Treasurer." One such display, in 1965, followed a rather lengthy period during which Mr. Powers had sought to modify some of Mr. Kopeck's financial techniques. For two years, the secretary-treasurer, who is in charge of the union's incoming money from dues and assessments, had been maintaining checking accounts that averaged, according to his report in the *Monthly Bulletin*, over seven hundred thousand dollars, most of which Powers felt should be invested, so as to draw interest. Mr. Kopeck demurred, citing, among other things, the virtues of fluidity in funds that were used for current expenses, pensions, and vacations, but in 1964 he did cut his average down to four hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars. Beyond this he refused to go. In 1965, Powers and the local's executive committee hired a firm of outside accountants to study the situation and make recommendations. This firm recommended a hundred-thousand-dollar checking-account balance, and the investment of the remainder of the money in savings banks and elsewhere. The executive committee approved this, with one dissenting vote.

"Contained in this issue is the majority report of the Executive Committee on the question of Union finances,"

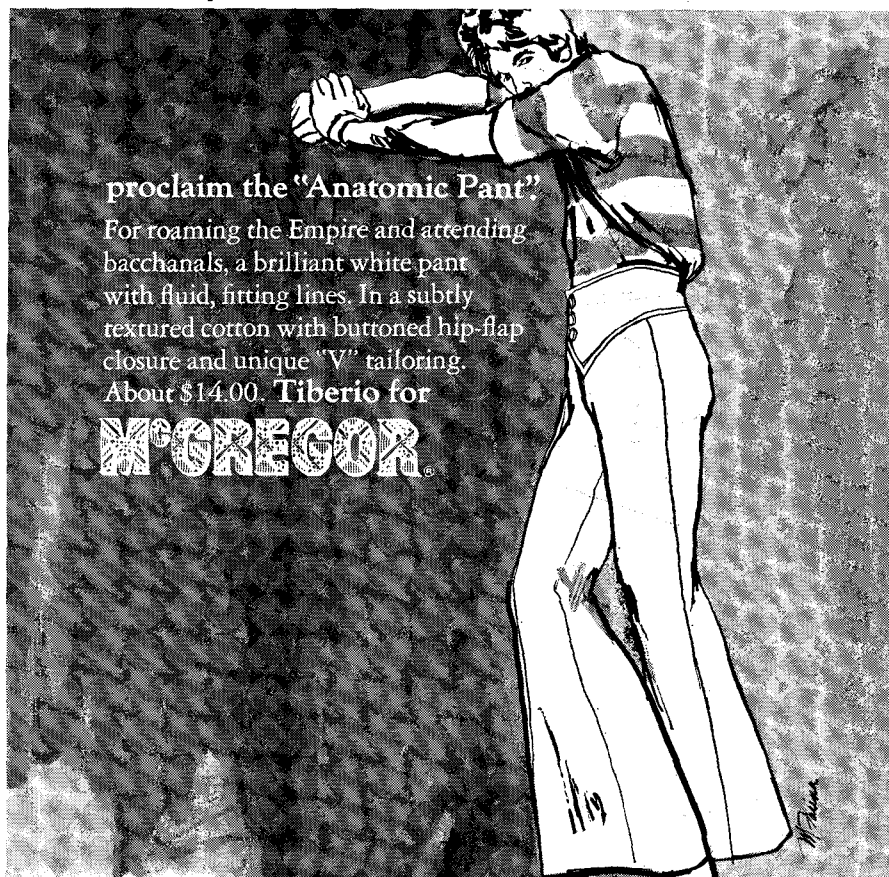
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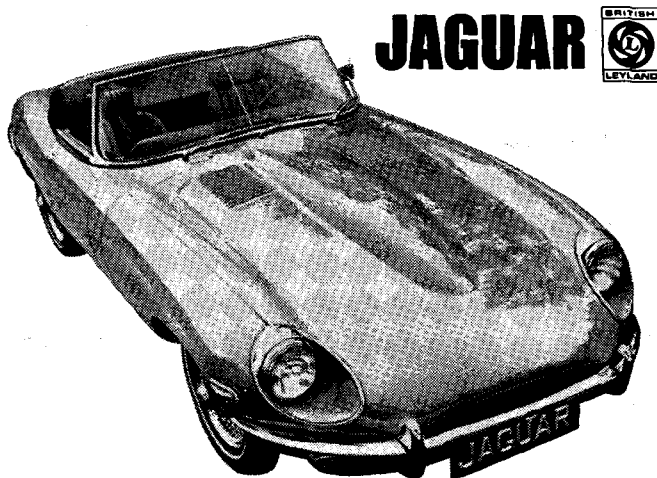
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Powers wrote in the July *Bulletin*, and went on:

The report includes the findings of Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co., certified public accountants, whose services were authorized by the December, 1964, Union meeting. The Secretary-Treasurer's column in this issue is devoted to the same subject. It includes the complete minority report of one member of the Executive Committee.

A motion to print that minority report was defeated at the June Union meeting. I have not objected to the Secretary's device of using his column to print the report anyway, even though his action is in defiance of the meeting's expressed wish.

I do not intend to belabor the issue of efficiency in Union finances because I believe it is a simple one that, once studied, will be readily comprehended by all who choose to know the truth.

"You may relax!" Mr. Kopeck started out in his rebuttal, and continued, in part:

The long-awaited and much-heralded "investigation" of the Secretary-Treasurer initiated by the President and carried on by the Executive Committee is ended....

The alleged issue was the amount of money held in checking accounts by the Union. I say alleged because records will show that historically the Union maintained a higher percentage of its money in checking accounts *before* the present Secretary-Treasurer took office. If the issue was a legitimate one, it should have been raised by the President when he was a member of the Executive Committee more than a decade ago....

Why was this action by the President, Executive Committee, sub committees, sub-sub-sub committees and "outside experts" begun? The "experts" had the clearest motive—they received \$2,400 for two weeks' work. That is what they do for a living and that's that. Can it be that the others sincerely felt something was wrong with our financial set-up? Why were they not disturbed years ago when only 70% of our money was earning interest? Is this the most important problem facing our Union today? Do you realize the time and effort which has been poured into this project? Is it possible that all this would result in stumbling upon something—anything—which would embarrass the Secretary-Treasurer?... Or was the object to tie the Secretary-Treasurer's office into knots for fourteen months?

"There is a dark side to all this," Mr. Kopeck wrote in his peroration, in a paragraph headed "A Shadow," and he went on to an Orwellian conclusion:

We have seen an investigation launched without presenting a bill of particulars. We have seen accusations made without basis, and findings presented without facts. We have witnessed... unbelievably undemocratic practices at union meetings. We have seen important problems sidetracked while a fishing expedition was given priority. These are signs which should raise questions in the members' minds. It CAN happen here!

The checking-account war is still going strong. A while back, when Ko-



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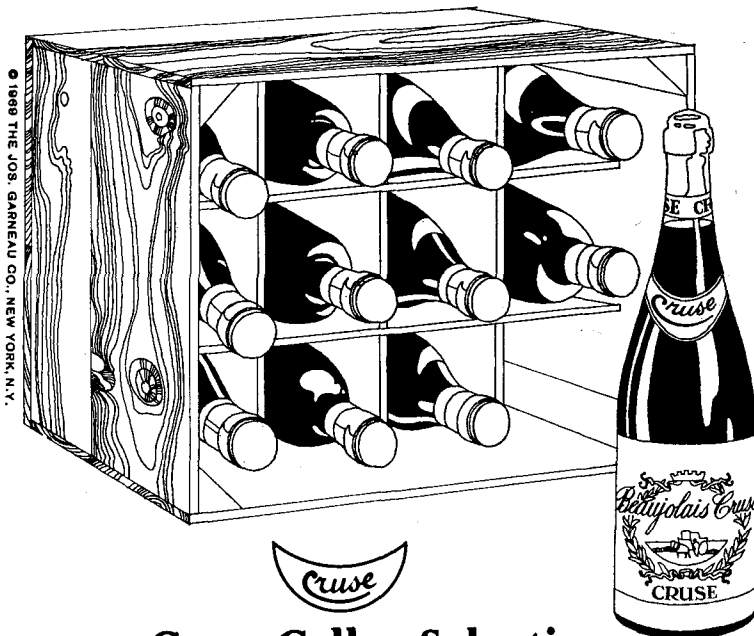
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peck had around five hundred thousand dollars lying around loose, the *Progressive* remarked, in a delicately shaded gray box headed "Tips for Tom":

How long must the membership wait before the union's exorbitantly high checking-account balance is reduced so that the union's earned-interest income might be increased to its proper level? Why can't this large amount of cash be properly invested instead of laying useless in a no-interest checking account, enriching bank stockholders? It doesn't take a financial wizard to recognize the fact that even a savings account pays more interest than an inflated checking account.

The *Progressive* is full of references to "Tommy the Cashier," "the Voice of Kopeck," "the Voice of Hindsight and Obstinace," and "the Voice from Nowhere." The *Voice* likes to call Powers "the Big Brother of New York Typographical," "the Great Pretender," and "our local president who obviously believes two sides of a question are one side too many." The president and the secretary-treasurer (incidentally, they receive identical salaries) have not limited their forensics to purely fiscal matters. "The Secretary-Treasurer's column this month mentions a proposal of his to purchase Holmes Protective Service for the headquarters office," Powers wrote in the March, 1966, *Bulletin*, in a paragraph headed "Setting the Record Straight." "At no time did the Secretary-Treasurer consult with your President on this matter." (Mr. Kopeck's office is a few feet away from Mr. Powers' office.) The secretary-treasurer's version of the background to this breach of etiquette was relatively temperate. "On January 19th, our headquarters was again burglarized," he wrote, in a passage headed "Prowlers at Headquarters." He went on:

The intruders sledged through the wall, broke down doors to the welfare offices and rifled desks in those rooms. They then broke into the Secretary's office and attempted to drill the safe. Aside from damage done, losses were confined to a few stamps.

This is the third burglary in the past four years and the sixth since we moved here in 1954. My desk has been jimmied so many times it springs open when anyone approaches within three yards.... Several days after our latest break-in, I discovered quite by accident that the President had signed a new lease on our present headquarters. Considering the fact that we are going to live here at least another two years, I did further research on this burglary business. Every floor other than the fourth in our present building has been burglarized at least once. Since the fourth floor is equipped with a Holmes Protective System, this might account for its apparent good fortune.

At the Union meeting...I recom-

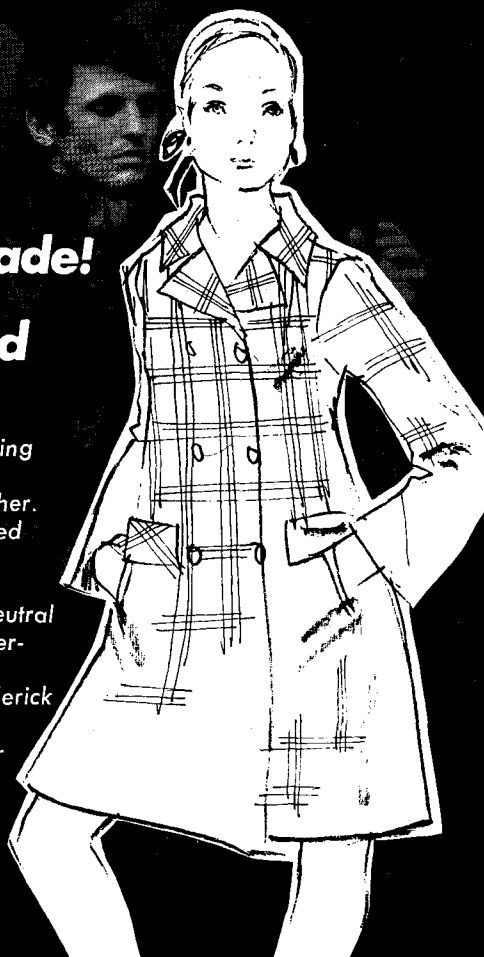
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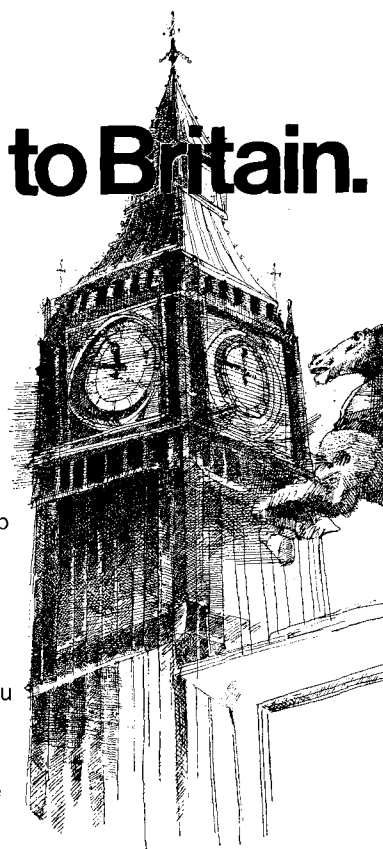
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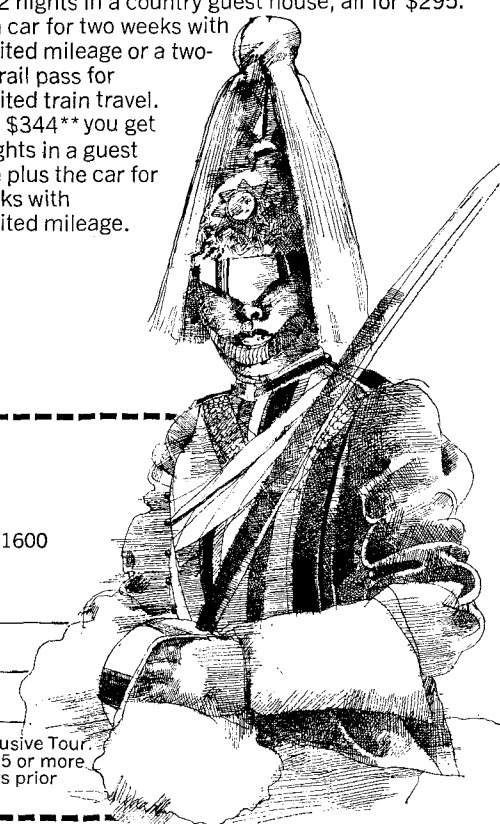
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mended [a Holmes installation] to the membership.

My recommendation was ruled out of order by the President.

THE successful 1962-63 strike, which, more than anything else, consolidated Mr. Powers' position (and, in all likelihood, has rendered Mr. Kopeck's shafts innocuous) originated primarily in his ambition to change a setup under which the American Newspaper Guild, consisting of editorial and advertising workers, had carried the ball in labor negotiations with the publishers. There are ten unions involved in getting out New York's newspapers. Listed in the chronological sequence of their tasks, these are the Guild, No. 6, the Photoengravers, the Stereotypers, the Paper Handlers & Sheet Straighteners, the Machinists, the Electrical Workers, the Pressmen, the Mailers, and the Newspaper & Mail Deliverers. Because the Guild's biennial contract used to expire earlier in the year than those of the others—on October 31st, as opposed to December 7th for all the other unions—the Guild used to be the controlling union negotiator. On November 8, 1962, after a week's strike against the *News*, it settled for a contract providing an eight-dollar weekly raise, which failed to satisfy Typographical Union No. 6 and a number of the other unions as a settlement for *them*. There were also power, or status, considerations involved. Irwin Ross's essay has outlined these nicely:

The basic cause of the strike was a drive on the part of Local 6 to reassert its traditional preëminence among the newspaper unions. The International Typographical Union . . . is the oldest union in the country; its New York local was established by Horace Greeley. Its members have great pride of craft and pride of status; once "aristocrats of labor," they did not take kindly to a leveling process that made them the equal of truck drivers and typists.

Prior to 1950, the I.T.U. was the pioneering mechanical union in the New York newspaper industry; it was the first to gain pensions, paid vacations, and a thirty-six-and-a-quarter-hour week. In the 1950s, however, the I.T.U. was displaced as the leader among the unions. Through a chain of fortuitous circumstances, the American Newspaper Guild acquired the earliest contract expiration date of all the unions. The publishers took to settling their negotiations with the Guild and then forcing the mechanical unions to accept substantially the same dollar package.

The I.T.U., understandably, was affronted. The Guild, an odd grab bag of skilled journalists, advertising salesmen, clerks, typists, messengers, and other white-collar employees, is the youngest and weakest of the newspaper unions, and is almost entirely dependent on the willing-

ness of the old-line craft unions to respect its picket lines. By improvising in many ways, you can put out a newspaper without reporters, but not without compositors and pressmen.

Not only did the I.T.U. feel slighted, but its members gradually came to believe that they were losing money. . . .

In any case, at two o'clock in the morning of December 8th, after a month of failed negotiations, the Powers union struck the *Times*, the *News*, the *World-Telegram & Sun*, and the *Journal-American*; four hours later, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Post*, and the *Mirror* suspended publication in sympathy. "One day, New York Typographical Union No. 6 and the Publishers Association will have a contract," Mr. Powers said. "That day will come only when the publishers abandon their fixed position of unilateral bargaining." When that day came—with not only a common expiration date but a thirty-five-hour week, compensation for jobs lost through automation, the establishing of an agreement not to install automation except by mutual consent, and a \$12.63 package—Powers celebrated his famous victory by writing in the *Bulletin*:

Those 114 days will prove to be the most eventful period of the history of labor-management relations in our industry. . . . We have once and for all exposed [the publishers'] mockery of the collective bargaining process. . . . Never again will we be forced back to work by an unexpired contract when another union proposes to settle at terms not satisfactory to at least a majority of the ten unions in the New York newspaper industry. . . . There is no doubt that this strike will live in the minds of our members for decades to come. . . . In summing up, fellow members, let us also realize that as a result of our strike we have achieved another benefit from our efforts. *We have become a new union.*

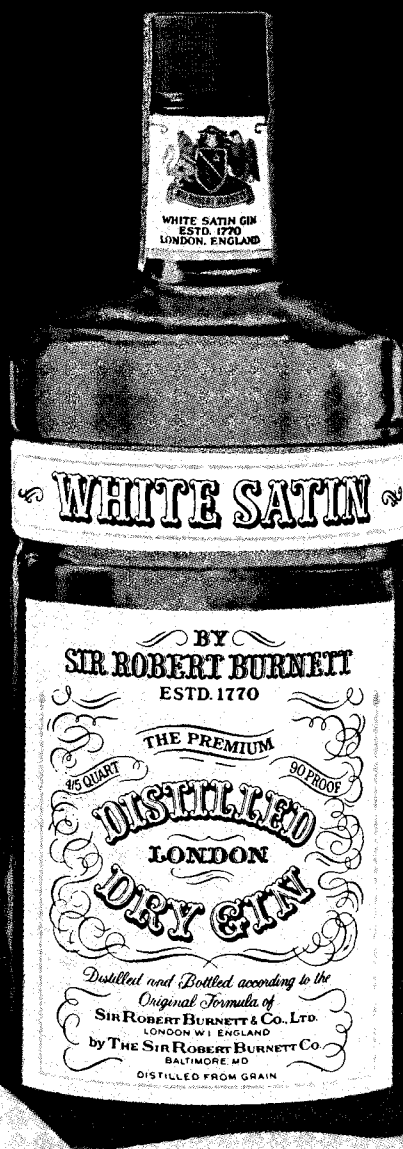
Mr. A. H. Raskin, the labor editor of the *Times*, in a blow-by-blow account of the struggle that put Powers on the map, has painted the background picture as follows:

The clock had started ticking 12 years before, when the New York Newspaper Guild won a 73-day strike at The New York World-Telegram, primarily through the strength it gained from a newly forged "blood brotherhood" with nine other newspaper unions. These unions, representing printers, pressmen, and other mechanical employees, forced the paper to suspend by refusing to cross picket lines set up by the reporters, copy editors, and clerical employees in the Guild.

The effectiveness of this union alliance, perfected over the years, prompted the publishers to weld a united front of their own as a protection against "divide-and-conquer" strikes and the pyramiding of union demands. The result was a bargaining system under which a contract



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negotiated with one union fixed a pattern for all the unions and a strike called against one paper generated an employer-enforced blackout of all the papers....

A chief goal of the strike of the Big Six printers was to establish a single expiration date for all the contracts so that the printers' union would no longer have to accept a follow-the-leader status in negotiating on wages and job security for its ... members.

In the course of achieving this goal, as well as his other ends, Powers ran into a foe whose intransigence rivalled his. This was Mr. Amory H. Bradford, then vice-president and general manager of the *Times*, who spoke for the publishers. The two men's crossing of swords inspired Mr. Raskin—whose twenty-column report, compiled while the duel was going on, magically appeared in the *Times* on the morning after the settlement—to a description of the two principals that might have done credit to a theatrical script. Of Mr. Powers he wrote:

The 41-year-old union president is tall, dapper, with whitish-blond hair, an earnest manner, and no talent for small talk.... One of the army of Government peacemakers who got to know him well in the endless hours of round-the-clock negotiations after Dec. 8 describes Mr. Powers as "honest, clean, democratic—and impossible." Another Government official calls him "cold, ambitious, and utterly incapable of setting any realistic priorities for himself," then observes that he was "so superior to anyone he had to negotiate against that it was like matching Sonny Liston with a Golden Gloves champion."

His critics in other unions denounce him as a "rule-or-ruin" type bent on modeling himself into a counterpart of the John L. Lewis of the nineteen-thirties. They say his goal is to become head of a national fusion of all printing unions. To his defenders such ambitions do not seem excessive, though they deny they are what makes him run. Pro-Powers unionists term him "incomparably the ablest and most forward-looking of the men in the graphic arts unions."

Of his Olympian associate on the *Times*, Mr. Raskin wrote:

Mr. Bradford, two inches taller than the union chief and nine years older, is handsome, articulate, and aloof.... Descendant of a distinguished New England family, he worked his way through school at Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., Yale, and Yale Law School. In the Army in World War II, he rose from private to captain.... One top-level mediator said Mr. Bradford brought an attitude of such icy disdain into the conference rooms that the mediator often felt he ought to ask the hotel to send up more heat. Another mediator, who called Mr. Bradford the possessor of the keenest mind on the management side, said he operates on a "short fuse."

[At one point, during meetings at City Hall] Mr. Bradford told the Mayor that he was sick and tired of the whole pro-

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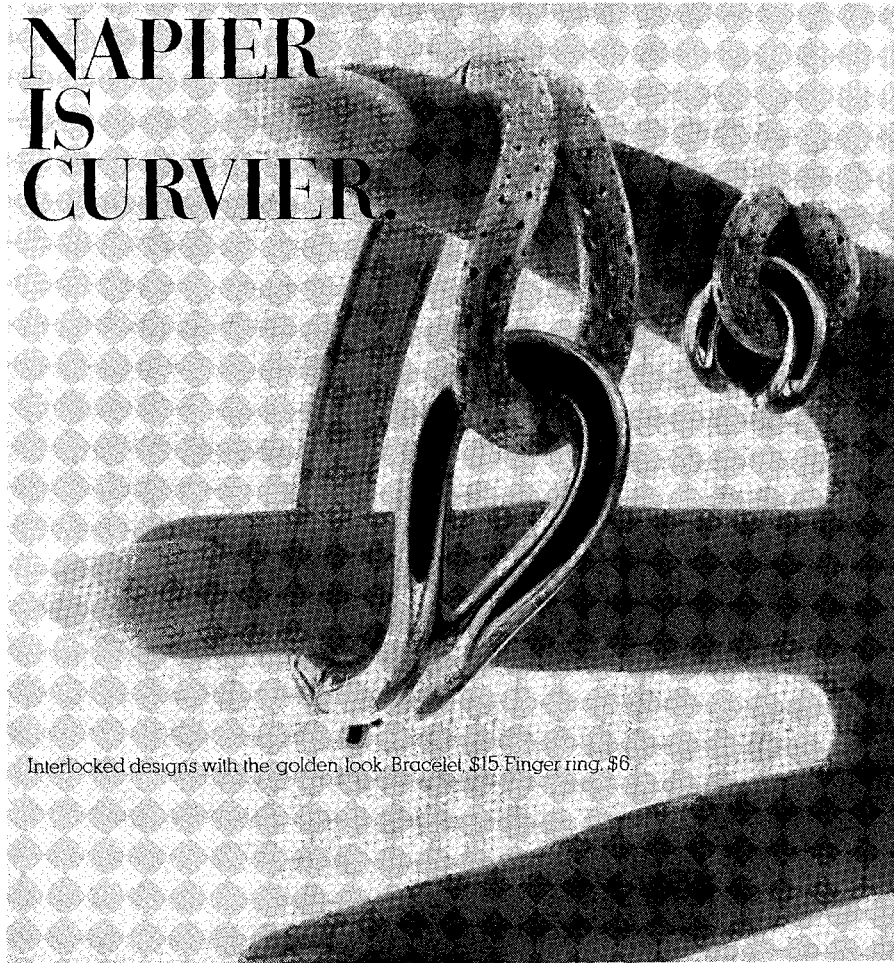
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ceedings and could see no reason why the publishers had to keep wasting time by coming to City Hall. "If that's the way you feel," Mr. Kheel exclaimed, "why don't you leave? Because if you don't I will. I certainly have got better things to do."

Mr. Kheel did indeed advise Mayor Wagner that he was pulling out, but he was persuaded to reconsider. "I walked out of the whole dispute because of Amory, and afterward Orvil Dryfoos [then publisher and president of the *Times*] came up and apologized to me," he has said. "Bradford is a goddam able fellow, but he did not look the role of a negotiator with a union. He wore tweeds and he smoked a pipe. But I think the Bradford-Powers thing was overplayed in the press."

An example of this may have occurred in *Time*, which wrote:

In New York Times Vice President Amory Bradford, a Massachusetts-born Brahmin, the publishers selected a negotiator who did not even speak the same language as Powers, a Boston Irishman. Sighed a weary federal mediator after negotiations had stalled for perhaps the doventh time: "One side is talking Chinese and the other French."

In point of fact, the two men had been conversing easily in the same language—English—back in the early nineteen-fifties, when both took part in arbitration hearings involving printers' pension and welfare funds, of which both were trustees. (These funds are run by three management trustees and three union trustees.) Powers' role was a subordinate one. "Powers had to play second fiddle to Frank Barrett [Francis G. Barrett, then president of No. 6], who was oratorical," Mr. Bradford has said. "Powers would stand at the window while Barrett was holding forth. Powers and I got together. We had a friendly relationship in 1952, 1953, and 1954. The first time I really came to grips with him was in the summer of 1961, after he became president of the union, when he and I settled down to hammer out a teletypesetter clause in a contract that was coming up. [This centered on money for the retraining of older men displaced by automation.] I enjoyed working with him. We tried to see each other's problems. On the last day of our negotiations, in mid-July, we were down to a few small things. 'Amory, I think we can put this together,' he said. We finished twenty-six hours later, at two o'clock in the afternoon. We shook hands. We agreed that it was a good contract. It was first voted down by his membership, but approved at a later meeting. I thought he was a real comer. Soon



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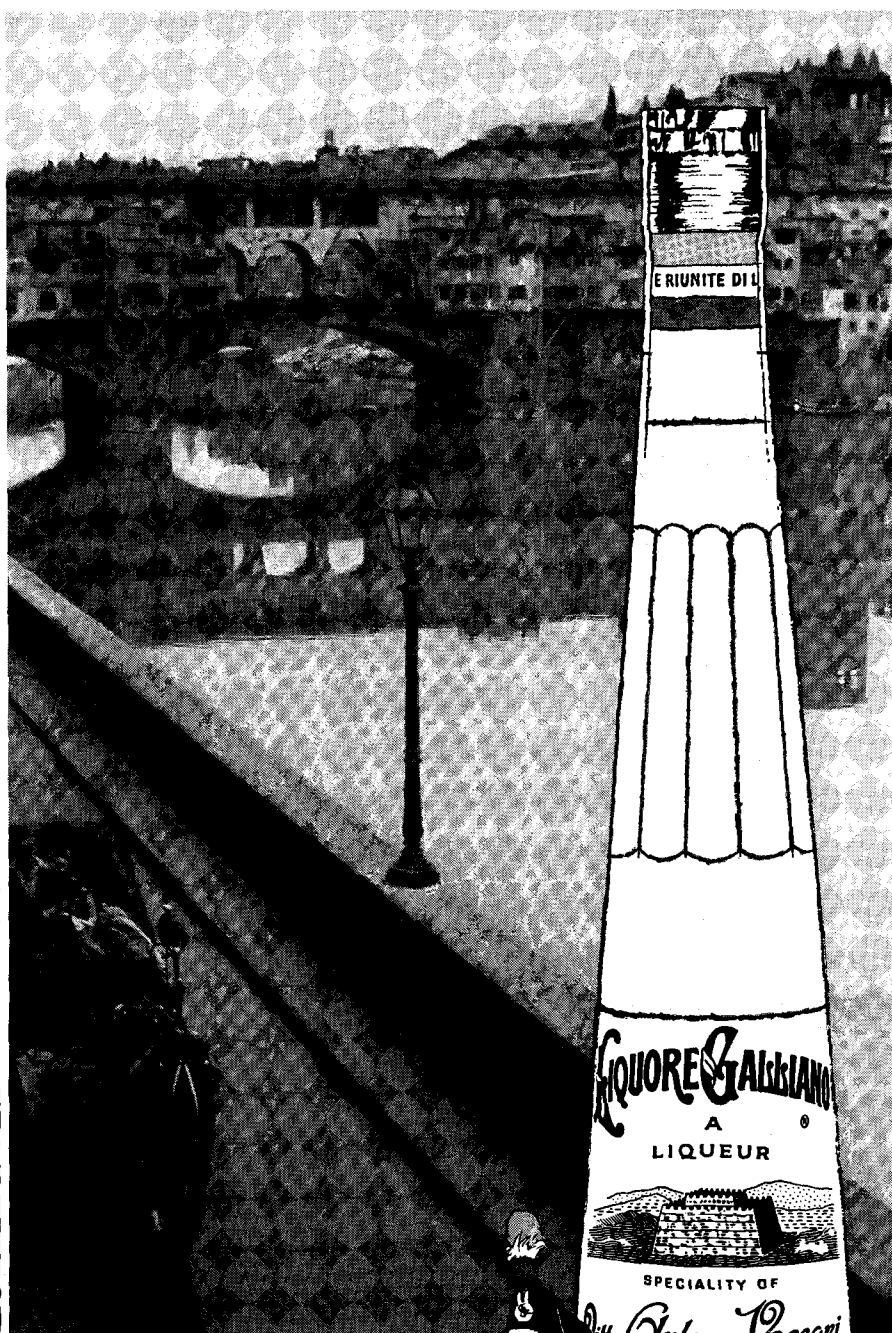
after this, the chapel chairman at the *Times* was fired, for cause. The union members said that he would have to be reinstated. Powers called me up and said, 'Amory, the *Times* chapel is the biggest factor in the union vote. He'll have to be reinstated.' I said, 'You're out of your mind. He's been fired for cause.' Powers said, 'Reinstate him, and I'll see if I can't get him moved out of town.' I said I'd have to think about that. I tried to make it dependent on other conditions. Powers said, 'Do what my grandmother used to say—"When you give, give with an open hand."' So I gave, and Powers lived up to his bargain. We reinstated the chairman, and he never came back to the *Times*. Powers and I used to lunch together occasionally, but we lost our good contact in the fall of 1962, when the big strike was building up. He seemed to me impatient and in a hurry. But he has a real motivation. We had an excellent relationship until we lost contact."

Powers, who is not free with friendly words for management—perhaps partly because of the reputation he has to sustain, or thinks he has to sustain, in the eyes of his constituents (Mr. Kopeck is not the only colleague who would like his job)—has used the adjective "knowledgeable" in referring to Bradford. "A Yankee and an Irishman fighting," he says of their final professional encounter. "He was really bitter."

Mr. Bradford departed from the *Times* soon after the strike. He is now active in urban-development projects aimed at solving hard-core unemployment problems. He has written a book about one of these undertakings, "Oakland's Not for Burning," in which he touches on bargaining-table linguistics. "As we talked," he wrote, in the course of describing some negotiations with California labor officials,

I identified myself as a former negotiator of union contracts on the management side, and the spokesman for all the New York newspapers during the long strike in 1963. I then discovered something that surprised me and which proved to be a great help in all my future dealings with the strong labor movement in the Bay Area. The fact that I had been in the battle, even though on the other side, formed a strong bond between us. We could discuss past and present labor troubles, speaking the same language, in a way no outsider could, much as generals who have fought on opposite sides are said to be able to talk over old campaigns.

Although, according to Mr. Bradford's old paper, the epic battle resulted in economic losses of around two hundred million dollars (\$108,000,000 in advertising and circulation rev-

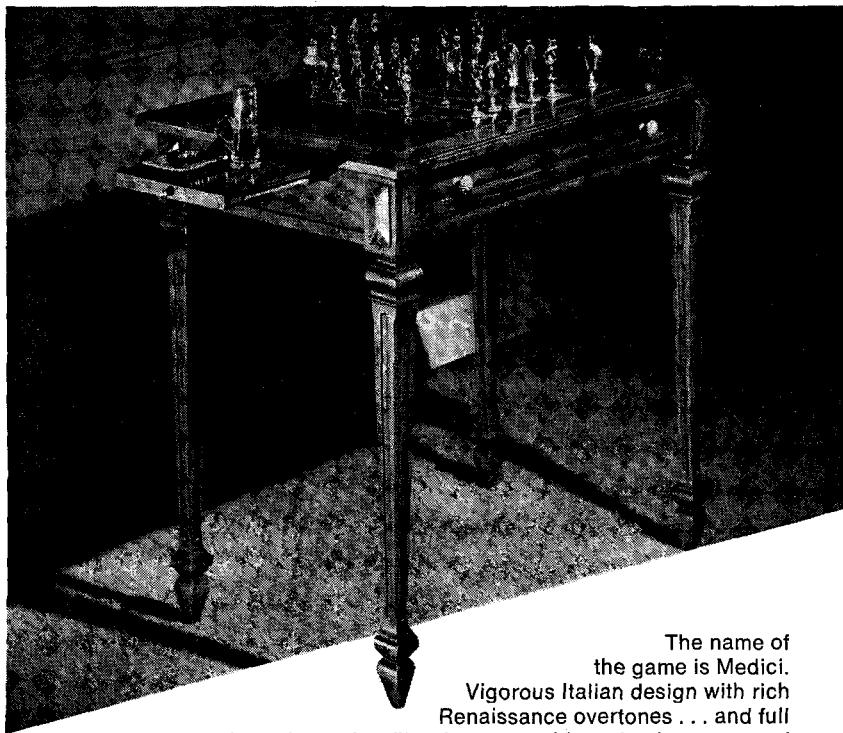


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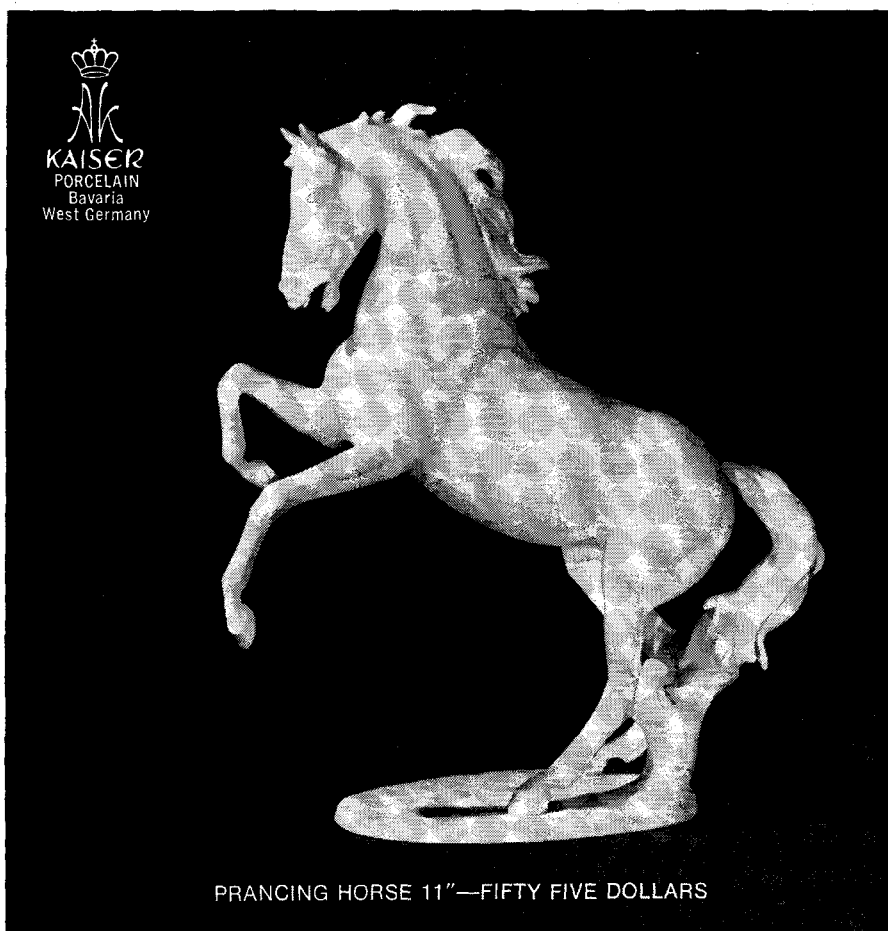


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enue, \$30,600,000 to newsprint suppliers, \$11,700,000 to news dealers, \$18,000,000 to restaurants and hotels, \$12,150,000 in federal and state taxes, and so on), its instigator has shown that he can operate on a more modest level. He has, on occasion, promoted unauthorized strikes, or work stoppages (a local strike can be legalized only by the international union), that, deadly serious though they were, suggest material for a musical comedy. In 1963, in return for the thirty-five-hour week, the printers had sacrificed fifteen minutes of daily washup time. The following year, Powers asked for this back, in the form of a daily work reduction of fifteen minutes. The *Times*, *Herald Tribune*, *Post*, and *World-Telegram* nodded, but the *News* and *Journal-American* shook their heads. Powers thereupon dreamed up something called the Washup, to be invoked in the composing rooms of the demurrers. The crews, instead of changing their clothes before reporting for work, as was customary, were instructed to go on the job in their street clothes. Since, as Powers has written, "there was no contractual requirement that they change from their street clothes when they reported to work," they were advised by their leader that "if the newspapers did not wish to give the men time to change their clothes . . . they could elect to report for work in their street clothes, [and] it would be reasonable that they should be careful not to cause their clothes to be damaged." The linotypers at the *Journal-American* were divided and failed to get into the act, but the troupers at the *News*, more sartorial-minded, took time off before lunch and at the end of a shift to wash up, on company time. "A form of slow-down," the Washup's impresario says. "A strike at full pay. A method of striking without actually going on strike, and without the union's having to pay any strike compensation. Lots of soap. White shirts. The composing room of the *News* looked like the Bank of Manhattan. It was my idea. I have a lot of other ideas, which I won't divulge. [Fleeting smile.] The modern technique is to strike on the job. Apply pressure. No tapping of our defense fund. It takes a very disciplined membership to do this. Not run off in all directions. Our people are very good. The Washup worked. It was an illegal action, but no damages were assessed against the union for the slow-down, and all the New York papers from then on were required to pay for fifteen minutes' washup time daily."

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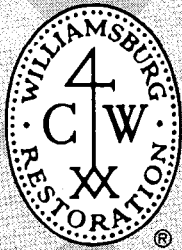
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use of the strike-at-full-pay technique was employed—again with the *News* on the receiving end—in the spring of 1967, when a union contract with that paper came up for renewal. The *News* had balked at some of the local's demands in the way of wage increases, fringe benefits, and cost-of-living adjustments. This time, Powers treated the paper to a kind of escalated gavotte. It got under way with the calling of a one-hour chapel meeting on each of the three seven-hour shifts. These meetings were quickly jumped to two, then three and four, and—in the fourth week—five hours on each shift. Marquis of Queensberry rules prevailed. The meetings were timed so as not to interfere with edition closings or replates but so as to occupy time normally used for the setting of advertisements. The assemblies opened with a composing-room talk, often delivered by Powers, who would then say, "The meeting will be recessed." During the recess, everyone played checkers or chess, or chatted. Meals were sent in from the outside. At the end of the scheduled period, the meeting was officially reconvened, and then adjourned. All hands—around a thousand, all told—thereupon returned directly to work, without further stalling. "Dave Crockett [David W. Crockett, the vice-president of Big Six] and I held the meetings," Powers says. "You have to keep control—see that no one gets out of hand. It was very demanding physically. I'd come in at ten in the morning, stay most of the day, and then preside in the evening. The doorman at the Daily News Building was very polite. 'Good morning, Mr. Powers,' he would say. 'Good evening, Mr. Powers.' In some countries in Europe, I'd have been shot."

The *News* continued to publish during this exercise, but it got smaller and smaller. It had substantial losses of lineage, mostly in advertising. On the twenty-eighth day, after a hundred and twenty-six consecutive chapel get-togethers, an agreement was reached.

The publisher of the *Times* has taken a dim view of this production. "I don't like a selective strike—one that strikes advertising but permits you to publish news matter," he said recently. "Those terrible chapel meetings at the *News* that held up advertising!" On the other hand, Walter Graham, director of industrial relations at the *News* and the paper's chief spokesman in labor negotiations, is more philosophical, or perhaps less outspoken. "It was a pressure tactic," he says. "I don't think that Bert hoped



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to have a strike—a real strike, that is. He wanted to settle. It was not a lever to shut us down. It was a pressure lever. As a matter of fact, the printers, especially when they were down to three or two hours a shift, worked like hell to get the paper out. They helped us reach our quota. Why didn't we shut down, or refuse to pay these people? Well, had we shut down, it very likely would have shut the city down. Had we refused to pay, the same thing would probably have happened. It would have provoked Number Six to strike."

Mr. Graham is one of those who join the management chorus in praise of Powers' rectitude. "I like Bert," he says. "He's an intelligent person and a man of integrity. Moreover, he's good company. He and Patsy are coming to dinner—No, never mind."

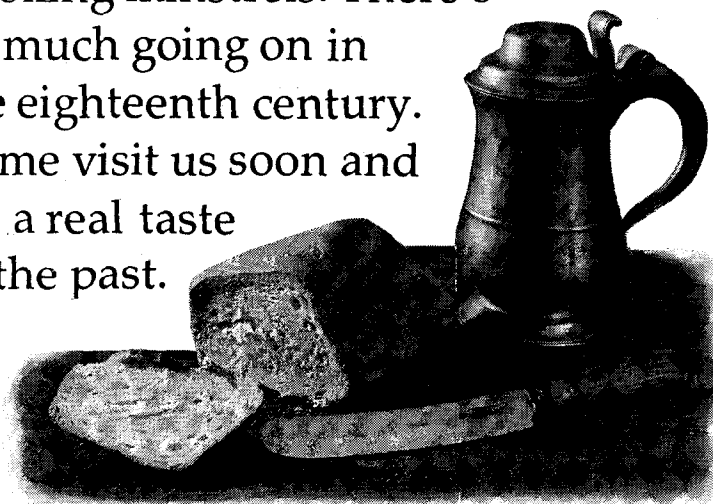
Powers' summing up of his Wash-up and Chapel Meeting campaigns is: "Harassment. It gradually produces the result. We may have to use it again." He has not, so far, employed it in connection with automation, currently the chief bone of contention between his local and the newspaper publishers. (In the case of the Book and Jobbers, where the work is varied, and hence less suitable for automation, this issue has been resolved by an employer payment to a jointly administered Automation Fund of one per cent of the payroll of all people engaged on automated projects.) One aspect of this has been reflected in the use of what is called outside tape. Widely used in stock-market listings, it is a pre-punched, computer-produced, wire-service-provided tape generated from stock-exchange tickers. Fed into type-setting machines, it is converted into type automatically, thus leaving the compositors who used to do the work free to seek employment elsewhere. This unwelcome liberation was one of the things that Powers fought against during the 1962-63 strike. He regards outside tape as a form of subcontracting. He finally consented to it in exchange for a contract that stipulated mutual agreement before the introduction of further automation, and that provided for the setting up of an Outside Tape Fund, financed by the publishers. The Outside Tape Fund now stands at over a million dollars, and is, of course, growing. Substantial as it is, it only fractionally exorcises the spectre of newspaper automation, since Outside Tape has a wicked, and more versatile, sister, Inside Tape. Inside tape derives its name from the fact that it is punched in the newspaper plant by employees of the paper, whereas

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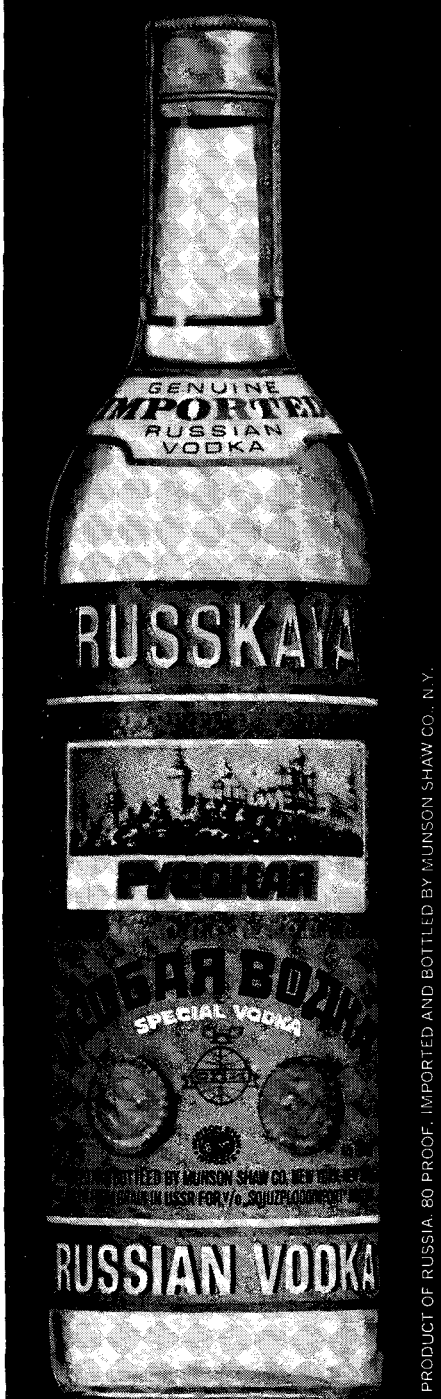
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outside tape is punched outside, by operators of such news agencies as the Associated Press and United Press International. Moreover, inside tape, with a further boost from a computer, can become *justified* tape—that is, tape that will produce a line of type of exactly the right length.

"Automation is really a worrisome thing," Powers says. "It's our major problem today. We can't stand still. We must get the solution fast. It's just staggering, what's coming. An electronic machine will produce type at the rate of a hundred and twenty lines a minute—a galley of type a minute—and this is a very unsophisticated machine. No one knows what the real automation level may be. The methods of setting up funds for retraining programs, severance pay, and supplemental unemployment and early-retirement-incentive benefits have to be ironed out. It's simply a question of adjustment, but the publishers want the adjustment to be wholly ours. Solely ours. They have a public posture that doesn't say this, but part of the adjustment, as far as they are concerned, would be for us to drop dead. Everything falls on us. They want us to pick up the pieces. They say that a machine is just progress, but I think it changes the status quo. They talk about compensation for the destruction of the jobs of 'regular employees,' but lots of the people whose jobs are threatened are part-time employees. We're still at an impasse. What do you do when a forty-five-year-old man with children who has only one skill is thrown out of work by a computer? I really don't have much faith in retraining in cases like this."

Mr. Kheel, a man whom the cares of arbitration and mediation have not bowed down, has, in his lighter moments, contributed a silver-lining approach to the over-all computer picture. "The publishers were lucky in 1963 when Bert didn't let them use the machine, because they might have bought the wrong one," he told a friend at Le Pavillon one night. "You can teach the computer how to hyphenate, and it has a vocabulary of fifteen thousand words, but you have to proofread it. The *World Journal Tribune* set its stock-market reports by hand, because in this way it could beat Dolly Schiff to the stands. She was using outside tape, but hand-setting was still beating the machine." Mrs. Schiff nevertheless continued to be an automation fan. "In 1966, Dolly decided that she'd get herself a computer," Mr. Kheel went on, over his *blanquette de veau*. "She rented one for twenty-

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five hundred dollars a month. She announced in the *Post* that she was going to use it to make inside tape. Justified tape. Bert said no. The three of us met at her house to talk things over. She tried to charm Bert. His style is wonderful. He listened with the utmost politeness. We kept having meetings without getting anywhere, and one day Dorothy invited us down to the *Post* for a demonstration of the computer. It was sitting in a small room off the composing room. Just a little box with a lot of dials on it. 'Would you like to see how this works?' Dolly asked. I said yes, I would. In came a trainee from Typographical Union No. 6 who looked as if he were over seventy. He sat down at the keyboard and fed some copy in, very slowly. 'He's not one of our best men,' Bert said, in a low voice. The union man put some tape in the computer, turned a dial, and pulled a switch. The goddam thing didn't move. He then reached into a drawer and pulled out a sheet of paper marked 'Instructions for Operation.' After studying this, and readjusting his seat, he went through some more motions, but the machine still wouldn't work. I said, 'Why don't you give it a kick?' 'Well, anyway, you get the idea, Mr. Kheel,' he said. So we went upstairs and continued our talks in Dolly's office. Bert said to her, 'If you put the machine in, we're going to strike.' She did. He did. So she withdrew the machine after one day, and the strike was over. We then met again in her apartment and came to an agreement that she be allowed to use the computer for two days to get experience. This was called a breakthrough. She used it for two days, and then she sent it back. Dorothy was goddam lucky that Bert stopped her. She might have bought the machine. Bert's making a very serious effort to work out this automation project. The unions will not be able to withstand the onset of automation forever."

IN newspaper labor relations, fire-works and the bludgeon have not been the order of the day for some time. Powers' name is no longer a household word. (Not long ago, in an article in the financial section of the *Sunday Times*, he was twice called "Bertrand" and was identified as "head of International Typographical Union.") In recent months, he has been working behind the scenes, without public fanfare, on two of his biggest general concerns—automation and the stepping-up of minority-group employment in his local. He is a director of



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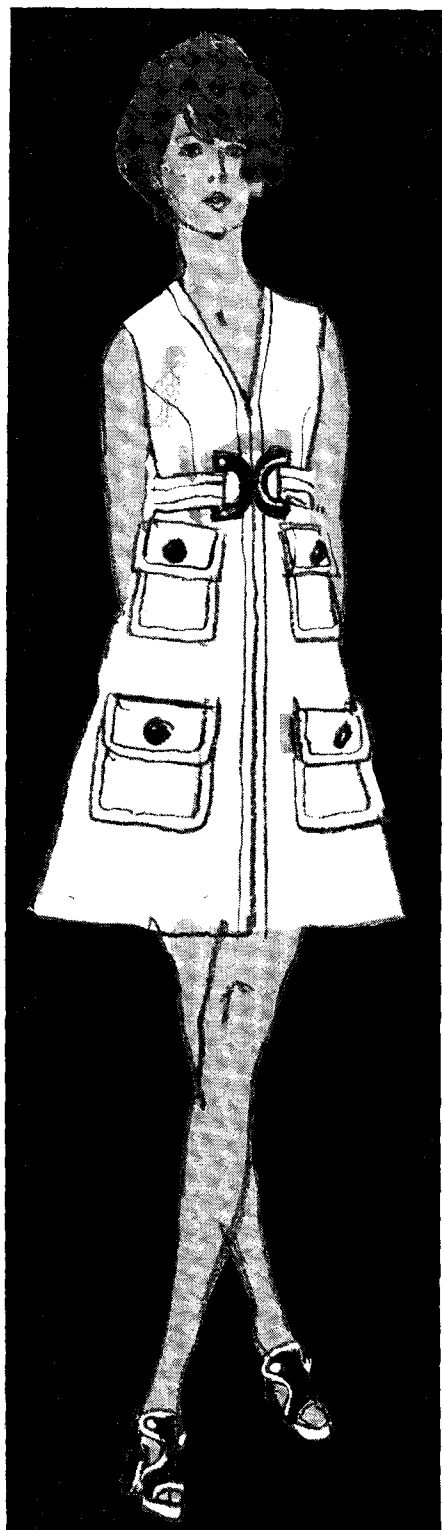
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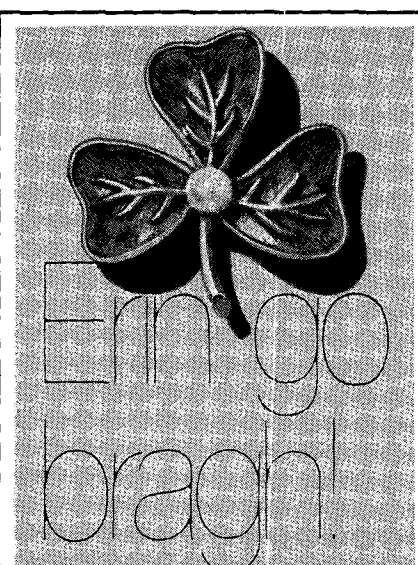
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the Urban Coalition, which aims to coordinate business, labor, and the public in setting up programs to help ethnic minorities, and he is most active in his own back yard. ("In the selection of apprentices, which traditionally favored the sons of members, Bert has seen that seniority was only one factor among many," Mr. Kelly has said. "His opposition to any expression of racial discrimination has been a revolutionary undertaking on his part—one in which he has had to overcome pressures from both labor and management.") Powers has also been busy with the day-to-day tasks of administering contracts, countersigning checks issued by his secretary-treasurer, listening to grievances, presiding at meetings, attending union funerals, and so on. Along with these chores and his professional technological and ethnic solicitude, he has been quietly concerned about the shrinking of the printing industry that has taken place in New York in recent years. At his instance, the publishers and the local have set up a joint labor-management fund, called the Research and Development Fund, of which Powers is chairman, and it has retained the public-relations firm of Ruder & Finn (whose other clients include John D. Rockefeller III) "to conduct a study and develop a large-scale program designed to promote the excellence and expertise of New York's typographical industry." The stated purpose of this program is "to retain the printing industry in New York City and to attract new printing business to the city." Plans are under way to advertise New York as the printing center of the world; last month, a four-page advertisement carrying this message appeared in a supplement to the *Sunday Times*.

Some of Powers' associates think that he misses the pyrotechnics of yesteryear ("A piece of lead pipe wrapped up in a newspaper—that's the name of the game," Mr. Gaherin said a while back), and they are dead right. Fireworks and the bludgeon now beckon; the household word may be revived. The likely sparkplug of these joyous possibilities is the March 30th expiration date of the current contracts between the ten unions and the four members of the Publishers Association: the *Times*, the *News*, the *Post*, and the *Long Island Press*. With this triennial deadline in mind, Powers has been holding intermittent conferences with publishers' representatives since last March. There have been some confrontations, but the sessions have been relatively low-keyed. Now the season is on. During the past month, more than



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A SONESTA HOTEL

twenty meetings have been held in the Association's boardroom, in the Daily News Building, with Powers and three other union leaders on one side of the bargaining table and the spokesmen for the four papers on the opposite side. "So far, these sessions have been mild," Powers said to a visitor in late February, "but we are beginning to tighten the screws. In a few days, we will veer off and concentrate on a single publisher. I know who it will be, but the publishers don't. The technique of divide. Isolate one. If one shuts down—by locking us out—the other three may join. If we tighten the screws too quickly, will the other three shut down? They know the answer. We don't. We're going to get a substantial wage increase, with or without a strike, but we're waiting for their offer. You have to keep moving around. Never state your aims precisely. I don't think printers are getting enough. You have to consider the wages that are being produced by similar skills. Look at costs of rent, commutation. Printers are not doing very well. It takes six years to become a journeyman. Can't replace off the street. Work hard. Under pressure. We've been widely criticized. There have been times when I felt our demands have been misstated. We really don't have that much to indicate that we've been tapping the till."

He lit a cigarette and continued, "This is the year of the dollar. But the publishers' idea of the dollar and mine may be of such variance that we may have a strike. The greatest possibility of this centers on the size of the package. Real action will come in April. We'll deadlock these meetings by March 7th. We'll announce no progress. The resultant threat of a strike will set in motion a chain of events whereby the International [Typographical Union] will enter into the negotiations—probably on March 15th. They'll try to resolve it. During the last two weeks, negotiations will be intensified. We'll be into the hard issues. We may have chapel meetings. Increase the pressure. May achieve something by attrition. The publishers will become apprehensive."

Mr. Powers lit another cigarette. "Come March 30th, the issues will not be resolved, or I'll be very much surprised," he said. "I can hardly wait for March 30th. I may regret what will have happened by then, but I can hardly wait. That midnight, we'll take out the lead pipe, unwrap it, and beat the publishers over the head. We'll try not to kill them."

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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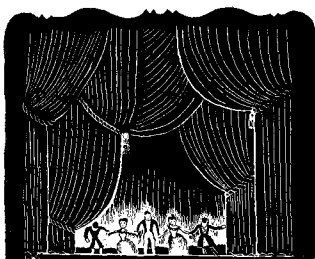


FAMILIAR FACES

BEFORE the curtain went up, I would have sworn I could muster at least seven hundred and fourteen reasons that the Phoenix Theatre people were ill-advised to offer a revival of "Harvey" as their contribution to the series of showcase productions being put on at the ANTA Theatre this season, but once the old warhorse of a comedy was under way I lost interest in reasons and even in reasonableness—I felt simply and mindlessly grateful to be in the presence of James Stewart playing, not for the first time, the role of Elwood P. Dowd, a bibulous Far Westerner with an unusual taste in companions. Mr. Stewart is fantastic. I have no doubt he could fill Madison Square Garden to capacity for months on end with selected readings from the Books of Habakkuk and Micah. He spellbinds us not by the words he utters but by the droll spaces he tucks between words: they amount to a sort of silent poetry of intimation and expectation, which something in the small-town intonation of Mr. Stewart's voice and in the roll of his incorruptible blue eyes renders irresistibly comic. Mr. Stewart was an officer in the Air Force during the Second World War, and I would have dreaded serving under him; he might have given me a command to carry out, and the odds are a thousand to one that I would have burst out into roars of laughter and rolled about on the ground. Mr. Stewart makes "Harvey" an occasion, and instead of criticizing the Phoenix people for bringing it back I congratulate them on their perspicacity. It is plain that they will make a lot of money out of it—Helen Hayes is Mr. Stewart's co-star, and she is notoriously big at the box office—and their emblematic bird, which has hitherto seemed as often a goose as a phoenix, will remain happily uncooked.

Mary Chase's comedy about an invisible white rabbit named Harvey and his troublesome effect on the Dowd family is, I guess, an American classic, but it is not much of a play. If it was a very old-fashioned piece of stage car-

penry when it was first produced, back in 1944, the carpentry is all the more noticeably creaky and wizened now; nevertheless, the silly contraption works, and audiences will go on forgiving those innumerable busy entrances and exits a hundred years from now, for when it comes to longevity, invisible white rabbits, especially if they are six feet two inches tall and like to sit in bars, drinking and passing the time of day, have a formidable edge on the rest of us. "Harvey" is an ideal play for children—that is as close as I can come to making an attack on it. If you are a grownup, you will find it slow (it is in three acts, and we have got used to two-act plays and are getting used to plays that are blessedly without any intermission at all), but, thanks to Mr. Stewart, I promise that you will be sufficiently entertained. Miss Hayes is an insistent performer, determined to exact the last measure of response from every scene, and, indeed, from every line; her effortful mugging perhaps served to heighten my pleasure in the artfulness of Mr. Stewart's apparent lack of effort. I also enjoyed Jesse White, as a brusque



attendant in a mental home called Chumley's Rest; Henderson Forsythe, as the high-strung psychiatrist for whom the restless Rest is named; Peggy Pope, as Mrs. Chumley; and Joe Ponazecki, as a young doctor who, pit-

ted against an invisible rabbit, obviously felt himself outmatched. The scenery and lighting are by James Tilton, the costumes are by Nancy Potts, and the direction is by Stephen Porter.

POOOR "Georgy"! I feel like a cad for saying a single unkind word about a show in which so many hard-working and indisputably talented people struggled in vain to turn a simulacrum of a real thing into a real thing. One of the difficulties attending this musical, which gave four performances at the Winter Garden, was that it followed too closely on the heels of the real thing from which it was borrowed—the brilliant movie of a few

years ago, starring Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Charlotte Rampling, and Alan Bates. At every point, the stage version proved thinner, less witty, less savage, and less touching than "Georgy Girl." It could have succeeded in establishing an identity of its own only if the songs had been exceptionally fine, but they weren't; in most cases, they merely got us from one point to the next—and it is in the nature of musical-comedy songwriting that the cleverness of some of the lyrics, by Carole Bayer, was unable to carry the music, which was by George Fischeff.

The cast was admirable. Dilys Watling made a valiant Georgy (she was perhaps a trifle too attractive for the ugly duckling she was intended to be); Melissa Hart was her fiercely sensual, fiercely independent roommate; John Castle was the young man who managed to love them both more or less at once; and Stephen Elliott was the older man whose infatuation with Georgy remained as inexplicable to him as it was to her. Louis Beachner was funny as a butler who, even in his cups, did not wish to become his master's buddy, and Helena Carroll was appropriately harsh as a prostitute with, for once, a heart that was only of silver, not gold. The settings and lighting were by Jo Mielziner, the costumes were by Patricia Zipprodt, and the pleasant dance numbers were choreographed by Howard Jeffrey. The show was ably directed by Peter Hunt.

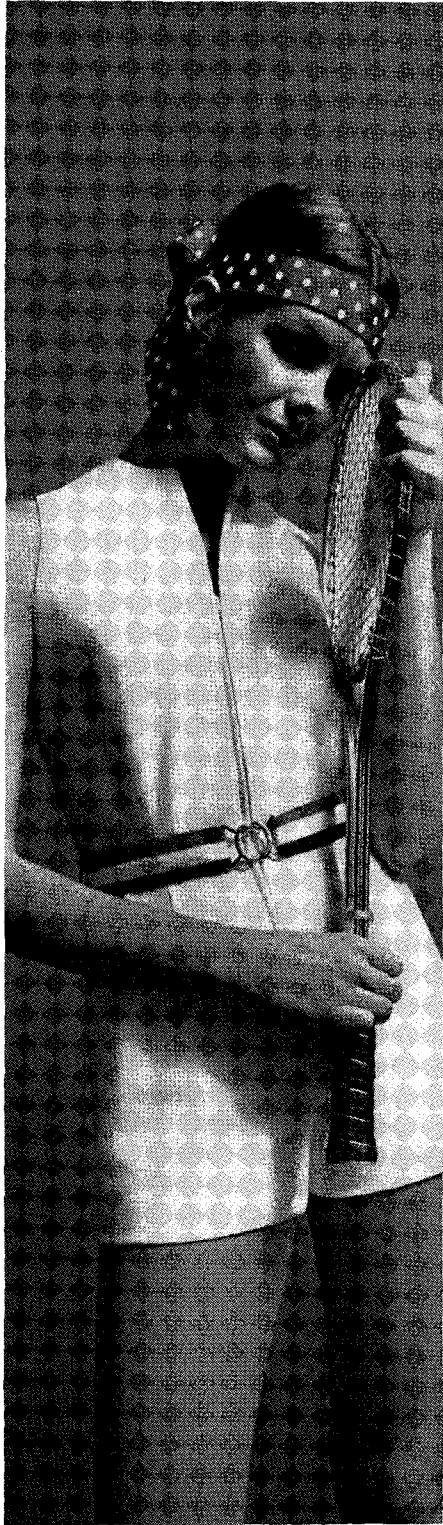
—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Down with Father

"THE CRIMINALS" was written by a living Cuban dramatist named José Triana. It was awarded a prize in Paris, where it was first performed by the Havana Theatre Studio, and a couple of seasons ago it was done by the Royal Shakespeare Company in London, in a translation by Adrian Mitchell, who changed the title from "The Night of the Assassins." Last week, it was presented here by the Phoenix Theatre, at the Sheridan Square, again in Mr. Mitchell's translation. The play is set in a tacky, messy room at the top of a house, its characters are a young man and his two young sisters, and its elements are vengeance, mock murder, blood, sex, ritual, and death—among other Hispanic commonplaces—along with a certain grim humor. I sound more disrespectful than I feel. There is a real play here, but the behavior and the words seem so remote that I have no opinion

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of it whatever. All I can say is that I certainly felt no regrets when it was over but that my attention never wavered. At any rate, the action is entirely a matter of games or charades in which the brother and sisters, at great emotional cost to themselves, act out their hatred for their parents—the father a petty, tyrannical drunk and the mother vain and indifferent—and for a number of other adults who they feel have destroyed their lives. Things get very theatrical and pirandellish as the players switch back and forth between their proper persons and impersonations of their elders, and one realizes that this ritual, with its odd conventions and incantations, has taken place many times before. But before it has always ended with the brother's report that he has killed the parents, and all three of them feeling a lot better after their second-hand catharsis. This time, at the urging of the younger sister, they carry the proceedings further—into an arrest and trial. At the end of the play, the younger sister wildly takes over, but to what purpose I cannot tell you. The play was directed by David Wheeler, and the actors are Penelope Allen, Barry Primus, and Linda Selman. All of them are alumni of the Theatre Company of Boston, which has been responsible for a number of valuable imports Off Broadway. Mr. Primus and Miss Selman have their good—or, at least, effective—moments. Miss Allen, as the younger sister, gives a sustained and consistently interesting performance. James Tilton's set is appropriately squalid.

—EDITH OLIVER

Nevertheless, with much deadwood left out, the 155,000 entry count for *The American Heritage Dictionary* is as high or higher than that of any comparable volumes.—*Promotional letter from James Parton, president of the American Heritage Publishing Company.*

Usage: Especially in written usage, as should be expressed twice in the following typical constructions, to indicate comparison: *This winter is as bad as last, or worse (not as bad or worse than last). He is as bright as, or brighter than, his brother (not as bright or brighter than).*—*American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language.*

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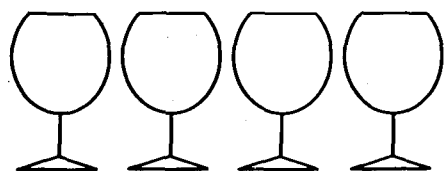
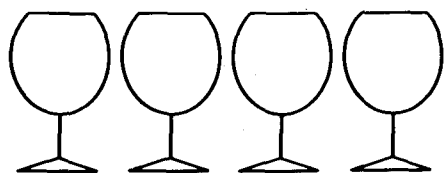
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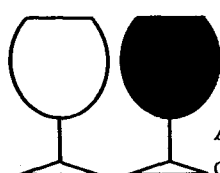
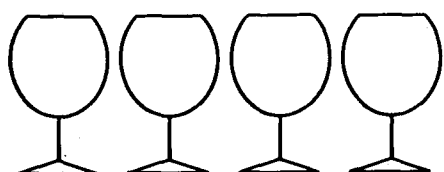


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LETTER FROM PARIS

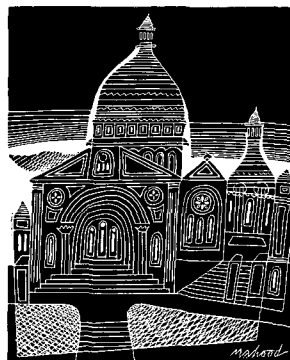
FEBRUARY 25

A QUARTER of a million people and one baby elephant—it had something to do with publicity, which the occasion hardly needed—were present at the public inauguration of the grandiose, ultra-modern Métro station named La Défense, the first new subway station to come into use on the just opened regional express line, which starts at the Étoile and will supposedly terminate in 1973 at the sedate suburban twelfth-century town of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where Louis XIV was born. La Défense, which is slightly less than five kilometres from the Arc de Triomphe, was so named because at that spot, west of Paris, the French troops made their last stand in 1870 to defend their city against the oncoming Germans in the Bismarckian war that overthrew the third Napoleon's empire and brought on the bloody Commune.

The Défense subway station is itself making a kind of history, in municipal construction here. Its gigantic upstairs concourse and waiting room give the key—an impeccable modernism, in every line and detail, carried out in satin-finished stainless steel, so that every surface gleams, heightening the sense of up-to-date speed by the power implicit in the style itself and its visible mechanisms, which are part of the show, such as the waiting room's multiple animated staircases, hoisting or lowering human beings standing in unbroken lines, as if posed, without moving through space yet participating in motion. Time, too, is polished into new fractions in this new station, so your ticket, as you slip it, to be cancelled, into a slot in the handrail by the stairhead, almost instantly pops up at you from a slot a few centimetres farther on, as if inviting you to hurry. In general, the station's waiting-room walls, when not infested with shops, are decorated on their steel surfaces with a semi-sculptured pattern of large cubes. The effect is impressive and obtrusively decorative.

We have all heard a great deal about Moscow's luxurious subway stations, and seen photographs of them, with their columns carved from marble, but in elegance, tone, and style the Soviet subway stations can't hold a candle to

La Défense, where the décor's material is nothing rarer than the common metal of machinery and commerce—mere steel. The style of the Défense subway station can be summed up as Fifth Republic and Now. In the long, curved corridors, the white tiled surface (mostly shiny, so as to defeat graffiti writers) has at the turns painted waves of pleasant Japanese-like colors (blue, green, or reddish), which are directional signals giving you news of where you are and how close you are to where you want to be, so you can catch the next train back to Paris. The new, quiet cars are scheduled to do the run from La Défense back to the Arc de Triomphe



during rush hours in four minutes, at a speed of seventy kilometres an hour. A second-class ticket costs one franc seventy centimes; first class—superior because the car is a little more comfortable and much less crowded—is two francs sixty. As for the many main-floor shops, those French who have been to Hollywood praise them, saying that the assemblage reminds them, with delight, of the Century City Shopping Center in Los Angeles. It is a remarkably complete and overreplete agora. Everything you cannot think of is there to remind you of what you had forgotten that you need, with florists and banks dominating, so you can carry flowers while you draw out more money, plus a post office, and on sale around you everything, from mini-skirts and maxicoats, motorcycle boots, airplane tickets and the rental of private airplanes to delicatessen foods of the highest quality at supermarket prices and Félix Potin wines at the same prices as in the Paris shops. And, of course, the inevitable "drugstore"—a term that in France has come to mean a snack bar or smallish restaurant. At the Défense, the drugstore is operated by Hachette, which yesterday was merely one of France's biggest book publishers but now, by owning a drugstore, has obviously diversified, or amalgamated—or whatever the new business processes are called that wipe out old-fashioned shops and small tradesmen. There is one Défense shop that is special. It is called Le Stand de Bricolage, and turns out to be a do-it-yourself shop, with a section for housewives in distress who bring in some-

thing to be repaired. The shop sells carpenter's tools and supplies, such as nails and small saws, and is one of the biggest shops operating there.

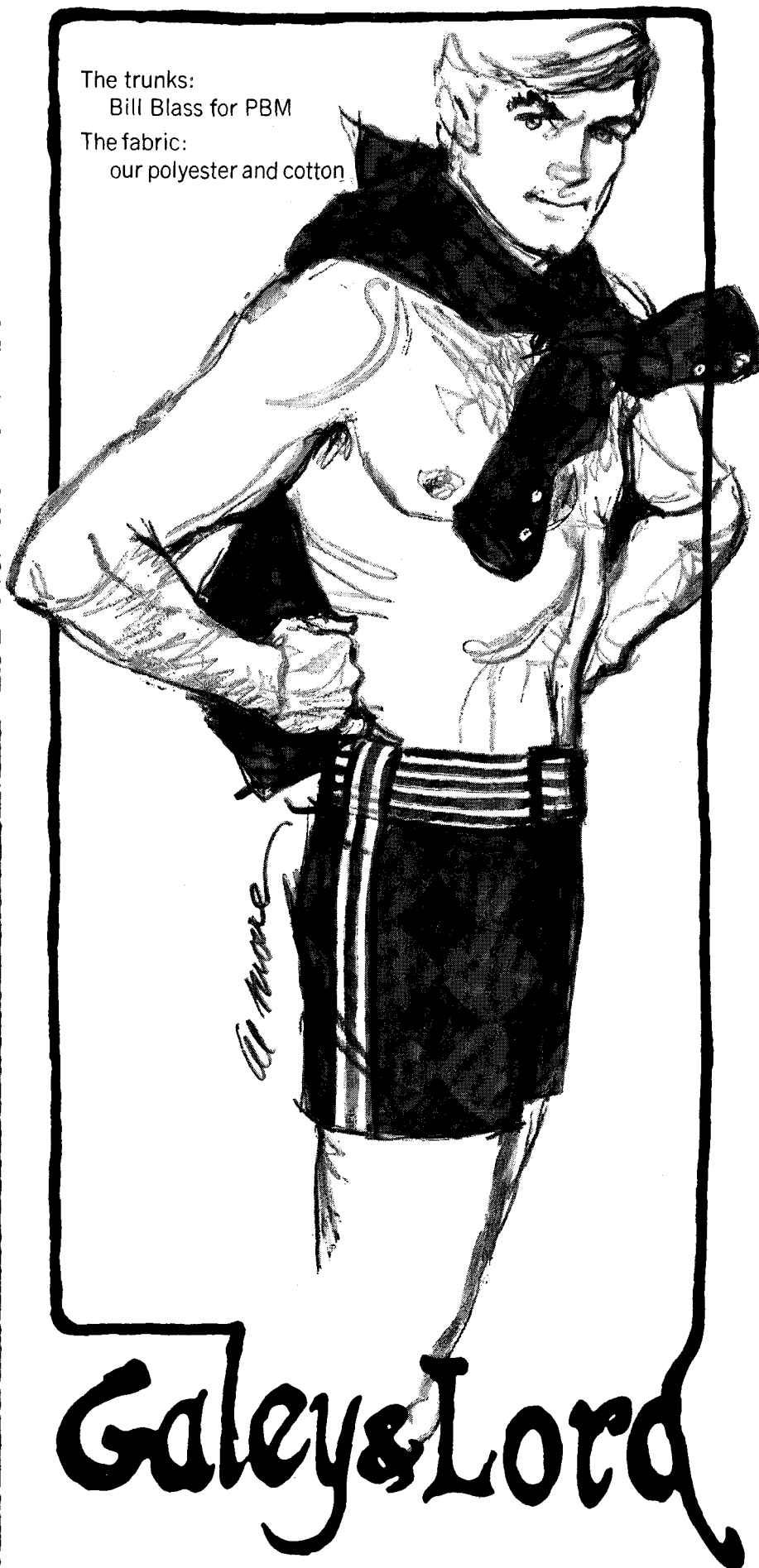
It took four years to dig the new Métro tunnel and build the Défense station. Around the Opéra, especially, with the Rue Scribe blocked by fences closing off half the traffic, the swarms of Algerian workers in red or white or yellow helmets, to protect them from their underground dangers, the chugging machinery, and the other impediments to the old familiar pleasant scene gave the entire center part of the city the appearance and sound of being what the French call *un chantier*, or work yard.

The French radio has just said that the Défense station goes down thirty metres, which is about the equivalent of eight stories. No one who is claustrophobic should go all the way down. The station is a triumphant example of work well performed, and Métro travellers there will be perfectly supplied with fresh air, bright light, and all comforts—including shiny little red chairs, rather like mushrooms, to sit upon—and probably companionable crowds. But as one strolls about in restless curiosity one feels one already knows the answer to the inquiry that the body itself reflexively poses: Isn't one indeed really very deep underground?

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR is an admirable, invaluable bluestocking. Throughout her literary life, she has been writing about what Shakespeare called the ages of man, which she, being of the feminine sex and also a feminist, has pursued with her French pen as the ages of women. She began with "Mémoires d'une Jeune Fille Rangée," the book on her own carefully brought-up adolescence, because she herself is always part of her source material in these matters. She had already written her great work of interpretation of France's generalities and particularities about French women, called, with asperity, "Le Deuxième Sexe;" that is to say, the lesser and secondary sex in the eyes of French history, law, and social consideration. This is the work she will be known by, into which she put the creative personal quality of her never helpless anger at the minimal degree of appreciation woman has been granted, and made a major contribution to raising it by her own scholarship and wisdom. As the ages of women were what she was herself living through, she wrote "Une Mort Très Douce"—a comment on the relation between

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mother and daughter, and a study of the long-drawn-out death by cancer of her mother, a formally Christian Frenchwoman of the old school, with whom she, since she was a modern agnostic, had always been on bad terms. She noticed, to her shock, that her mother's Christian reliances fell away and, like any unbeliever, she believed at the end only in living one more hour on earth, because "whether you think of it as heavenly or earthly, if you love life, immortality is no consolation for death." This is a bitter, important, analytical short book of verities. Her most recent work, now just published, is "La Vieillesse"—the fate of both sexes. In it she traces from antiquity to the present day the thoughts on old age that make up the book's first half. It is dry, incontestable, and without her customary personal enrichment of observation—in other words, not very interesting. The second half of the book is *engagé*, as the French say, meaning that it has political implications, which in her case are always toward the left and against bourgeois society. She sees old age as being endured unwillingly by old French people, for the most part poor, as a dreadful punishment inflicted by the employer class on those who can no longer earn their bread. She quotes Hemingway as saying, "Whether one chooses to retire or is forced to, to be retired and abandon one's occupation is equal to going into the tomb." All she can do with her energy is protest the treatment of impoverished old age in French institutions, where only lately, and in exceptional instances, have old couples, who in fact rarely survive together, been given the privilege of remaining with each other at the end of their days. The only fortifying section of her volume comes when she cites the cases of famous old people, largely French, who are renowned for refusing to bend the knee before old age, keeping themselves upright by their words, their expressed thoughts. She quotes Chateaubriand, who said, "Old age is a shipwreck," which is what de Gaulle later said, almost with kindness, of Marshal Pétain in his *déchéance*. Her fifth chapter is a compendium of statements made by exceptional human beings over the centuries, and is especially to be read by those interested in eventual consolation, if that is possible—to be read, in any case, for the fortitude, or sometimes the strangeness, of the elderly reaction. To begin with, she quotes the poet Aragon. "*Que s'est-il donc passé? La vie, et je suis vieux*," he wrote. She herself, at the age of forty,

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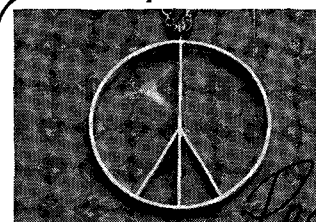
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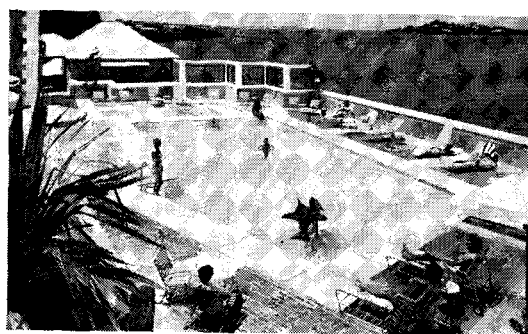
stood incredulous before a mirror and told herself her age. "Old age," she writes, intelligently defining it for herself, "is a new state of biological equilibrium. If the operation takes place without shocks, the aging person does not notice the changes." She quotes Mme. de Sévigné, who in 1689, having received from Mme. de La Fayette a letter that said, "You are old," wrote to her daughter, "I don't feel any decay that I can recall. However, I often think about it, and I find the conditions of life hard enough. It seems to me that in spite of myself I have pulled along to the fatal point where one has to suffer old age. As I see it, there I am, and I would like at least to manage to go no further, would like not to advance on this road of infirmities, sufferings, the losses of memory. . . . There, however, lies the fate of all those who go a little too far in life." At sixty-eight, Casanova said spiritedly to someone who called him "a venerable old man," which, in the light of his ebullient past, he rightly resented, "I have not yet arrived at that miserable age at which one can no longer pretend to be alive." Mme. de Beauvoir quotes Baudelaire, still young, writing with disgust, "I have more recollections than if I were a thousand years old." At the age of fifty-four, Flaubert, to whom being alive always seemed an exhausting undertaking, was desperate: "Life is not gay. . . ." "I regard myself as a dead man." "I wish to die as quickly as possible, for I am finished, emptied and older than if I were a hundred." Gide was made of sterner stuff. At the age of sixty-five, he wrote, "I can hardly convince myself of the fact and certainly hardly feel it. The space is narrow where my desires and my joy, my virtues and my will can still hope to spread themselves. They have never been more demanding." Later, he added, "I hardly feel my age, and without managing to convince myself I say to myself every hour of the day, 'My poor old fellow, you are seventy-three and a bit more.'" "I have never met a woman, either in literature or in life," Mme. de Beauvoir interrupts her quotations to say for herself, "who considered her old age with complacency. . . . I know only one self-portrait of an old man that is truthfully gay—that which the artist Monet painted of himself for Clemenceau. Though a certain part of his eyesight was blurred and he could no longer see the colors clearly, he never stopped painting. He used his memory to make up for his loss in perceptions. Then,

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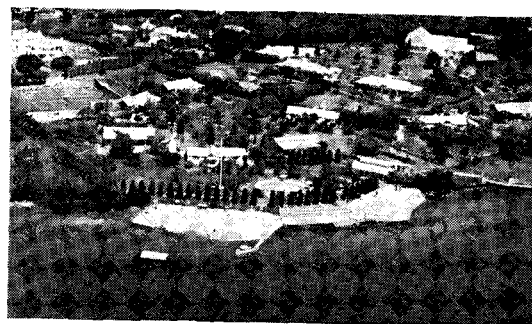
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AN important new hour-and-a-half French film has been screened here as a special feature in a half-dozen midtown movie houses. A film that perhaps will not be shown in New York, it is called "36" and is an account, by means of old newsreel clips, of the Front Populaire of 1936 as it burst over Paris in a mixture of rebellion and joy. It has been assembled by Henri de Turenne, the well-known star reporter for *France-Soir* and Paris TV producer. Thinking things over, he was struck by the similarity of the student street rebellions of the spring of 1968 to the genesis of the Front Populaire, and gave a year to piecing together old bits of film as a form of relating a segment of French history. The film's guideline was written by Jean-François Revel, literary critic of *L'Express*, and the narration of the events shown was done by the actor-singer Serge Reggiani. It is a thrilling documentary movie, because it is filled with great expectations, great hopes, and very considerable political victories, on which contemporary France was in part founded and still functions now. As the commentary points out, the Front Populaire was a social rather than a political revolution. What it obtained for the French, as great victories, were the forty-hour work week; a fortnight's paid vacation, for the first time in French history; the nationalization of the Banque de France, which until then had been the private property of the ill-famed two hundred richest families of France; an immediate pay increase for the worker class; and recognition of the

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right of unions to a voice in factory affairs. Because the Front Populaire period included much effervescence, it was riddled with strikes, one of them by the newsreel photographers, who consequently made no newsreels. De Turenne has used newsreels of the period made by American and other foreign photographers, which he found in the files of film companies and museums. What is wonderful about "36" is that, for once, such a film contains no police brutality. Its excitement lies in the spectacle of thousands of men and women marching exultantly on the Paris boulevards and shouting with confidence about soon having a better life.

The film contains some speeches made during the Front Populaire's opening days by the Socialist leader Léon Blum—correct and bourgeois-looking in his well-cut clothes, and with a curious high, fastidious voice—and also a speech by the young Malraux about his Goncourt Prize novel, "La Condition Humaine." Another speechmaker was the Socialist Édouard Herriot, the former Premier—portly, impressive, intellectual. Blum was so courteous a Socialist politico that after the Front Populaire party was elected to power, he offered the proper constitutional delay to his opponents before forming his government, which, alas, soon fell. But what the Front Populaire gained remained, and the way it was gained is certainly not forgotten, even though it all happened more than thirty years ago. François Giscard d'Estaing, now Minister of Finance of the Fifth Republic, was only a schoolboy of ten during the Front Populaire; President Pompidou was twenty-five.

There is a feeling of considerable relaxation, and even relief, in Paris now because Pompidou's conversation with the press corps in Washington passed off so well, and on his part so wittily.

—GENÊT

In his two-hour charge to the jury, Hoffman took pains to note that the right of free speech is "one of the most vital and precious liberties we have . . . protected by the First Amendment."—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.

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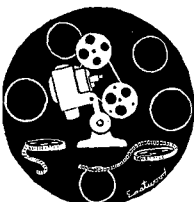
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Recognizable Human Behavior

"LOVING" is an unusual movie—compassionate but unsentimental. It looks at the failures of middle-class life without despising the people; it understands that they already despise themselves. Although it doesn't try to spare the characters, and it is sometimes rather wry in its humor, there's a decency—almost a tenderness—in the way that the director, Irvin Kershner, is fair to everyone. He shows the lives of mediocre people for what they are, but he never allows us to feel superior to them.

Kershner is a director who has been on the verge of broad recognition for over a decade. Among Hollywood legends are the stories that people tell of seeing Kershner's "The Hoodlum Priest" before the studio reedited it, and of how Jack Warner suddenly got the point of "A Fine Madness," discovered that it was "anti-social," and ordered it recut. Despite everything, Kershner generally managed to bring some intelligence to the screen in at least a few sequences of each film, and traces of his original intentions would also shine through now and then. There was the ravenous energy of Sean Connery as the artist-hero of "A Fine Madness," walking across a bridge in a way that told us the world was his; and the friendless young ex-convict of Keir Dullea in "The Hoodlum Priest," so tense and pale that his fear of society was a justified neurosis. And in the film that Kershner made in Canada, "The Luck of Ginger Coffey," Robert Shaw and Mary Ure, skilled professionals in other films, were suddenly—maybe for their only time on the screen—believable human beings. "The Luck of Ginger Coffey" was a picture that one knew—even while watching it and admiring the love and craftsmanship that had gone into it—wouldn't be a commercial success, no matter how much reviewers praised it. Not only was it the story of a loser but structurally and dramatically it ran downhill, and further down than the material really warranted. Though "Loving" is emotionally very similar, it doesn't drag one down that way; it's a more playful film, and the time may now be right for Kershner's temperament and talent. In 1964, concern for the lives of losers like Ginger Coffey was considered depressing, but, the way the world has changed, what seemed too



downbeat five years ago may seem hopeful now. And movies have been on such a crash course of shock and depersonalization that concern for people, whether they're winners or losers, may in itself be inspiring—almost healing. Back then, Kershner's subtleties and his balanced approach to character didn't stand much chance with the mass movie audience, which wanted entertainment that was easier to respond to. In most big movies, responses were built into the product; you were signalled when to be afraid, when to swallow the lump in your throat, when to be

awed, as clearly as if cue cards were being held up for you. In essence, they were. But it is no longer true that no one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the American public; look at the figures on "Doctor Dolittle." The European moviemakers who became popular at the art houses helped to break down the acceptance of predigested entertainment, and during the last year talented Americans who in the past were frustrated and crushed by the studio heads have finally been making contact with audiences who are willing to work out their own responses.

The company releasing "Loving" has been publicizing it as if it were for the older audience; I think the young audience will respond, too, because it's a good movie: not a great movie but a good one—better than one expects, and different from other movies. It isn't callous, and it isn't bitter; though more sophisticated in its comedy, it resembles the Czech movies that have been giving American audiences the pleasure of seeing recognizable human behavior. I think the young audience will discover it; unlike the movie companies, the young don't all swallow the mass-media line about youth's being interested only in youth. "Loving" may be a key film, even a turning point in films, because it assumes (I hope rightly) that we will care about its characters *although they are just the kind of people it is currently so easy to treat with contempt*—the people from whom the educated young audience that now talks of reverence for life sprang.

Kershner is fortunate in having as his middle-class anti-hero George Segal, an actor with a core of humor and a loose, informal sense of irony, and one who radiates human decency and

likable human weakness. He has perhaps the warmest presence of any current screen actor. I don't know anyone who doesn't like Segal—not just Segal the actor but Segal the person who comes through in the actor—and this is an immense advantage to the movie, because even though he plays a mediocre, failed artist, we like him to start with and can't dismiss him without dismissing almost all of humanity. Segal gives what I think is his best performance. The story is of the artist's dissatisfaction with his life. He's a freelance illustrator, plodding along from one grubby job he hates to the next, making good money but never making enough money, fighting off decisions until they're made for him. There's no word for the defeats of a limited man; one can't quite call "Loving" a tragicomedy, any more than one could quite call "L'Avventura" a tragedy. Segal's hero never rises high enough for a classic fall, but he's aware of his stumbling. He's a bit of a clown, but he's not a fool; he's a poor bastard trying to make a living, do right by his wife and children, and keep the possibility open that he could yet be a dashing, gifted artist. The new girl he longs to run away with is not very different from his wife—only younger, and not bound down by his children. As the wife, Eva Marie Saint gives a stunning performance in what might have been a cliché role (and what she herself has played in the past as a cliché role). It's wonderful to see what reserves of talent performers can sometimes draw upon when they get the chance. Miss Saint lets us see that the wife doesn't have many illusions about her husband or herself. She knows what will happen to her if he leaves; there's not much she can do except try to hang on, and it's a humiliating position. But she's not just a hanger-on; she's a tough, gallant woman who will somehow manage to take care of her children whatever her husband does. As for the hero, his life is a mess, but it's not a tragic, austere mess, and, unlike Antonioni's hero-failures, he manages to blot out his troubles and have a pretty good time. The movie keeps a sane—often funny—perspective on his wriggling this way and that.

The script, by Don Devlin, is somewhat sparse, and this seems rather negligent, since in the novel it's based on—"Brooks Wilson Ltd.," by J. M. Ryan—there is material that might have given the movie a richer substance and more of the resonances of American middle-income life. Because the script isn't full enough, we become too

mindful of every action and vocal inflection; we get the feeling that the director is trying to stretch the material and make it count for more than it's worth. Nevertheless, "Loving" is Kershner's best-sustained film. From start to finish, it's a demonstration of his sensibility and his superb craftsmanship. It's a relief to see such a harmonious, beautifully rhythmized piece of moviemaking, and a special pleasure to see an American movie that's so quietly detailed. The score, by Bernardo Segall (who also scored "Ginger Coffey"), is unusually delicate for an American movie score, and Gordon Willis's camerawork serves the conception gracefully and unostentatiously. This is a modest and somewhat obviously controlled picture. It doesn't reveal the exuberance or the liberated, explosive intelligence that has sometimes broken through in bits of Kershner's other films, but there are remarkably fine moments: domestic scenes between Eva Marie Saint and the children; Segal just standing and looking at his two daughters through the window of a dress shop—exceptionally unsentimentalized children, who are simultaneously alien to their father's life and at the center of it.

Sensibility has become so rare in movies that to see people on the screen whom one can relate to is a gift of feeling. The characters in "Loving" seem to have believable human reactions and conversations, for a change. Kershner doesn't strike attitudes; he opens up these people's lives to the camera and reveals that they don't really mean to hurt each other, that they do it out of carelessness—or, sometimes, when they do what they want, it just goes wrong for other people and they can't help it. After so many movies that come on strong with big, flamboyant truths, a movie that doesn't pretend to know more than it does but comes up with some small truths about the way the middle class sweats gives us something we can respond to; it gives us something we desperately need from the movies now—an extension of understanding.

TO paraphrase Groucho's "Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped," either Frank D. Gilroy (of "The Subject Was Roses") has a barely visible talent or I have a blind spot. His script (based on his own play) for George Stevens' "The Only Game in Town" has the wrong kind of simplicity, and his attempts at sprightly badinage have that leaden jocularly which makes you know you should respond, though you can't for the life of

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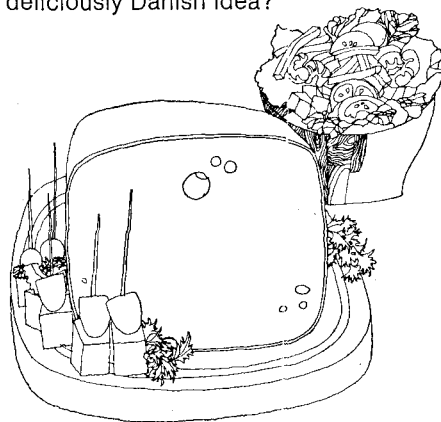
you figure out how. You can feel your facial muscles trying to settle on something—like those people on TV talk shows trying to laugh politely at bad jokes without making fools of themselves. George Stevens' attentiveness to the actors might have shown to some advantage if the script weren't so transparent; there's nothing behind the dialogue, no sense of the texture of people's lives. It's a movie that should never have been made, because everyone will see through it. After the initial pleasure of finding Elizabeth Taylor looking prettier than she has looked in years, and watching Warren Beatty's attractively relaxed style, it turns into a sluggish star vehicle of the old, bad days. This love story of a gambling musician and a chorus girl is set in Las Vegas, but it was shot mainly in Paris, and there are long sequences of such blinding banality that you begin to wonder if the credit to Henri Decae, one of the world's great cinematographers, could be some kind of joke. Miss Taylor has a sweetness and, despite her rather shapeless look, a touching quality of frailty (like some of the women stars of an earlier era, as she gets older she begins to have a defenseless air about her), but the plot makes her ridiculous. Beatty is obviously younger than she is, and he's in fine shape, so when she prolongs this pokey, drowsy movie by stalling on his honorable marriage proposal, the audience gets so impatient you half expect to hear that old movie-house cry "Say yes so we can all go home!"

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OUT ME," a spoof of swashbucklers, begins bouncing, with some neat parodies and with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. But the script doesn't hold up, Bud Yorkin's direction is flaccid, and Sutherland smirks and mugs through his dual role. The picture turns silly, but at least it doesn't turn sour. It's worth mentioning mainly for Hugh Griffith, who is oddly poignant as a befuddled Louis XVI, and for Wilder. Wilder has a fantastic shtick. He builds up a hysterical rage about nothing at all, upon an imaginary provocation, and it's terribly funny. It's the sort of thing one wouldn't expect to work more than once, but it works each time and you begin to wait for it and hope for it—it's a parody of all the obscene bad temper in the world. Wilder's self-generated neurasthenic rage could be-

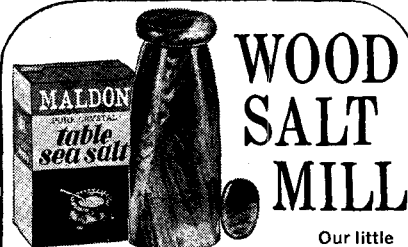
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UNFUNNY Camp is contemptible. "The Magic Christian," Terry Southern's novel, relocated in England and directed by Joseph McGrath, has been made into such an inert collection of bad jokes that even the mean-spiritedness of the original fails to come through. There were occasional flashes of vicious wit in the book; the movie is merely unpleasant. The cast of stars and guest celebrities who act out the demonstration that every man has his price appear to be the venal rich insulting the venal poor.

JOSEPH STRICK's movie version of Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" is an entertaining little sex comedy—a trifling series of vignettes and sex fantasies about Americans abroad, with bits of Miller's language rolling out, happy and bawdy. The movie is so much less than the book that it almost seems deliberately intended to reduce Henry Miller—probably the funniest American writer since Mark Twain—to pipsqueak size. I'm sure this isn't deliberate, however. Having seen several Strick adaptations by now (Genet's "The Balcony" and Joyce's "Ulysses" preceded "Tropic of Cancer" to the block), I think the diminution is an all but inevitable result of Strick's methods. He adapts "daring" literary classics the way a Broadway playwright adapts a successful Parisian farce; that is, he picks out the scenes and lines and characters he thinks will travel (to the movie medium). Since he gives no evidence of independent imagination and doesn't invent, his adaptations can be called "faithful" to their sources. Though Strick's approach hasn't changed, his "Tropic of Cancer" doesn't have the respectful library worminess of his flat, unfunny "Ulysses;" that was really a sobering experience. At least, this movie of "Tropic of Cancer"—careless and slipshod though it is—makes one laugh, and, unlike his "Ulysses," it won't be mistaken for a classic. (I have already heard "Tropic of Cancer" panned by a television reviewer as a "filthy picture." That probably means he had a good time at it.) I enjoyed the movie and I think others will, too, though there's something rather tacky and second-hand about it that prevents us from laughing very deeply. One could hardly guess from this thin trickle of jokes that Henry Miller is the closest an American has come to Rabelais. It's rather discouraging to read in *Variety*,



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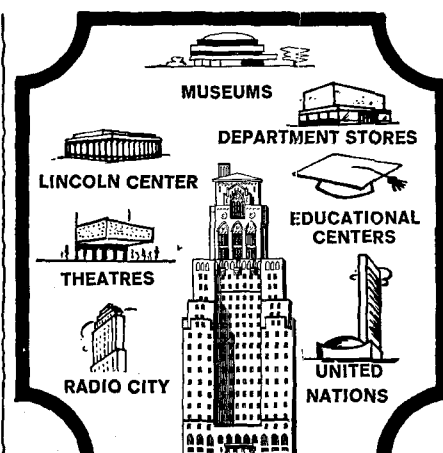
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"The fault, however, may not be Strick's at all, because, stripping away the once-shocking dialogue which formerly made 'criminals' out of many a returning American tourist, what is there left? A few philosophical truisms, little more. This wouldn't be the first film to show up an established book writer." I have an uncomfortable feeling that the movie may have come out at a time when some members of the press are eager to prove that they draw the line *somewhere*, so this harmlessly amusing movie (and the sublimely funny book it derives from) may take an unjustified trouncing.

The movie doesn't begin to suggest the American tradition that Miller belongs to—or, more exactly, belonged to, because it is by discounting his work after the thirties that one can clearly see him as the link between "Leaves of Grass" and the beats, and, of course, as the precursor of Mailer. Since the movie doesn't bother to keep the book in its period, Miller loses his place in history and, with it, his originality. We lamented the time change in "Ulysses," yet had to forgive it, because we recognized the difficulty and expense of re-creating Dublin as it was in 1904, but there's no good excuse in this case. Moviemakers who modernize books usually say that the period doesn't matter, that the work is "universal," but what makes Miller's book "universal" is that it is the story of the bum as writer at a particular period, which made him a particular kind of bum. Earlier or later, he might have been a thief or a professor; in his time, he was the Joe Gould who wrote. Taken out of the bohemian Depression milieu of rootless Russian and American expatriates scrounging around Paris in the early thirties, the anecdotes are no longer parts of life stories. They don't connect with anything; they're just small jokes. Because American moochers abroad are younger now, the characters all seem tired and over-age, and we never really know what these people are doing there. When the story is made timeless, the characters are out of nowhere, and the author-hero is not discovering a new kind of literary freedom in self-exposure, he's just a dirty not-so-young man hanging around the tourist spots of Paris. Strick tosses in so many starts of parades and tourist views that at times the movie feels like a travelogue (and one that isn't particularly well shot, either); luckily, the fast edit keeps the action from sagging.

George Orwell said that Miller treated English as "a spoken language, but spoken *without fear*," and Orwell



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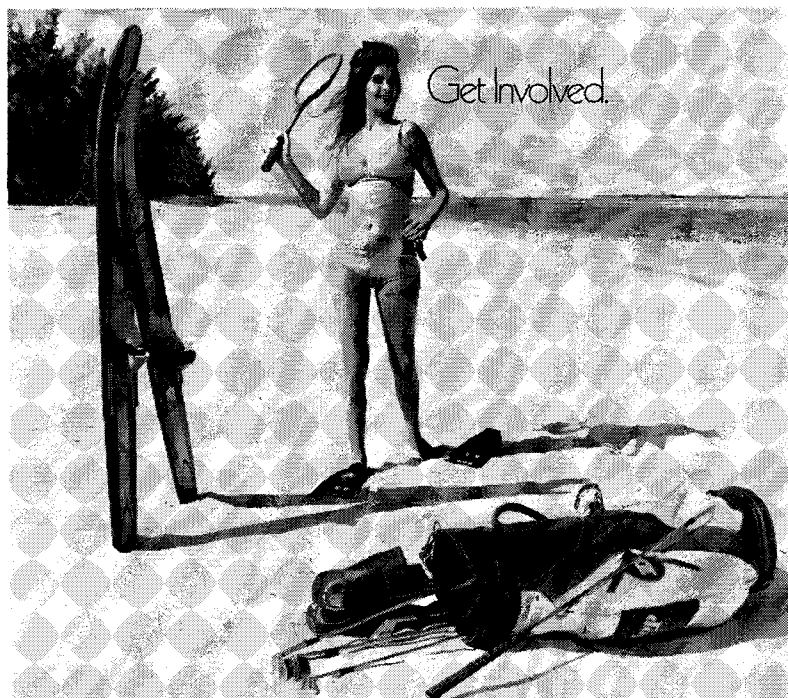
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was referring not just to the fact that Miller's language rode right over the taboos but to the fact that it was "without fear of rhetoric or of the unusual or poetical word" and was "a flowing, swelling prose, a prose with rhythms in it." One hears Miller's prose as one reads him; at Berkeley in the late thirties, when a classmate of mine got hold of a smuggled-in copy of "Tropic of Cancer," our immediate impulse was to read him aloud. But when that same prose is used in the film as a voice-over narration, it doesn't have the drive of common speech, it has the static fake poetry of cultivated literary language. Somehow, Strick has performed a reverse miracle—a feat like turning bread into stones.

When I saw the movie and started to think about the book again, I realized that I remembered it filtered through the Orwell essay "Inside the Whale," which came out in 1940. Orwell clarified the feelings we undergraduates had about Miller; in a sense, he authenticated our excitement, not just by agreeing with us but by helping us to understand why we felt as we did. "Tropic of Cancer" is now easily available for ninety-five cents, but it comes with an introduction explaining enthusiastically, "If one had to type him [Miller] one might call him a Wisdom writer, Wisdom literature being a type of literature which lies between literature and scripture; it is poetry only because it rises above literature and because it sometimes ends up in bibles." This was not what drew us to Miller—Wisdom literature is what I can do without. Miller's later writing, full of boozy mysticism about his creativity and lyrical bulling about his sexual prowess, is what Orwell anticipated when he said Miller might "descend into unintelligibility, or into charlatanism." "Tropic of Cancer" had a liberating spirit, because it seemed *totally* without hypocrisy. This basic appeal of the book doesn't emerge in the movie, owing to something so obvious one might not think of it. In the book, Miller sees friends in terms of the possible meal or bed he can cadge from them, women in terms of their sexual possibilities. Miller seems to bring us closer to "reality," seems to bring art closer to truth. But when we're reading him we don't think of his sexual hyperbole as objective description; we don't assume, for example, that all the women Miller meets are sexy sluts visibly panting for what he can give them. In the movie, however, Strick has made the outer circumstances correspond to the inner vision. This disintegrates the meanings;



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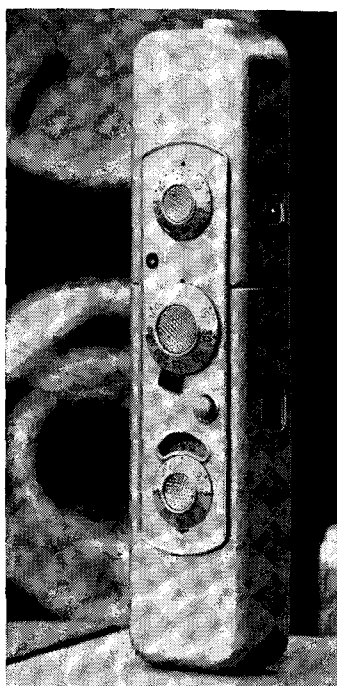
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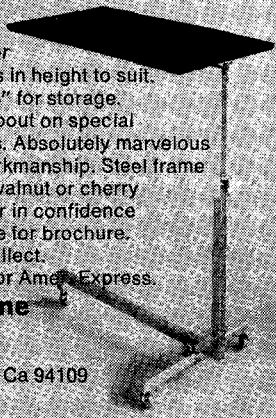
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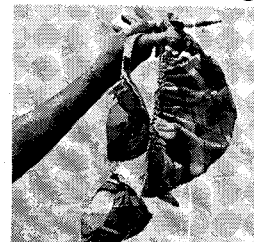
the levels of comedy collapse, and the narrator-hero's character collapses, too. In the book, the hero is amazing because he takes such joy in the diversity of possible pleasures; one imagines him as a mild little man with all-embracing tastes, a man eager to try whatever he can get, being excited by even the most unlikely ladies. In the movie, no eye for hidden possibilities is necessary. Joseph Strick's fantasy life being more limited than Henry Miller's, the women are the same bundles of lust that they are in the dull porny pix all over town. Not only are they the same easily available and badly used type, they're nearly all around the same age.

The whole movie lacks contrasts, depth, surprises. It succeeds best with two characters, Fillmore (James Callahan), whose essential American innocence is really lovely, and Carl (David Bauer), who has a sizable discrepancy between his surface character and what we see of his self-deceptions and lies. But Miller, one of the great characters in American literature—Huck Finn as a starving expatriate—is just a straight man for Fillmore and Carl. Considering that Rip Torn is almost completely wrong for the role of Miller—that he's cast against his usual type, and even against his own physical tensions—he does quite well. Miller the hero of the book is a joyful coward who will always sneak away rather than face an unpleasant scene. Torn is a tight actor whose face can split in a mean grin or a satyr's crooked smile. Miller needs not a satyr's smile but the satyr's soul of an ordinary man. Torn manages to kill the hostility that had become his stock in trade, and he's quite amiable, but he is never really loose or passive or relaxed, never the hero whose heroism is his acceptance of whatever comes his way, never really friendly. And that may be another reason the narration—which is about openness to experience—sounds so phony.

With the actual Henry Miller available, the director couldn't think of anything to do with him but to plunk him into a shot, just standing in front of a church. The poverty of imagination represented by that shot haunts me. I've been torturing myself thinking of the ways that Strick would probably use other authors if they were around. If he made a film of "Hamlet," he might stuff Shakespeare into a seat at the Globe watching the performance; in his "Don Quixote," Cervantes could be planted among the guests dining at an inn; and so on.

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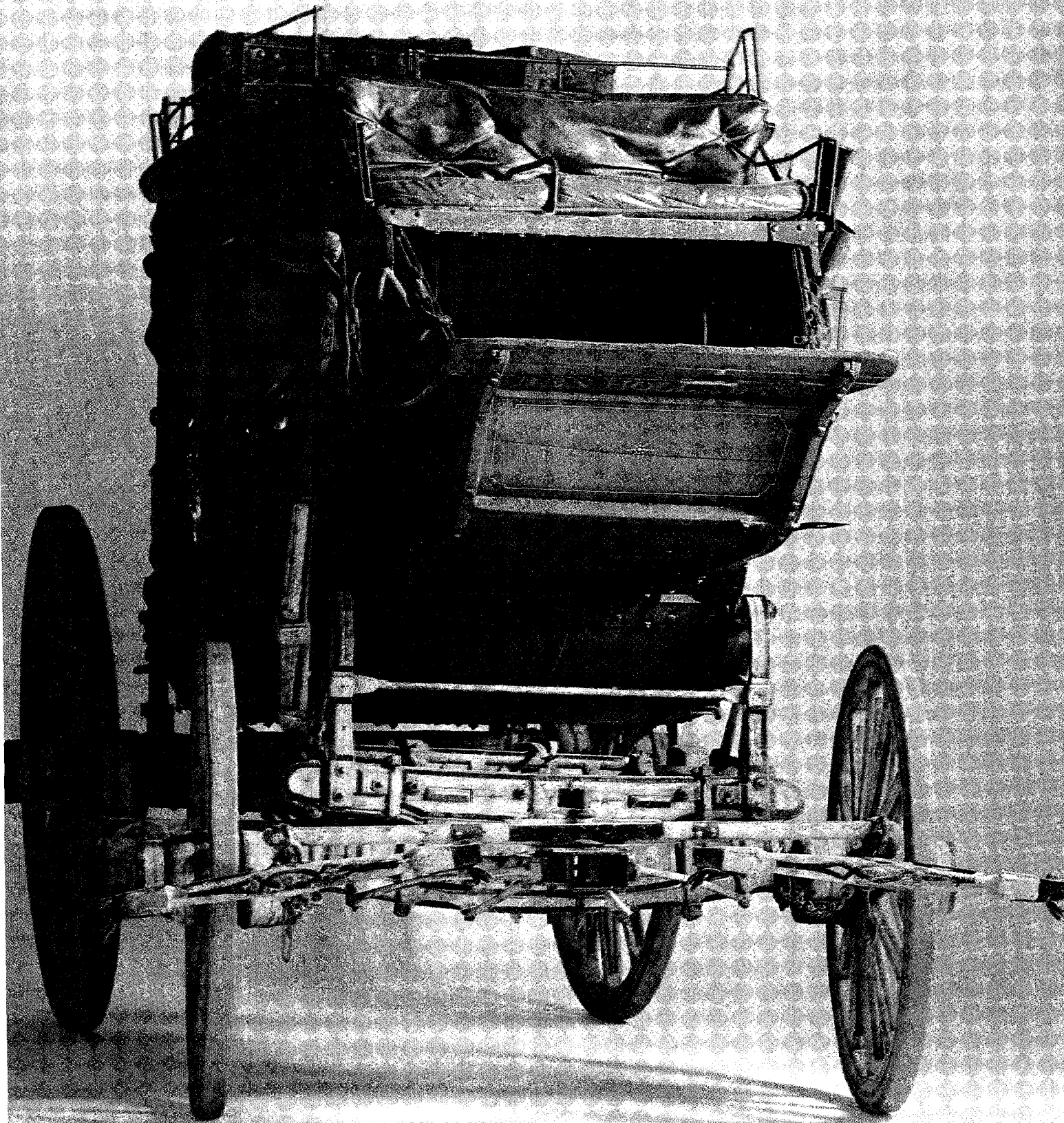
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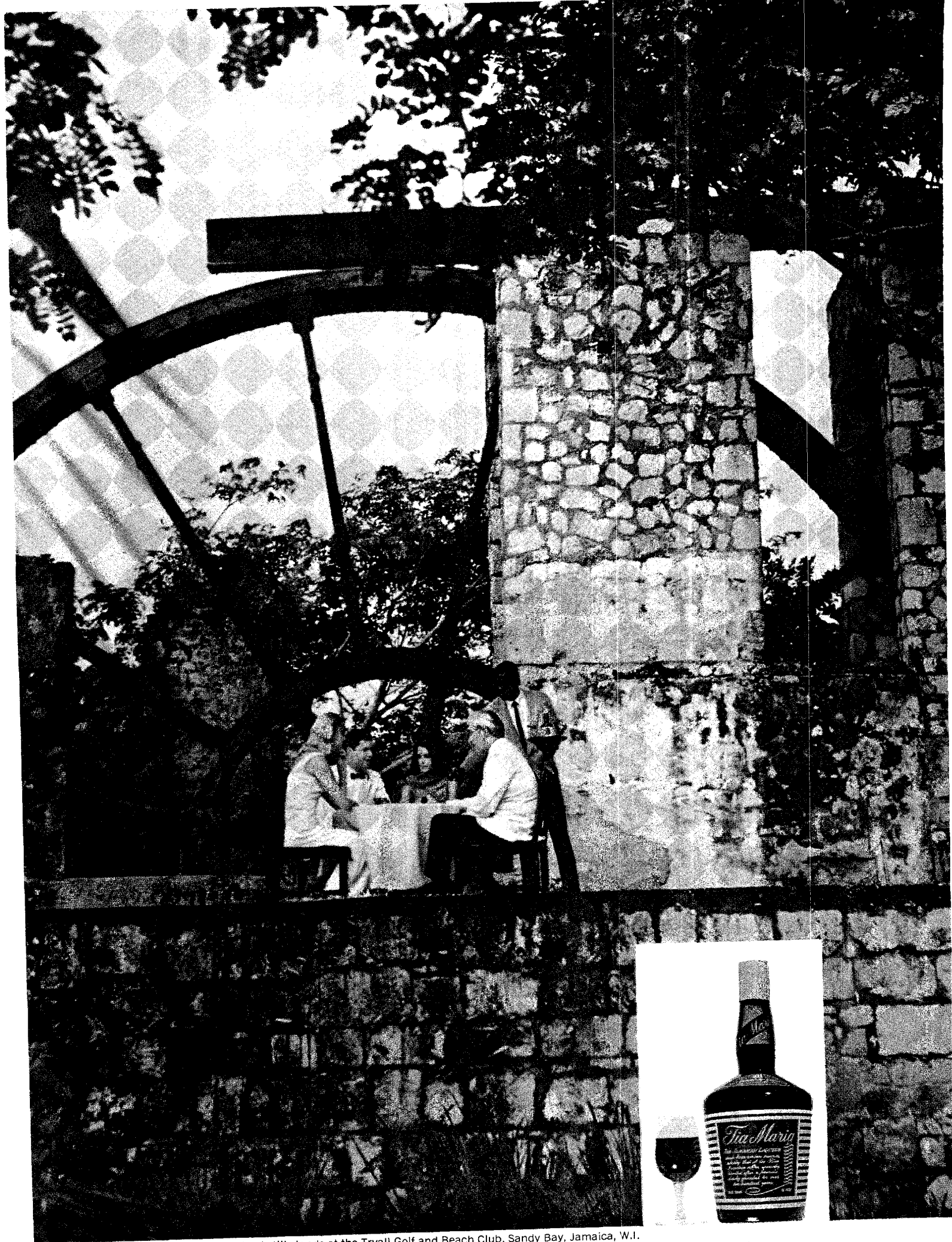
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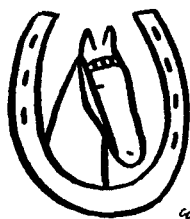
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THE RACE TRACK

Fast Action



IF it isn't a famine, it's a feast. Last week, there were blue-ribbon events all over the shop. Bowie had its biggest day of the season on Saturday, the

springlike weather bringing a crowd of twenty thousand to the track in the pines for the John B. Campbell Handicap, the trump card of the meeting. Because there were eighteen runners, and the racecourse isn't wide enough for that many to have a fair go, the field was split. (The management also split the purse, but, even so, the winner's share in each was a tidy \$39,910, which wasn't too hard to take.) In the first division, Calumet Farm's Best Turn caught Friend's Choice, the pacemaker, on the turn for home and went on to win by three-quarters of a length from Sea Castle. North Flight was third. Much the same thing happened in the second division: Mitey Prince, who is owned by Baird C. Brittingham, the president of Delaware Park, wore down Distinctive and then pulled away in the last furlong to go under the wire by seven lengths, with Bushido second and Spring Double third. I liked the comment of a *Morning Telegraph* selector on the chances of Mitey Prince: "Might surprise." He did, and paid a \$31 mutuel. As you know, the Campbell was named in memory of Jack Campbell, who for years was the official handicapper to the Jockey Club, as well as for Bowie and so many other tracks that I don't remember half of them. He was a native of Louisiana, and one of his relaxations was cooking Creole dishes that matched the best you'd get at Galatoire's or Antoine's in New Orleans.

WELL, it's three straight for Vent du Nord. He won last weekend's Hialeah Turf Cup Handicap more easily than he won the Palm Beach Handicap or the Bougainvillea earlier on. Carrying 124 pounds and giving big weight to ten other starters, he took command after going a mile of the mile and a half. Drumtop was second and War Censor third. Hitchcock, the German horse who gave Vent du Nord such a tussle in the Bougainvillea, was never close, finishing eighth.

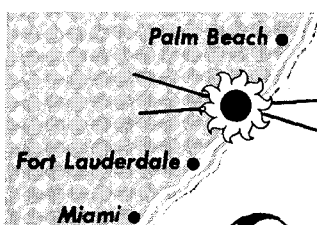
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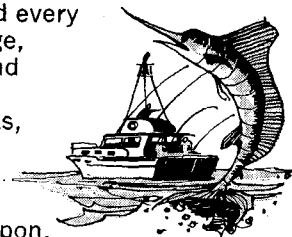
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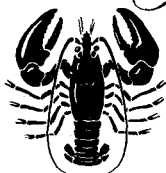


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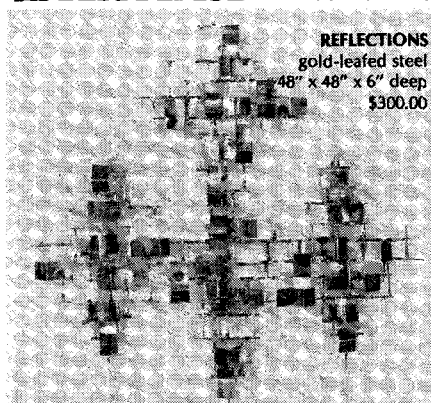
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Dreyfus, Jr., the new head of the New York Racing Association, did all right in the closing days at Hialeah; Never Bow won the Widener Handicap, and Taken Aback won the Black Helen, for fillies and mares. From the start, there was no doubt about the result in the Widener, Never Bow taking the lead at the break and passing the post more than four lengths ahead of Beau Brummel. Ship Leave was third. My spies tell me that Dike, the favorite, who had beaten Never Bow by a neck in the Seminole, sulked. Never Bow's form at two and three years was no better than moderate, so he brought only \$35,000 at the dispersal sale of Harry Guggenheim's Cain Hoy Stable last November. Under the handling of Allen Jerkens, he has developed no end. Incidentally, his share of the Widener purse was \$86,970. I daresay Harem Lady's owner and trainer would have been more pleased if she, instead of her stablemate, had won the Black Helen, for Harem Lady is one of their favorites, but observers report that she seemed unable to get going and ended up down the course. Taken Aback, however, was full of run, beating Patee Canyon and What a Dream in a driving finish. She picked up \$41,275.

I suppose Silent Screen will have won the Flamingo Stakes, which winds up the meeting at Hialeah, before these notes reach print. At any rate, almost everyone down there expects him to, although he has never been farther than a mile in a race and the Flamingo is at a mile and an eighth. It is also widely believed that his chief opposition will come from Naskra, winner of the Everglades Stakes, which was the last public trial for the Flamingo. Naskra's stable thought he was a bit short of work before the Everglades (that's why he was nearly 12-1 in the betting), but he rolled home four lengths ahead of Burd Alane, who took second money from My Dad George and ten others.

I EXPECT I've said before that to own such a filly as Gallant Bloom would be a delight, and to have bred her an achievement. Although she had never carried as much weight as 129 pounds before, and had seldom run in the rain on a muddy track, she completely outclassed her seven opponents last Saturday in the invitational Santa Margarita Handicap, Santa Anita's chief prize for her sex. It was her twelfth consecutive victory in a series she started as a two-year-old the autumn of 1968. Commissary, to whom she gave twelve pounds, led for about

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three-quarters of the mile and a furlong, but when Rotz, who rode Gallant Bloom, called on her, she went to the front to win by a couple of lengths. Tipping Time was third. King Ranch's Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., Gallant Bloom's breeder and owner, was on hand to receive the trophy. Presently, she will return to Belmont Park for her engagements this spring and summer. Buddy Hirsch, who took over the King Ranch horses after the death of his father last year, says she's the best he's ever had. As a matter of fact, few trainers have ever had anything like her.

HIGH-HO. The Santa Anita Handicap is this weekend. It should be a good show.

THE stables of Belmont and Aqueduct are filling up for the opening at the Big A come Tuesday. Colonel Martingale says he hasn't seen a horse in a carload. —AUDAX MINOR

DEAR MRS. G.:

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—Dr. Joyce Brothers in the Redondo Beach (Calif.) Daily Breeze.

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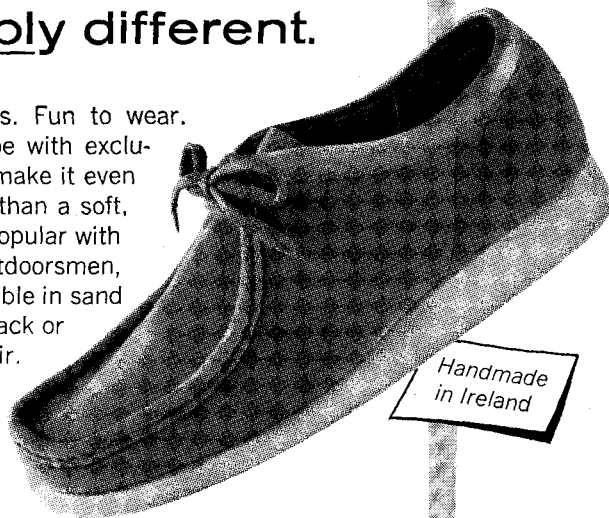
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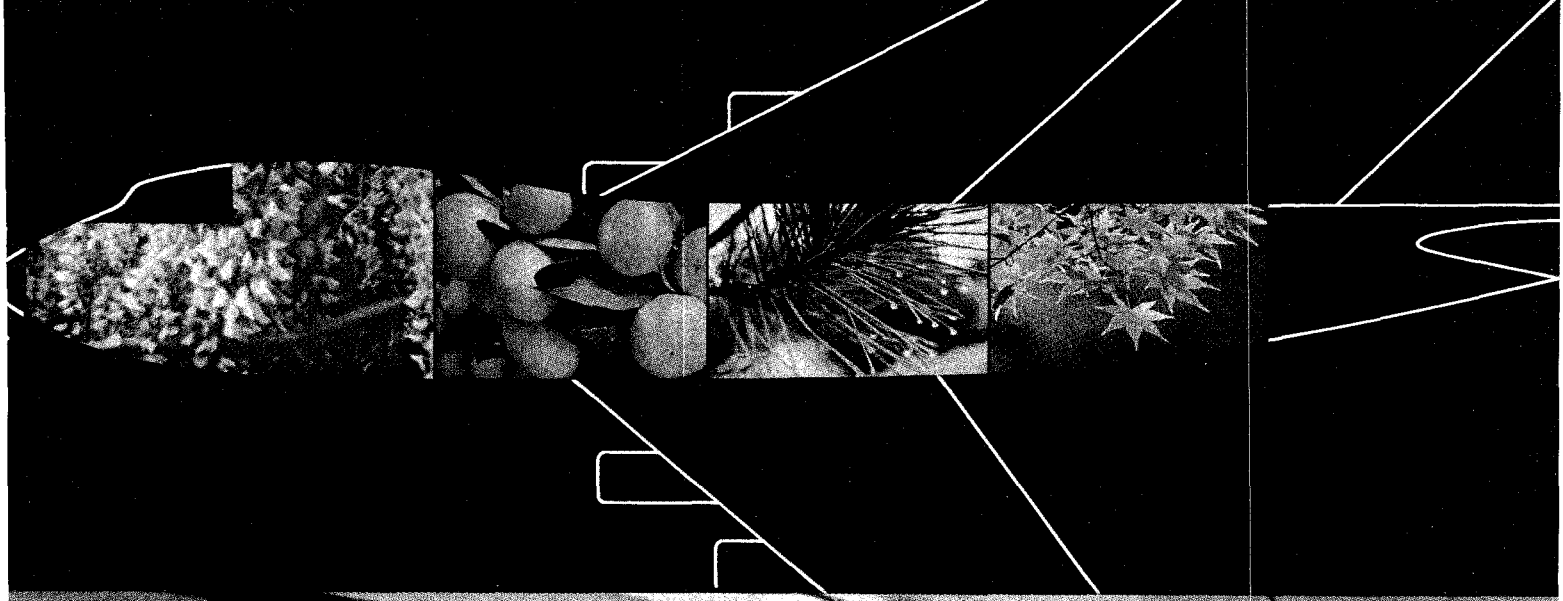
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Waterfront Jollities

REALISTIC story ballets have been out of fashion for several decades. All the more reason for welcoming one, if it is good of its kind, and John Cranko's "Pineapple Poll," which was revived by the Joffrey Ballet last Wednesday night at City Center, is excellent. A few people remember this ballet when it was given here on an American tour by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet quite a while ago. It was created in 1951—one of the first of the gifted Mr. Cranko's ballets. It has seldom been seen since, and not at all in this country. The "Poll" of the title does not refer to anything of the sort



conducted by Mr. Gallup. It is that quaintly old-fashioned English nickname for "Molly," which is itself a nickname. Anyhow, this particular Poll is the heroine of one of Sir W. S. Gilbert's "Bab Ballads"—the one called "The Bumboat Woman's Story," which, slightly amended in Mr. Cranko's version, recounts the hopeless love of Pineapple Poll for Captain Belaye of H.M.S. Hot-Cross Bun; the all but hopeless love of Jasper, a potboy (which means somebody who serves drinks), for Poll; the marriage of Captain Belaye to an aristocratic woman named Blanche; and, finally, Poll's return of Jasper's love and a happy ending. This rather overcute scenario has been amplified by Mr. Cranko to include sailors, sailors' girls, three scenes with delightful sets and costumes by Osbert Lancaster, which remind one slightly of the paintings of Georges Braque, and a lot of pleasant horseplay. The locus of the action is Portsmouth, with a public square, a quayside, and a scene aboard the Captain's ship. The music is, as one might expect, by Sir Arthur Sullivan (all of it from the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas), skillfully arranged by Charles Mackerras, and the whole production has been reproduced by David Blair, who was the Captain Belaye of the original production. Mr. Cranko managed to infuse enough in the way of pure choreographic thinking to carry the plot as a ballet, and the result, even though it recalls the period of Massine, is fresh and altogether enjoyable. Burton Taylor as the handsome, supercilious Captain, who is the center of Portsmouth's feminine attention, danced superbly, and so did Rebecca Wright as Pineapple Poll and Gary Chryst as

the excitable and jittery Jasper. "Pineapple Poll" was preceded on the program by the inevitable seasonal opener, "Viva Vivaldi!," in which Luis Fuente and a comparative newcomer, Edward Verso, shone, along with a number of very pretty and technically able female partners. And it was followed by "The

Green Table," that remarkably durable anti-war theatre piece by Kurt Jooss, which still has a pertinent thing or two to say. The evening was obviously a demonstration of the Joffrey Ballet's extraordinary versatility. There are not many ballet companies hereabouts that can put on

Diaghilev-style ballet, classical ballet, and what the nineteen-twenties considered to be modern dance with equal imagination, skill, and spirit.

LAST Tuesday night, the New York City Opera brought back its effective Frank Corsaro production of Gounod's "Faust," at the State Theatre, with what was almost an entirely new cast. The stalwarts were that wonderful Mephistopheles Norman Treigle; Kay Creed, who is a quite good Siebel; and Muriel Greenspon, who is a very funny Martha. The focus of interest that night was on Carol Neblett, a young soprano who joined the company last fall as the heroine of that other "Faust," Boito's "Mefistofele," in which she had made a favorable impression, though her role in that opera is a small one. As Gounod's Marguerite, she had a more taxing and showy part—one that makes demands on pure vocalism as well as on acting. Miss Neblett had, as before, a powerful, rich voice, which to my mind is not ideally suited to this role. Allowing for this, she did rather well. Her agility proved to be adequate to the "Jewel Song," and she produced a real trill before it—one of the attributes of a good Marguerite. But her voice seemed, in general, just a bit heavy for this role. She is midway between a lyric and a dramatic soprano, with leanings in the latter direction. I suspect that she is going to be more effective in roles like Tosca and Aida, neither of which, unhappily, is at the moment in the repertoire of the New York City Opera. As a stage personality, she is attractive, but she gave no overwhelming evidence the other night of being a great actress. John Darkenkamp, the Valentin, sang robustly and

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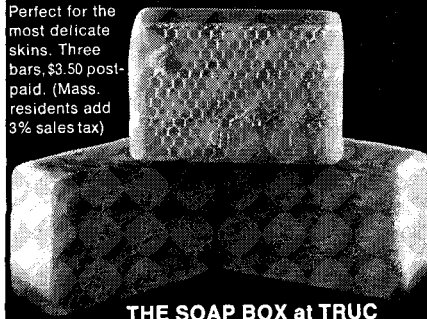


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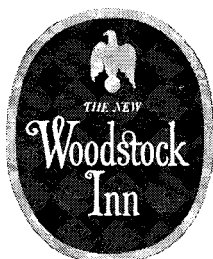
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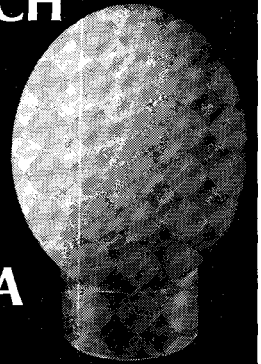
earnestly, and William Ledbetter was an adequate Wagner. As Faust, Nicholas DiVirgilio was probably not in good voice. But even considering that, he was not very impressive. He seems to lack the delicacy required by French opera (though his French enunciation is not bad), and his method of singing is incorrigibly Italianate, which means that he belted out high notes with an exhibitionistic air and lost most opportunities for subtle vocal coloring. Charles Wilson conducted, and again demonstrated his great competence in this kind of opera.

I ATTENDED two symphony concerts last week. The first was the Monday-night appearance of the Cleveland Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, under the baton of its associate conductor, Louis Lane, substituting for George Szell, who is ill. Mr. Lane is a Texan, a long-time protégé of Mr. Szell and a maestro of ponderable abilities. Certainly he stands high among the currently active American conductors, and he is a master of most of the skills of his craft. He started out by accompanying the pianist Rudolf Firkusny in Mozart's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in E Flat Major, K. 449—a task that he performed with crispness and taste. His taste, it seemed to me, was a good deal better than Mr. Firkusny's. The latter played in a glib and slightly careless manner, as if he were bored by the concerto. Scale passages were often uneven, and there was a good deal of blurring here and there with the pedal.

Then, following the intermission, Mr. Lane addressed himself to Bruckner's massive Eighth Symphony. I have no idea of the difficulties involved on this occasion in replacing Mr. Szell at short notice. They may have been considerable, and one got the impression that Mr. Lane had not conducted this symphony many times before. It is a magnificent composition, perhaps the finest of all the Bruckner symphonies, and the Cleveland Orchestra is a magnificent group of players. So something was bound to be communicated to the audience. But in looking for little details as well as at the over-all scope of the work I found many points with which I could find fault. There were, for example, quite a number of inaccuracies in the horn parts—and this is something one rarely hears in performances by the Clevelanders. Then there was a noticeable absence of the breathtaking quality this symphony can have in the hands of a master conductor. Mr. Lane's reading was conscientious,

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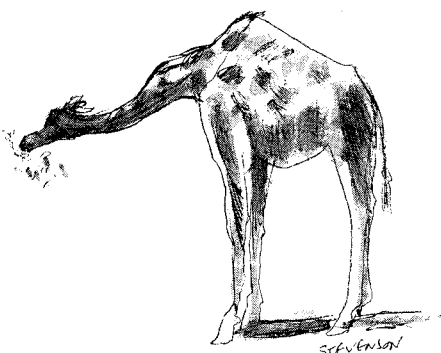
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tious throughout, with correct tempos and clarity of texture. But it wasn't a great one. I suspect that he will, in time, grow into more familiarity with the work and eventually be able to project the air of religious dedication that all memorable performances of it must have.

THE Eighth is among the most popular of the Bruckner symphonies. The First is not the most unpopular; it turns up from time to time. The Second is. I cannot remember a New York performance of the Second in all the time I have been writing music criticism. And that is a pity, because the Second is a beautiful work—much finer, in my opinion, than the First. At last Thursday night's concert in Philharmonic Hall by the New York Philharmonic, Claudio Abbado performed the First, and, being a conductor with a great deal of dynamism, he made quite a coherent and moving thing of it. I like the First, but then I like all of Bruckner. I like the First because I can find in it every one of the idiosyncrasies of melody, rhythm, and harmony that went later on into the makeup of the great Bruckner symphonies—all the way to the Ninth. But I willingly admit that it is a thing of starts and stops, of obviously built climaxes, and of musical ideas that do not hang together very well. It is a credit to Mr. Abbado that he managed to hold it together as well as he did, and the audience showed considerable enthusiasm at the end. For me, it has moments of ineffable magic that, as I have said, prefigure moments in later symphonies, and its slow movement is one of the most original creations of its period, full of episodes of temporarily ambiguous tonality (deliberately calculated, of course) and other things that were shockers in 1868, when it was first performed. Before the intermission, we were presented with two other Austrian compositions—Mozart's aria "Vorrei spiegarvi, O Dio!" and that flower of the Austrian decadence, Alban Berg's "Lulu" Suite. An American soprano



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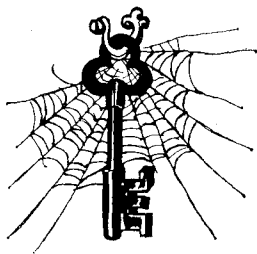
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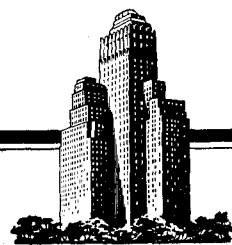
named Catherine Gayer, who has an impressive background in European opera houses, sang both the Mozart aria and the "Song of Lulu" in the Berg suite. She was very good in the latter episode. But she is a singer with a problem. Her voice hasn't much of what vocal teachers call "support," and her lunges into the difficult high notes of the aria were ventures into only partly controlled territory. She sang them in tune, but they were not always pleasant to listen to.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

New York Notes

FEBRUARY 15TH: The mystical calendrical succession of Ash Wednesday, Lincoln's Birthday, Friday the thirteenth, and Valentine's Day has just passed, so it's a good time to reflect on the strange non-state that jazz has drifted into in the past year or so. (The music, as always, is beloved in England and Europe.) Jazz has never been a popular music, nor has it been the darling of the intellectuals. For fifty years, it has gone its iconoclastic, organic, backroom way, piling beauty on beauty and unwittingly providing most of the inspiration for American popular music—the music of the Whitmans and Crosbys and Goodmans and Presleys and Joplins. A multifarious, workaday music, it has found its footing where it could. It has been relished in ghettos and in the East Room of the White House. It has been patted by Leonard Bernstein and by red-necked Mississippians. But even its most steadfast appreciators appear to have stepped back, leaving the music in a recessive condition it has not known since the early years of the Depression. It is not out of fashion, because it has never been in fashion, but it is in a void, a limbo, a no-place. The number and variety of outlets where it can be heard have dwindled steadily, and so has the flow of its recordings. (A subsidized hall of jazz at Lincoln Center would certainly seem logical and essential.) Jazz itself is partly to blame for its plight. In the past decade, the younger musicians, driven by racial anger and/or a mistaken aesthetic loftiness, have taken to treating audiences like doormats. At the same time, the music has backed itself into a private, narcissistic cul-de-sac generally known as "the new thing." Few listeners, including friendly musicians, relish half-hour laboratory solos played by performers standing with their backs to the audience. But there are other reasons people aren't



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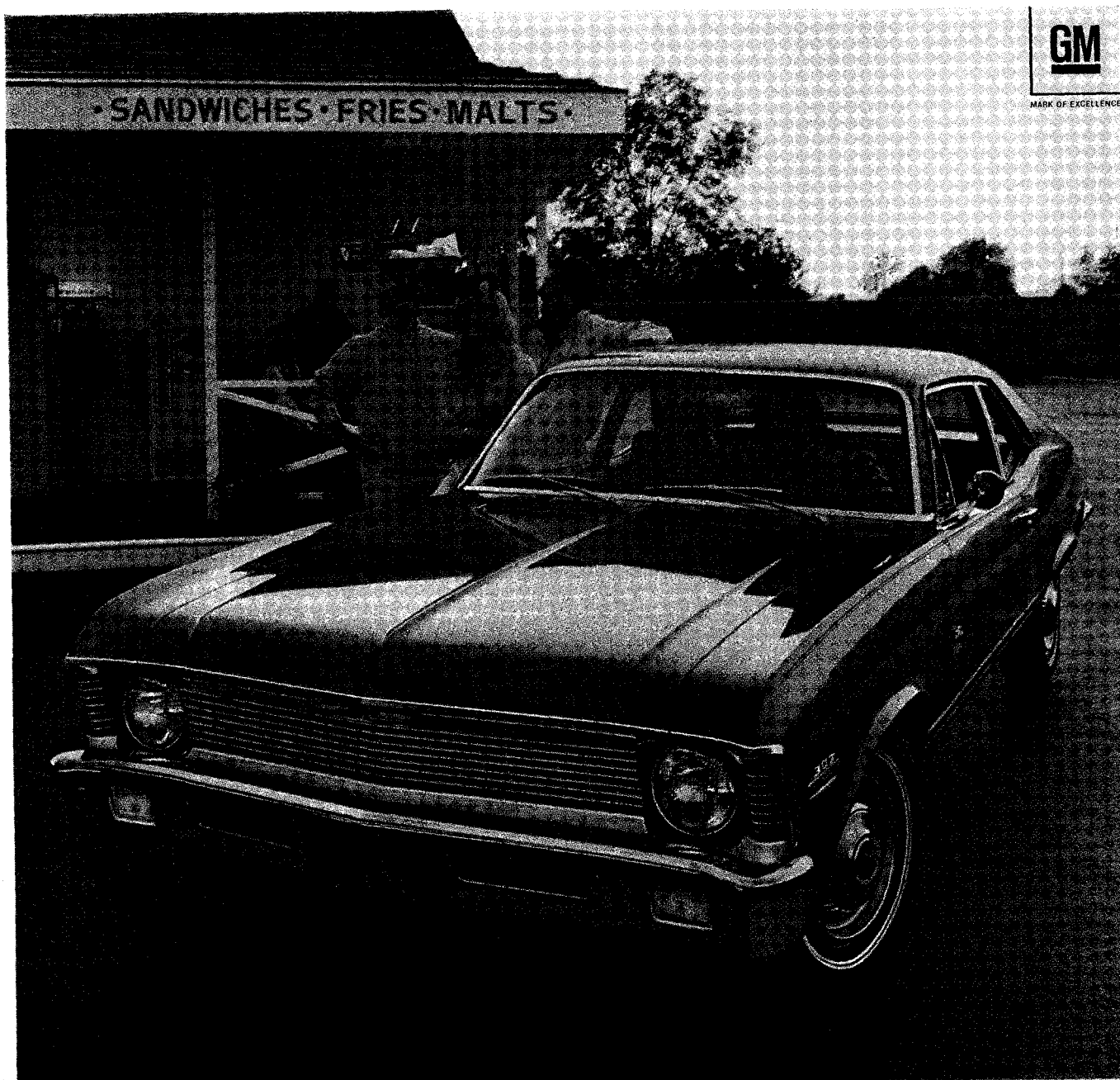
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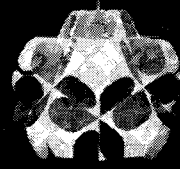
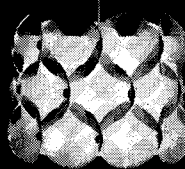
Bolla does.

flocking to hear the music. The young, mesmerized by rock, which is surely the most monolithic, pervasive music ever devised, know little of jazz, and older people, besides being pinched in the pocket, are simply afraid of big-city streets at night. Most important, *listening* is becoming obsolescent. Movies and television are visual mediums, which tend to leave the ear sitting uselessly by, for it is physically impossible to absorb the visual and the aural at once. The result is the increasing habit of "listening" with the eyes. Reading aloud kept the Victorian ear and mind sharp, but now it is unfashionable, and so is its mechanical successor, radio, which in its best days provided a high-grade mass reading aloud. For all that, jazz—a mercurial, improvisational music that demands Victorian ears—is alive and available and, its recent artistic aberrations aside, in good health.

FEBRUARY 17TH: Late last fall, Richard Gibson, the wealthy Denver businessman and inventor of the World's Greatest Jazzband, leased the Roosevelt Grill for a year, with the laudable, messianic idea of making it an internationally known temple of jazz. To date, it has largely been a backwater of old white jazz. Of the thirty-odd performers who have worked there (and for good money), only a few have been under forty, only four have been black, and in the course of half a dozen visits I have not seen a single black customer, let alone one of any color under the age of twenty-five. Gibson, when confronted with these oddities, says that he has not had time to find and hire good young musicians, admits that his musical tastes are limited (consultants with more flexible ears are plentiful in jazz), and denies that he is racially biased. Anyway, the Roosevelt Grill is a square place in which to try and revivify jazz. The music has always flourished in residential neighborhoods—the West Fifties, the Village, Harlem—and the Grill, despite its adjacent convention hotels, is in an area that is empty and forlorn at night. When I stopped in this evening, I heard the World's Greatest Jazzband (Yank Lawson, Billy Butterfield, Bud Freeman, Bob Wilber, Lou McGarity, Kai Winding, Ralph Sutton, Bob Haggart, Gus Johnson, Jr.), a loud, professional, college-prom group that is, like all jazz bands, only as good as its soloists, and they are, with just two exceptions, mediocre. The alternating group, made up of Toots Thielemans (harmonica, guitar), Dick Hyman (pi-

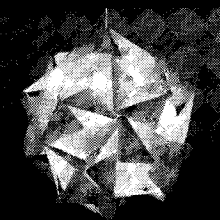
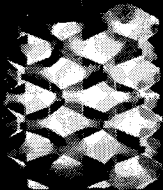
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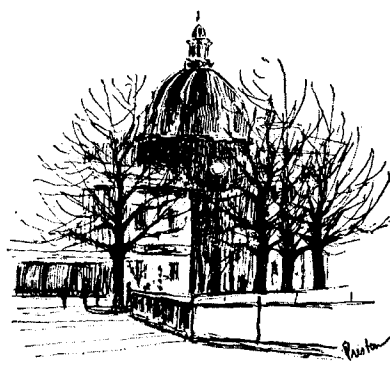
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ano, organ), Jack Lesberg, and Sol Gubin, was more interesting. It fooled around with bossa novas, folk-rock, and chestnuts like "Stormy Weather" and "Jazz Me Blues," doing them in easy, unusual tempos and filling them with odd tongue-in-cheek notes and chords.

Then I went up to that other temple of jazz, Plaza-9, to hear Oscar Peterson. Jazz is a self-sufficient music that needs few trappings, and Plaza-9, all done up in Edwardian red plush, seems to blot it up. Beyond that, Peterson is difficult to listen to without automatically hearing in the mind his model and master, Art Tatum. He is a massive man with a massive technique, but he lacks Tatum's touch, his inspired harmonic madness, and his subtle, infallible rhythmic sense. Tatum was an original painted American Queen Anne chair with fine Spanish feet; Peterson is an Altman reproduction. The middle-aged white audience included the customary drunk, who throughout Peterson's last early-morning set kept telling his silent companion to be quiet, that it was only ten minutes to ten.

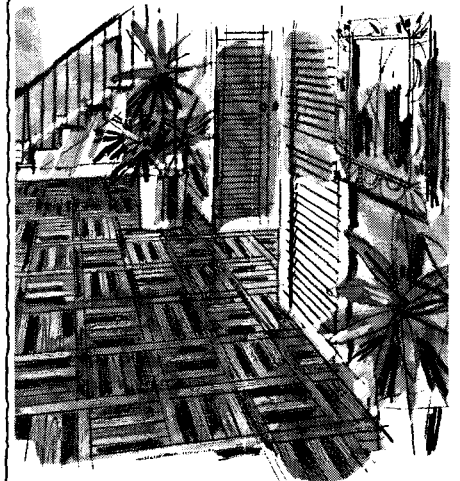
FEBRUARY 19TH: Thelonious Monk started a three-day stint with a new quartet at the Village Vanguard, which for thirty years has been one of the best places in the world to hear jazz. Monk carries his own universe within him, and this evening it was apparently in whirling sync, for he was brilliant. He was wearing a new tall black fur hat, recently given him in Toronto, but he didn't dance, cavort, or fidget; he simply played, and with a freshness and intensity he hasn't always shown in the past few years. Monk's new group—the old one revolved for eight years around the tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse—includes Pat Patrick on tenor saxophone, Wilbur Ware on bass, and Beaver Harris on drums. Ware was a member of the stunning group Monk had for a while in 1957 (John Coltrane and Shadow Wilson were also in it), and he probably has a good deal to do with Monk's rejuvenation. Unlike most contemporary bassists, who use an arpeggiated approach, Ware is a "walking" bassist, whose solos are full of surprising, stately on-the-beat notes, leaping intervals, quick triplets, and double-stops. And he has a huge tone. He was extraordinary on a fast, funny "Ballin' the Jack," in which, with mock drama, he slipped into half time, then into a sort of free time, then back into tempo. Monk replied with a baroque solo that involved a surrealist stride bass and rhythms suggesting the meringue. Patrick, who plays somewhat in

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the manner of Lucky Thompson, seems awed by Monk. Harris is the opposite; instead of underlining Monk's Gothic tracteries, he attempts to decorate them.

It was a consummate evening, and I finished it at the Half Note, which, down among the warehouses near the Holland Tunnel, makes the Roosevelt Grill's location seem like Red Square on May Day. Zoot Sims, who is playing better than he ever has done, was on hand with piano (Lou Ferastino), bass (Vic Sproles), and drums (Mousie Alexander). According to Sims, the piano was approximately a tone and three-eighths out of tune, and as a result his solos had a Balinese quality that reached eerie proportions in "On the Trail" and "I Hear a Rhapsody." Sims, who is forty-four, is rapidly approaching the pantheon occupied by Ben Webster and Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young. One of the Canterino brothers, who run the Half Note, says that it is not unusual now to take in just forty dollars an evening. Hat-check girls used to beat that.

FEBRUARY 24TH: Back to the Vanguard to hear the debut, as a leader, of Leon Thomas, a forty-two-year-old singer whose unique scatting has caused fervor recently in the jazz press. (The audiences at the Vanguard are nominal, but they are young, multicolored, and bell-bottomed.) Thomas's materials are conventional, and he often starts his numbers straight, singing in a pleasant baritone reminiscent of Billy Eckstine. Then he will abruptly shift into complex, agile scat singing interspersed with affecting yodels and soft, climbing-and-falling tremolo effects, which suggest mourning doves in full song. His innovations are minor but highly appealing. It won't be surprising to hear him yodelling away in due time on the Ed Sullivan show.

It was announced today that Duke Ellington has been elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. I wonder which of his myriad beautiful dress shirts he will wear at the induction ceremonies—one with vertical or with horizontal pleats.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

WINTER

I am entrenched
Against the snow,
Visor lowered
To blunt its blow

I am where I go

—SAMUEL MENASHE

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BOOKS

Golden School Days

LIKE many other school administrators, Dr. Nathan Brown, until recently our Acting Superintendent of Schools, is baffled. Testifying last year before the State Assembly's Standing Committee on Education, he asked for more research into why the children of the poor "are not profiting from the educational program. . . . Money is being spent on new gimmicks, but nobody knows the cause-and-effect relationship. . . . We have offered all kinds of solutions, but they are not producing results and nobody knows why." In "The Lives of Children" (Random House), George Dennison claims that he does know why: "The business of a school is not, or should not be, mere instruction but the life of the child." His book is about the First Street School, on the lower East Side: twenty-three black, white, and Puerto Rican neighborhood children between the ages of five and thirteen, three full-time teachers, a part-time teacher (Dennison), and several who came in to teach singing, dancing, and music. All the children were from families on welfare or families too poor to pay tuition. (A private grant supported the school for the two years of its existence.) Half the students, from the public schools, had records that showed grave learning and behavior problems. Several of the older boys carried knives, all had been truants; several of the younger children—anxious, desperately aggressive—were well on the way to failure. Yet at First Street "almost all of our children improved markedly, and some few spectacularly. . . . The improvement . . . was not simply a matter of learning but of radical changes in character." Again, "Where the public school conceives of itself merely as a place of instruction, and puts severe restraints on the relationships between persons, we conceived of ourselves as an environment for growth, and accepted the relationships between the children and ourselves as being the very heart of the school." Again, "Gloria [a teacher] is so direct and gently strong in these relations that each child is getting just about what he needs. She's firm with Maxine and permissive with Laura. She reads to the little ones a lot, and often the older kids drop in to listen. She has ten just now, all

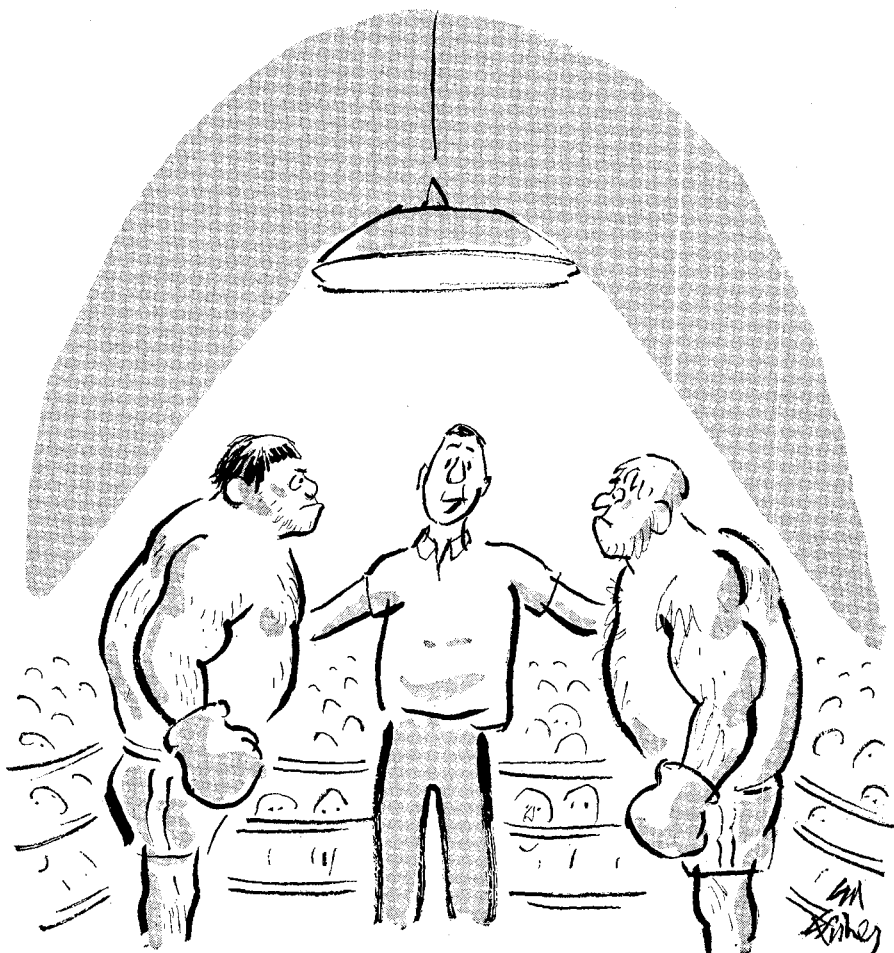
going at different speeds and using different books. When she goes shopping for books, the whole class goes with her, and they consult back and forth about which books to buy. She often settles conflicts in the same way . . . gathering the kids together to hear both sides, after which they give their reactions. All study is voluntary, but she's firm about the quiet period being quiet."

Attendance was voluntary, too, but there were no truants. "The children called upon us as persons, and we responded as persons. School was not a parenthesis inserted within life but was actually an intensified part of life." Thus, teacher and pupil "became collaborators in the business of life." The school taught children, not subjects, and so there was no competitive testing. "It was important to be aware of what the children knew, but more important to be aware of *how* each child knew what he knew."

The quality of the school, and of this book—which transcends the school just as the value of Tolstoy's writings on education endures far past the closing

of his school at Yasnaya Polyana—is most clearly illustrated in the experience of José. When, at the age of seven, he came here from Puerto Rico, he could read Spanish. After five years in the public schools, he could read neither Spanish nor English. According to his earlier teachers, José's motivation was poor, and so he had a reading problem. Dennison gets to the source of the "mystery" that so puzzles and paralyzes the public schools:

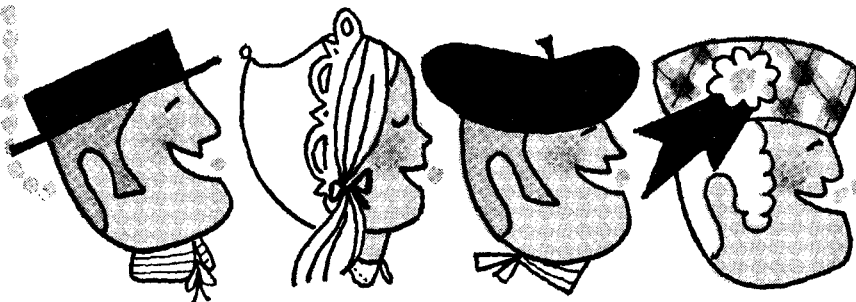
By what process did José and his schoolbook come together? Is this process part of his reading problem? Who asks him to read the book? *Someone* asks him. In what sort of voice and for what purpose, and with what concern or lack of concern for the outcome? . . . And what of José's failure to read? We cannot stop at the fact that he draws a blank. How does he do it? What does he do? It is impossible, after all, for him to sit there *not listening*. He is sitting there doing something. Is he daydreaming? If so, of what? Aren't these particular daydreams part of José's reading problem? Did the teacher ask him what he was thinking of? Is his failure to ask part of José's reading problem? . . . José's reading problem is José. . . . José hates books, schools, and teachers, and among a hundred other in-



"And may the, er, fittest survive."

First Street, then, was often noisy but hardly ever chaotic, for both teachers and children grew to learn that the principle of true order lies in the persons themselves." This last dictum does have the appearance of a motto to be woven into a sampler, but the book is full of verifications of that principle in lively operation. There was Vicente, a diminutive, panicky, intelligent Puerto Rican boy of nine." He was assigned to a group in which all the children were capable of working, but

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when the pressures became too great he was allowed to go to a group of younger children. Later, he would go to the oldest group, for he wanted to be accepted by them, too. Thus he "belonged" to all three groups, and each gave him something he needed.

There were regressions, crises, and times of rage and despair for both children and teachers. But the cumulative effect of what Tolstoy refers to as "free order" in a school was the strengthening of everyone involved. Also basic was the teachers' awareness of the value of "losing time." From the beginning, Dennison says, "we got to know the children really well, held long conversations with them, not on school topics but on whatever occupied their minds: details of family life, neighborhood events, personal worries and personal interests. And of course I'm describing this from a teacher's point of view. To the children it was probably more important that they got to know us and to know each other. They played a great deal among themselves, and we went on many outings. José... was present at this time... and the relationship I established with him was absolutely essential to our later lessons in reading." Another child who "lost" a lot of time at First Street was nine-year-old Maxine. In public school, she had been threatened with expulsion for disruptive behavior. Here she would leave the room when she had had enough of a lesson, go to another group, or play, and, after a while, plunge into a work sheet of math or a book for ten or fifteen minutes. "This may seem like too brief an effort—a mere fifteen minutes of concentration. But these minutes were worth hours of passive listening, and worth years of rebellious conflict. At the end of the year Maxine was reading three years beyond her age level."

Yet First Street closed, because it ran out of money. Applications were made to foundations, but none would help. One expert in the ways of foundations told Dennison, after looking at the school's appeal for funds, "You haven't got a project here at all... What controls do you have? What are your premises? Where are your research personnel? You don't list any." Dennison concluded that his informant meant that "if we had drawn up a legitimate project for studying the feasibility of such a school as we had actually run, the funds would have been forthcoming. For 'there is a great need in this city for schools like yours.'"

The need has never been greater. One effect of Dennison's book may be

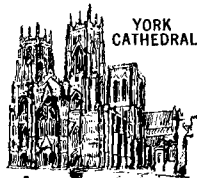


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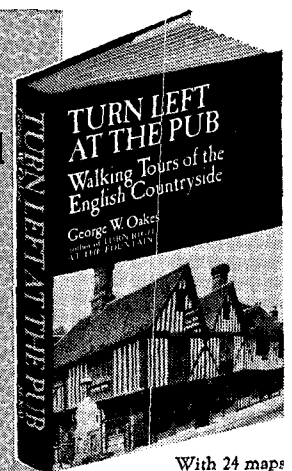
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to add empirical support for the growing number of critics of the public schools who are working for alternatives to that system through public independent education; that is, giving families an education allowance so that parents and children will be able to choose between schools or, pooling their funds, start new schools of their own. The First Street School, Dennison says, "cost about the same per child as the \$850 [per pupil] annual operating costs of the public schools." If the parents of the children at First Street had been given that money as an education allowance, the school would still be in operation.

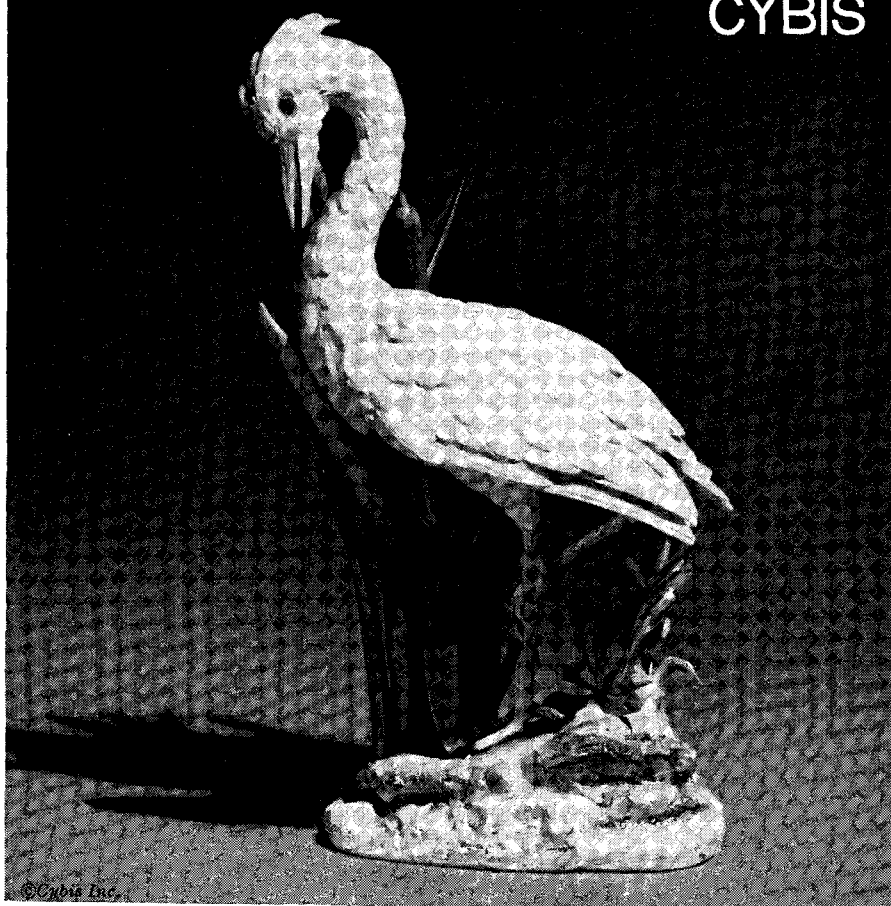
After First Street closed, Dennison maintained contact with some of the children. "We know that Maxine and Eléna, after progressing so much at First Street, managed to keep their gains. José is treading water, and very likely will go under again. Michael is in trouble. Dodie and Rudella, who had been such lively children, are now somewhat angry and embittered young black girls, fully aware of the cruelty massed against them and the privilege that surrounds their island of want. . . . All miss the school. Some miss it grievously. Many resent us for having failed them, as fail them we did."

But the basic failure is societal, for we continue to compel those who cannot afford private schools to remain in public-school systems directed by people who admit they do not understand why they are not producing results and who convince children that they alone are responsible for their failure to learn. There is no mystery; alternatives can be found. "Our short-range effects were often impressive," Dennison says. "How easy it would be to extend them! How easy indeed—if it were not almost impossible." But others keep trying. Still alive in New York City is the Children's Community Workshop School, also non-tuition and not part of the public-school system. Dennison considers it "the most heartening project I have ever seen." Like First Street, it grew out of the needs and energies of a specific community, and, like First Street, it indicates a way to break free of the institutionalization of failure.

"Any solution which perpetuates the existing authoritarian bureaucracy is doomed to failure," Dennison concludes. "We must transfer authority to where concern already exists. We must place it where there is nothing in the environment which will inevitably destroy the vital breath of concern. Authority must reside in the community. It must be local, homely, modest, sensi-

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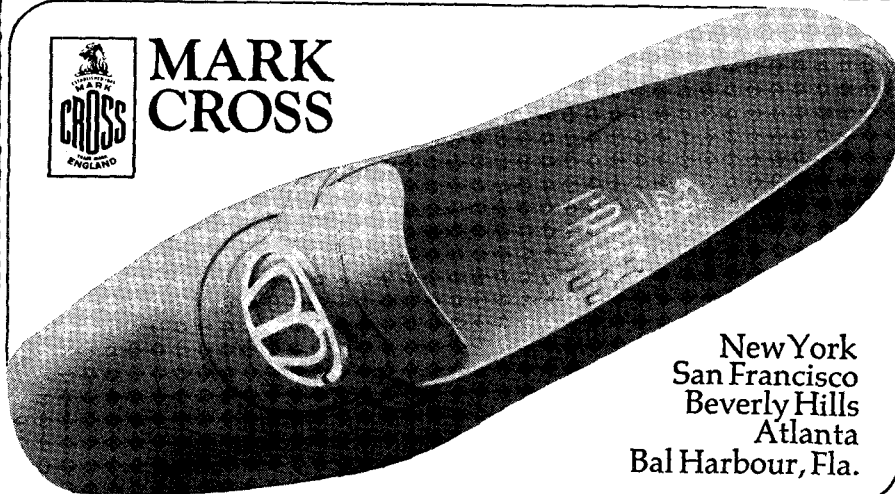
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tive. And it must be tied, once and for all, to the persons who not only *do* care but will go on caring."

—NAT HENTOFF

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

PICASSO SAYS . . . by Hélène Parmelin; translated from the French by Christine Trollope (Barnes). One could hardly call a book about Picasso "Aphorisms of the Master." (If he ever uttered an aphorism, he would take care to utter a counter-aphorism to go with it.) This volume, by one of his intimates, is more a collection of candid shots, in prose, of him at work, at rest, in give-and-take with others, and in his ultimate loneliness, and his quotes are but part of the revealing process. Most of what he says concerns painting, because he has thought about painting for seventy-five years or more. What he says is not simple, for Picasso himself is not simple; he is one of the many exceptions to the statement that great men are essentially simple men. What one gets from this book is an overwhelming sensation of healthiness, and the reassurance that, for all the snivel and mess that the clowns have created in the kingdom of painting, the king is still on the throne, making faces at the jesters.

THE STRENUOUS DECADE, edited by Daniel Aaron and Robert Bendiner (Anchor). A splendid stratification of the nineteen-thirties, from the crash to "The Encroaching War." Here are Frank Sullivan's cliché expert testifying as a Roosevelt-hater, a spirited N.R.A. song called "Under a Blanket Code of Blue," excerpts from Father Coughlin and Mae West on the radio, and looks at the differing triumphs of Father Divine and Joe Louis. A great deal of space is devoted to the opinions of literary figures on such matters as capitalism, Communism, revolution, and war (most of them with no more than the survival value of old N.R.A. stickers), but one contribution—Reinhold Niebuhr's sad 1939 retrospective about his illusion of Communism's compatibility with liberal ideals—is well worth having. Illustrated.

NOTE: Dutton has published "Justice," an account by Richard Harris of the transition of the Department of Justice from the Johnson Administration to the Nixon Administration, and an evaluation of the policies un-

der the two jurisdictions. Most of the book first appeared in these pages.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

ALP MURDER, by Aaron Marc Stein (Doubleday). A wonderful murder story set in the Alps—the Swiss ones, naturally, since that is where the money is customarily supposed to be, and where, in fact, it customarily is. The story begins with the unspeakably gory murder of a fat man, richly dressed, who has been driving a very special kind of Jaguar. Matt Erridge, our hero and narrator, witnesses the crime and accordingly gets dragged into the churning vat of evil and terror it reveals, but, fortunately, as we said, in this story we are where the money is, so the plot takes us in and out of a succession of lovely, posh places (hotels, bars, restaurants, dance halls, banks, mansions, and so on), all of them so alluring that it hardly seems to matter that for most of the time Matt is in peril of his life.

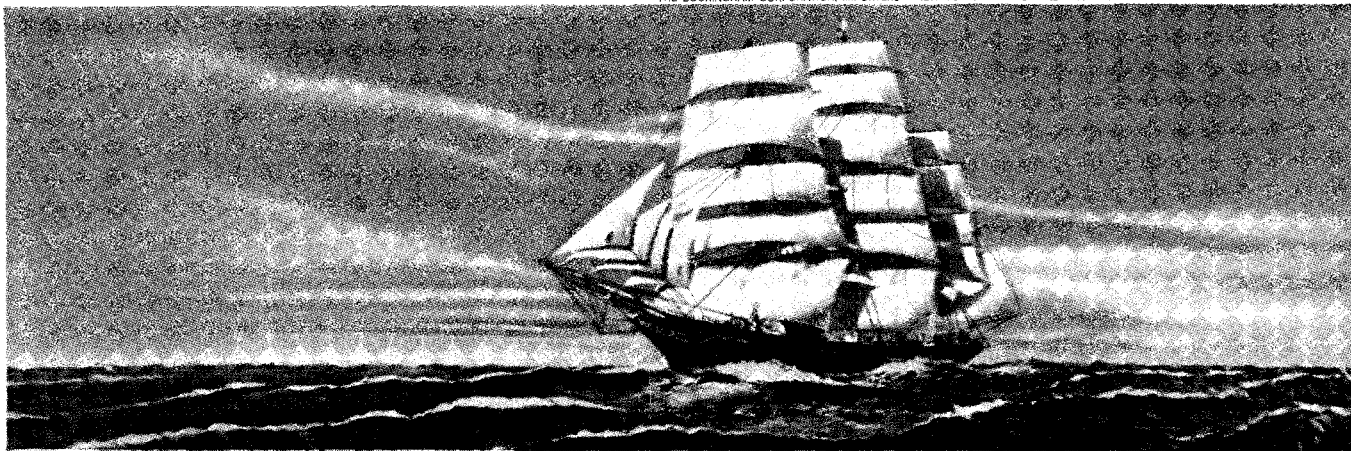
THE DEFECTOR, by Charles Collingwood (Harper & Row). The chief foreign correspondent of C.B.S. News has written an up-to-the-minute, thoroughly satisfactory international-affairs thriller, involving (as hero and patsy) a TV correspondent like himself, a would-be North Vietnamese defector, a seductive woman, and agents of the C.I.A. Most of the story takes place in Hanoi. Mr. Collingwood is just the man to lend plausibility to every detail of this hugger-mugger, and he knows how to create a suitable state of bewilderment about the identities of friends, foes, villains, and victims. The suspense goes right on to the finish, and there is even a last little dab of politically sophisticated uncertainty to keep the reader edgy after he closes the book.

Also on the program will be a group of Southern folk hymns, arranged by Robert Shaw . . . and two opera choruses, the "Coronation Scene" from Moussorgsky's "Boris Goudonov" and "Hail, Bright Adobe" from Wagner's "Tannhäuser."—*Palo Alto Times*.

Tannhäuser's ranch house in the Venusberg?

He [Michael Collins] was the personal choice of Secretary Rogers for a long-vacant post, that of top public relations man for the State Department. —*The Times*.

He must know something *we* don't know.



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Tony Robson, far right, one of the most storied characters of the clipper era. He was Chinese. As a baby, he'd been discovered in the South China Sea, alone, in a small, rotting boat. He spent his life at sea... and picked up a broad Scots accent from the crews with which he served. Like many of the crewmen aboard CUTTY, he was such a superb seaman, he could have commanded any clipper.



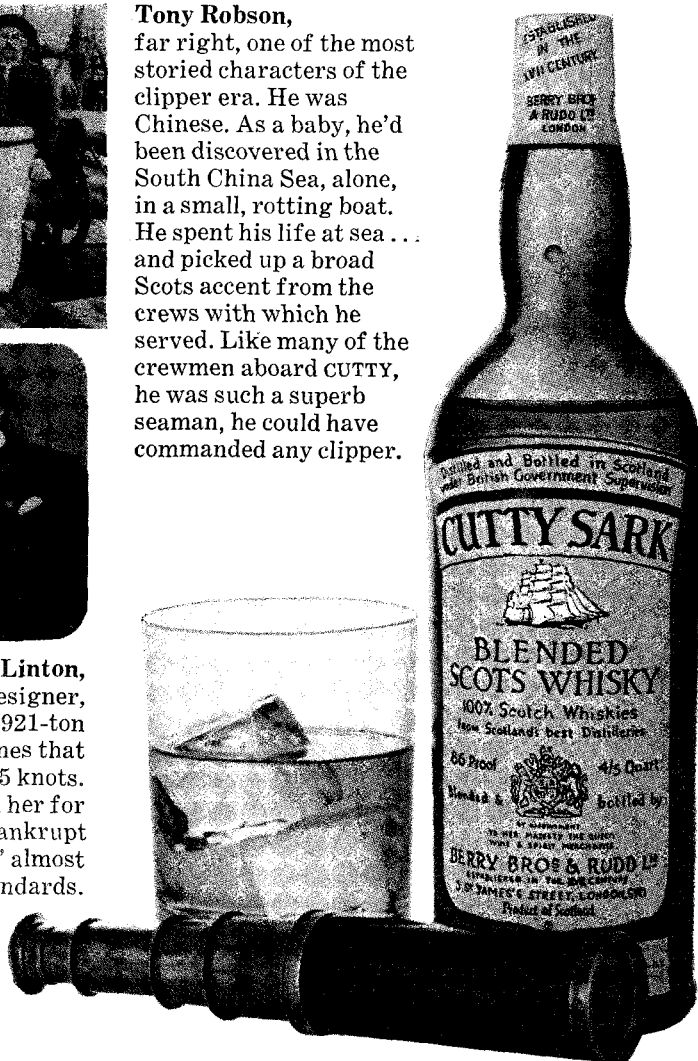
Hercules Linton, brilliant young designer, conceived CUTTY as a 921-ton yacht, and gave her lines that produced speeds up to 17.5 knots. He contracted to build her for £16,150... and went bankrupt trying to meet her owners' almost outrageously strict standards.



Richard Woodget, perhaps the most honored master ever to tread a clipper's quarterdeck. He drove CUTTY SARK to yet-to-be-equaled records. He forged CUTTY into such a legend, that apprentices and officers frequently paid her owners a cash premium to serve aboard her. More than any other man, he made CUTTY SARK No. 1.



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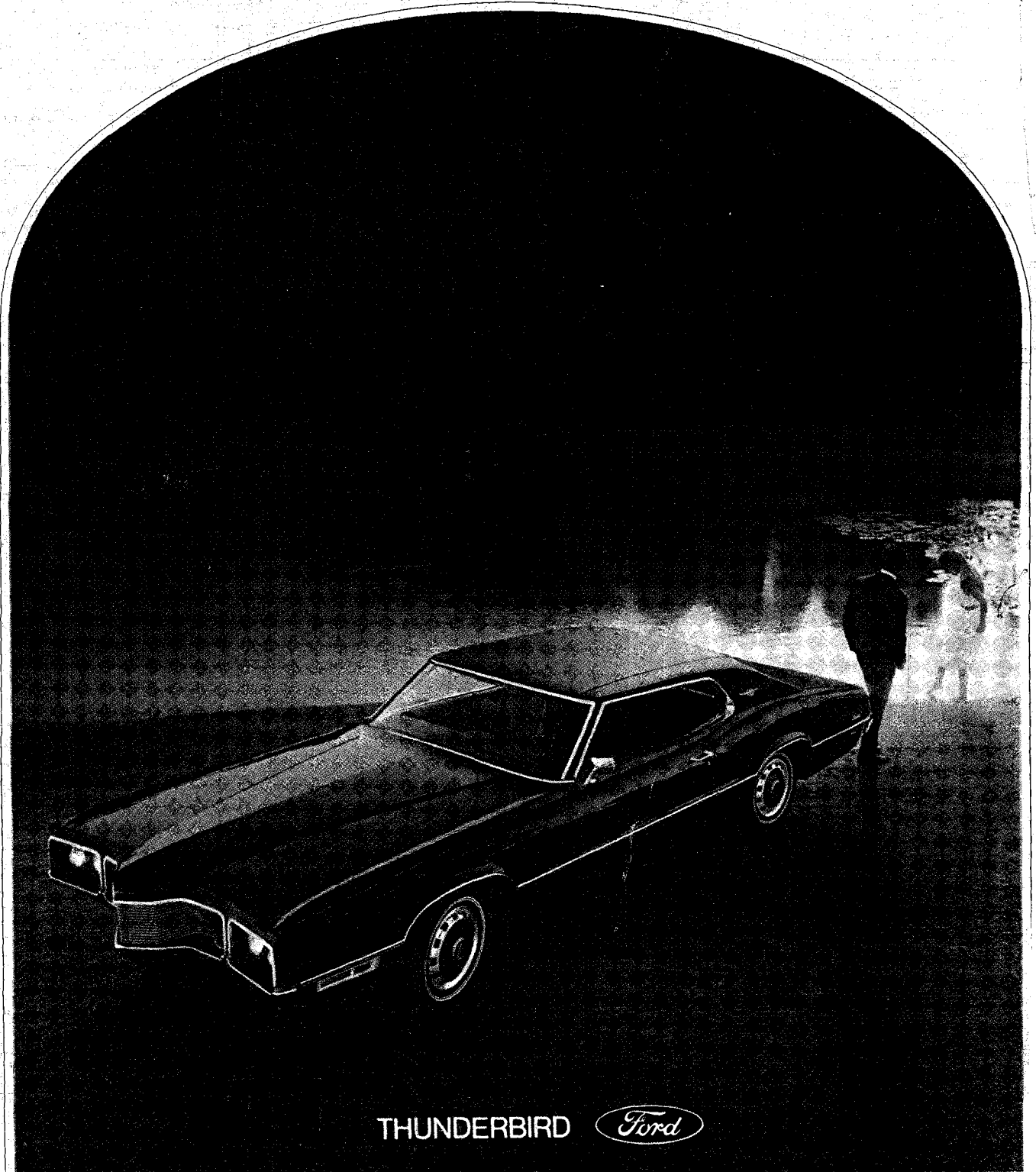
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